

LIFE



A GREAT STORY OF THE SEA
BY C. S. FORESTER

THE GOOD SHEPHERD

A NOVEL THAT MAKES LITERARY NEWS

CONVOY 'SHEPHERD'
TURNS AT FULL SPEED

20 CENTS

MARCH 14, 1955

The newest of the new!

Advanced '55 Studebaker

NEW VISIBILITY! NEW COLOR! NEW POWER! NO INCREASE IN PRICES!



Windows that raise or lower—automatically!

These advanced new 1955 Studebakers offer the newest of the new in electrically controlled door windows—a convenience available for either the front-door windows only, or for all doors, as you prefer.



Here is America's newest surprise from alert, fast-moving Studebaker—a breath-taking additional line of 1955 Studebakers!

Here is unexpected new Studebaker visibility . . . dramatic new two-toning that accentuates the Studebaker speedlined look . . . tremendously increased new lightning-fast Studebaker power!

You get all this at no increase in Studebaker's low-level competitive prices! Marvelous power assists and air-conditioning, as pictured, are optional at extra cost. See your Studebaker dealer now. Studebaker . . . so much better made . . . worth more when you trade!



Newest of the new air-conditioning!

Studebaker's advanced-design air-conditioning provides more cooling than 10 average home refrigerators—filters, dehumidifies and constantly freshens the air. Optional in Commander and President sedans.



Newest of the new power seats!

Just touch a finger-tip switch and the driver's seat moves forward or backward as desired. This convenience is optional in all Studebakers including Champions.



Safest, surest-stopping power brakes!

A slight pivot of your foot from accelerator to brake pedal—and Studebaker's newest of the new power brakes stop your car swiftly, smoothly, surely. Optional in all 1955 Studebaker models. World's largest brake linings per pound of car!



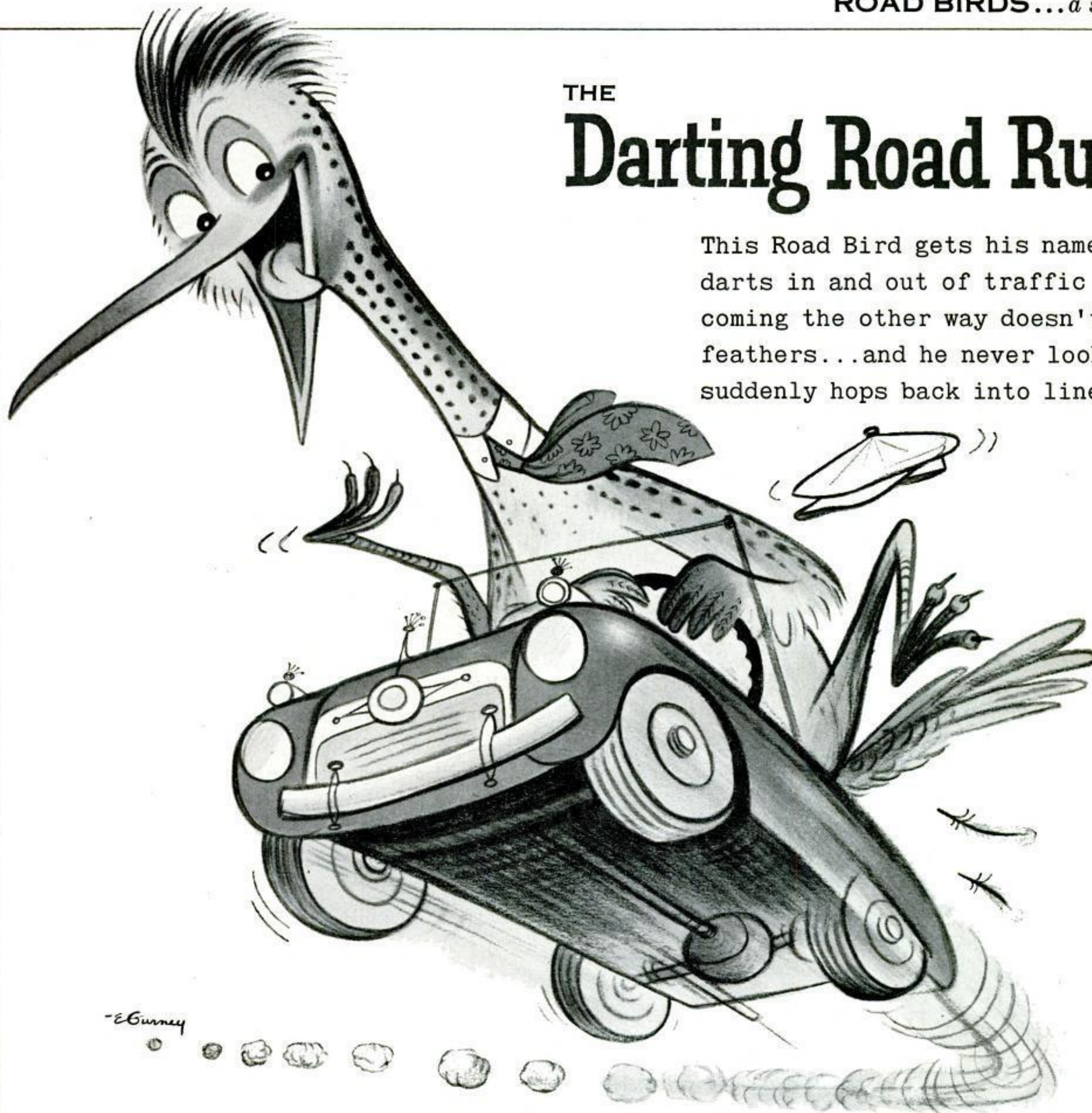
Newest of the new in ease of parking and steering!

Studebaker power steering—advanced again for 1955—relieves you from tiresome and exasperating wheel tugging. Better still, its price has recently been reduced. Almost everyone can now afford its welcome extra convenience and peace of mind.

See Studebaker-Packard's TV Reader's Digest . . . a new weekly feature on ABC-TV network

STUDEBAKER DIVISION OF THE STUDEBAKER-PACKARD CORPORATION

... WORLD'S 4TH LARGEST FULL-LINE PRODUCER OF CARS AND TRUCKS



THE Darting Road Runner

This Road Bird gets his name from the way he darts in and out of traffic lanes. A truck coming the other way doesn't even ruffle his feathers...and he never looks behind when he suddenly hops back into line.

THE
Smart Bird makes sure the road is clear ahead before he starts to pass. And he keeps one eye on the mirror when he moves back into his lane.

The Smart Bird also plays safe with his engine. He uses premium gasoline. Premium gasoline's higher octane rating protects against engine knock and overheating. And it gives extra power for quicker, safer passing.



It's smart to use *premium* gasoline



ETHYL
CORPORATION

'It clamored to be written'

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LIFE presents the first publication of C. S. Forester's "The Good Shepherd," an exciting sea story that persisted in the novelist's mind for years.



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DULLES IN LAOS

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JAPANESE SCHOOL

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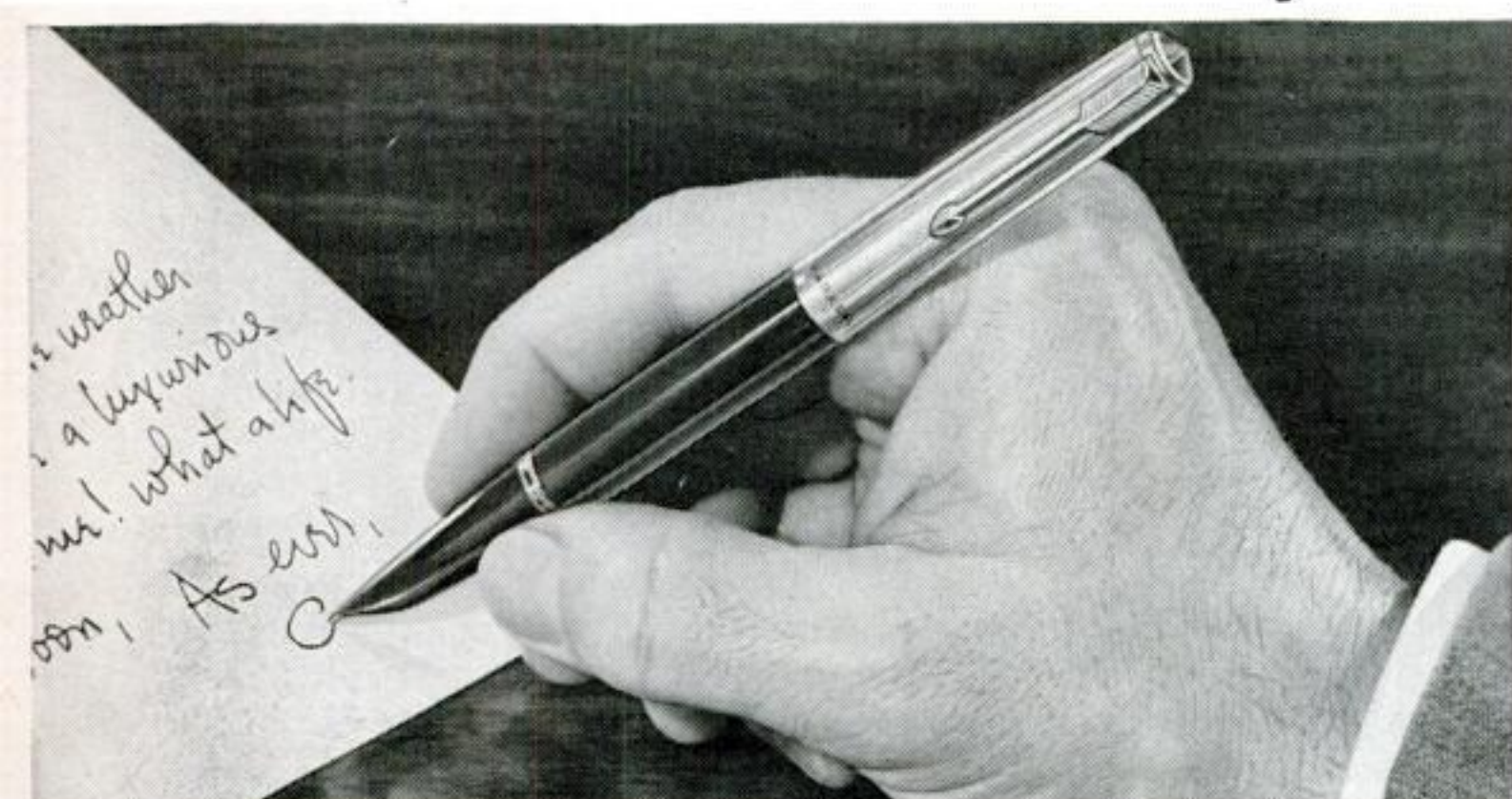
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New idea in writing....

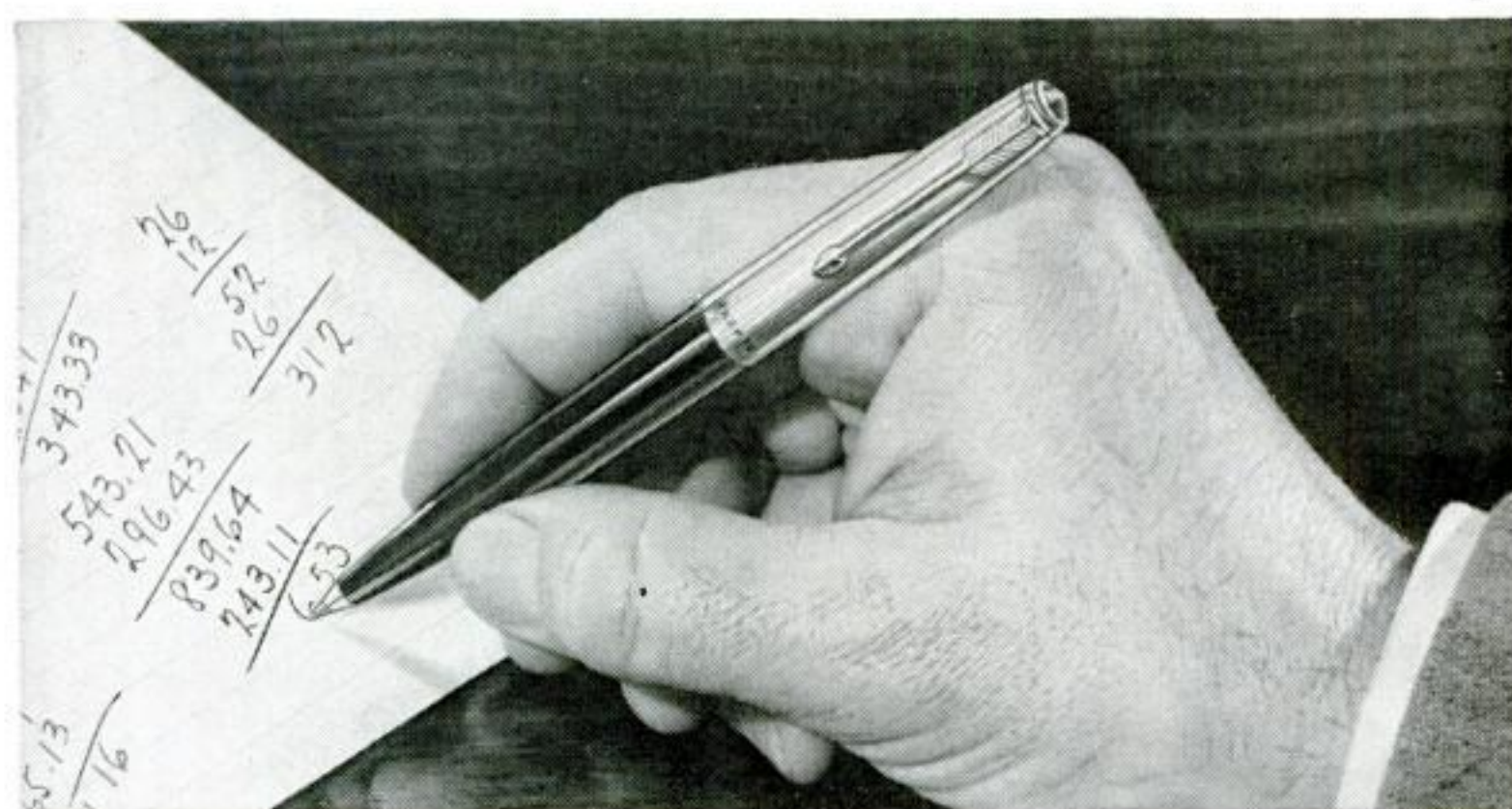


For quick notes or leisured longhand, this first combination of its kind features Parker's Electro-Polished fountain pen and Jotter ball point.

Parker set fills every need, sells for \$8⁹⁵ and up



THE PEN. Famous Parker "51" Fountain Pen with the new mirror-smooth Electro-Polished point is the smoothest-writing pen ever made. Its sensitive point records all the character of your writing, lends a truly personal touch to your correspondence. The two-finger filling is simplicity itself, takes in almost twice the ink similarly priced pens do.



THE JOTTER ball point. The new Parker "51" Jotter, designed for fast figuring and detail work, writes nearly 400,000 words with a single cartridge, saves cost and nuisance of frequent refills. Points are available in four sizes: broad, medium, fine, extra fine. "51" Jotter has no telltale ball point button, the sliding cap extends and retracts the point.

The New PARKER "SMART SET"

Never before—at any price—could you purchase a set like this! Here, for the first time, the two leading writing instruments of their kind are brought together to form the one truly modern writing combination.

With this new Parker "Smart Set" you have all the writing equipment you'll ever need. The beautiful smooth-writing Electro-Polished Parker Fountain Pen for personal letters . . . the sleek, long-writing Parker Jotter ball point for quick notes and figuring.

See the new Parker "Smart Set" at your favorite pen counter today! Choose from 4 new models. \$8.95 up. The Parker Pen Company, Janesville, Wisconsin, U.S.A.; Toronto, Canada.

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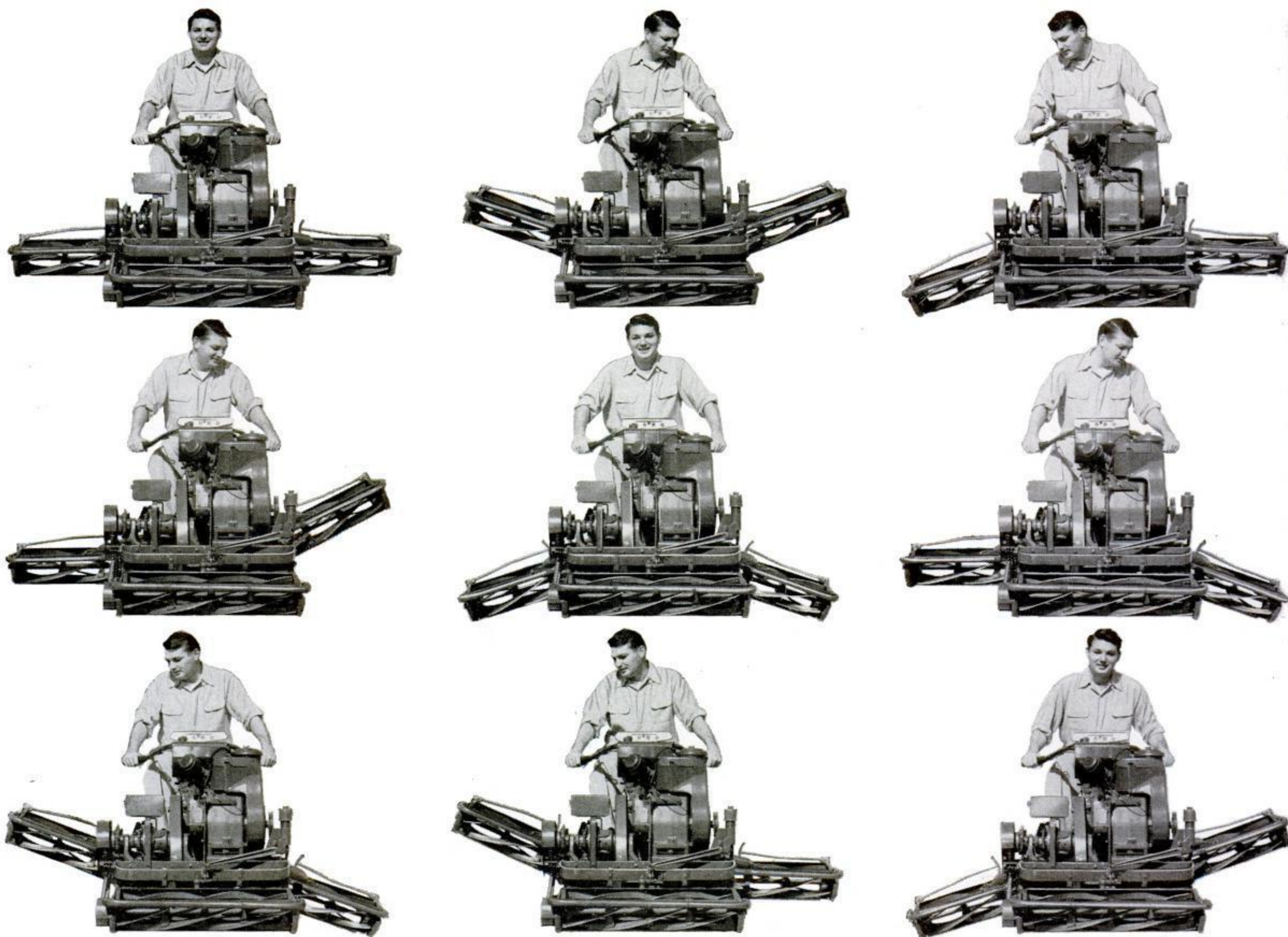
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POWER MOWER WITH WINGS

Giant Toro "Professional" outcuts 15 ordinary hand mowers

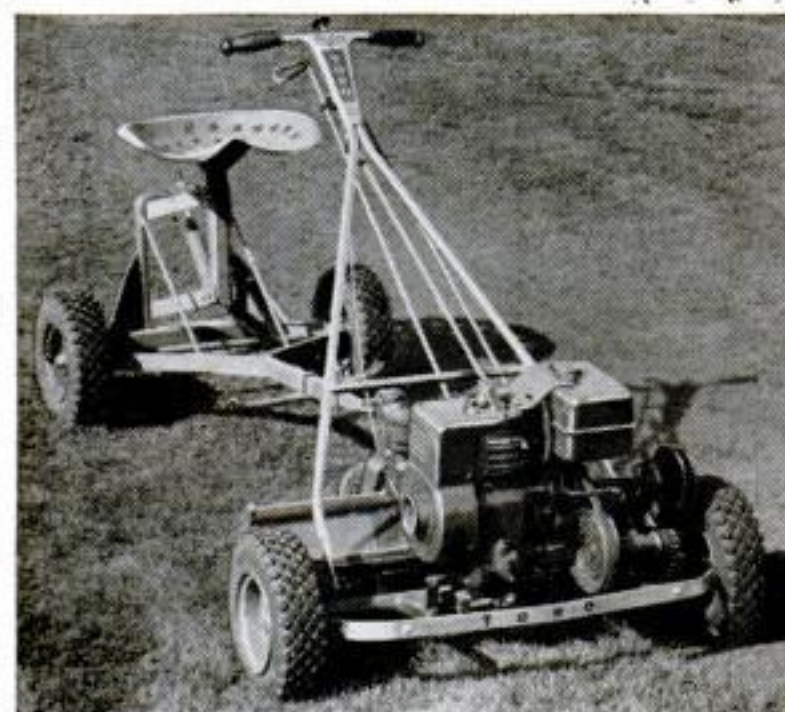
Turf maintenance men watch respectfully as the Toro *Professional* swoops through hollows and over hills, its hinged "wing" reels automatically hugging every ground contour to give an incredibly smooth, even cut.

This giant of precision mowers that will trim around a half-dollar is the mechanical pride-and-joy of many men who mow grass for a living—and more than a few wealthy men who mow grass for fun. Placidly chewing its way through a six-foot swath of grass, the *Professional* can, in a single day, turn 20 acres of shaggy sod into a crisp green carpet.

Park departments, golf courses and estate owners pay its \$1200* price willingly. They know the "Pro" often saves its full cost the first year, and that many are still in service after 15 years of hard, steady use.

Whether you need a high-capacity mower or a small home model, you get "professional" quality in every Toro machine. You can confidently choose the *right* power mower for your need from the world's most complete line at your Toro dealer's. He's listed, with your authorized Toro parts and repair depot, in the classified section of the phone book.

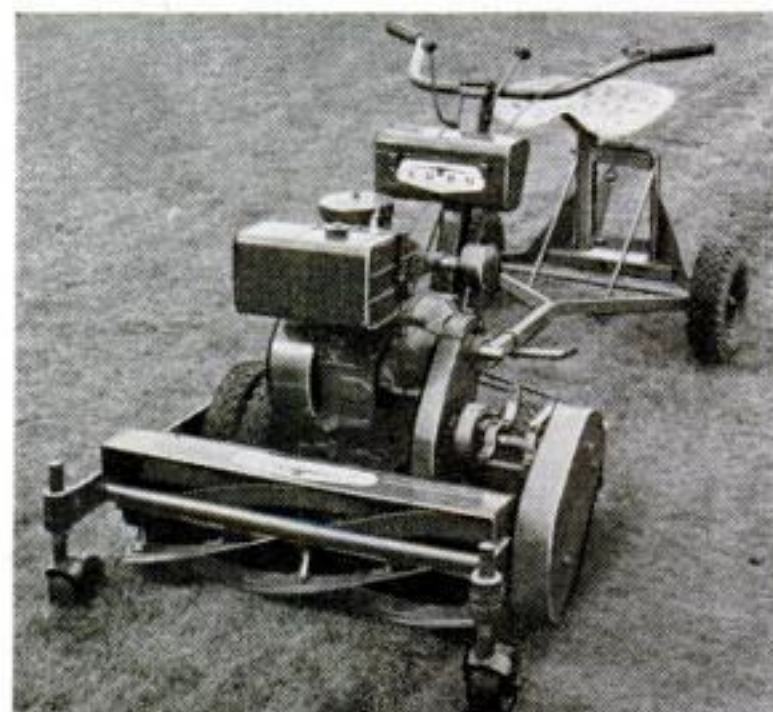
*Approximate price in U. S., higher in Canada. All prices subject to change. Available with electric starter. Toro products sold and serviced by turfgrass specialists throughout the U. S. and Canada.



Toro Starlawn 27—riding sulky optional



Toro Whirlwind 24 and Toro Whirlwind 31



Toro Park Special—cuts full 30 in. swath

TORO
FORTIETH ANNIVERSARY
America's
largest-selling
power
mowers

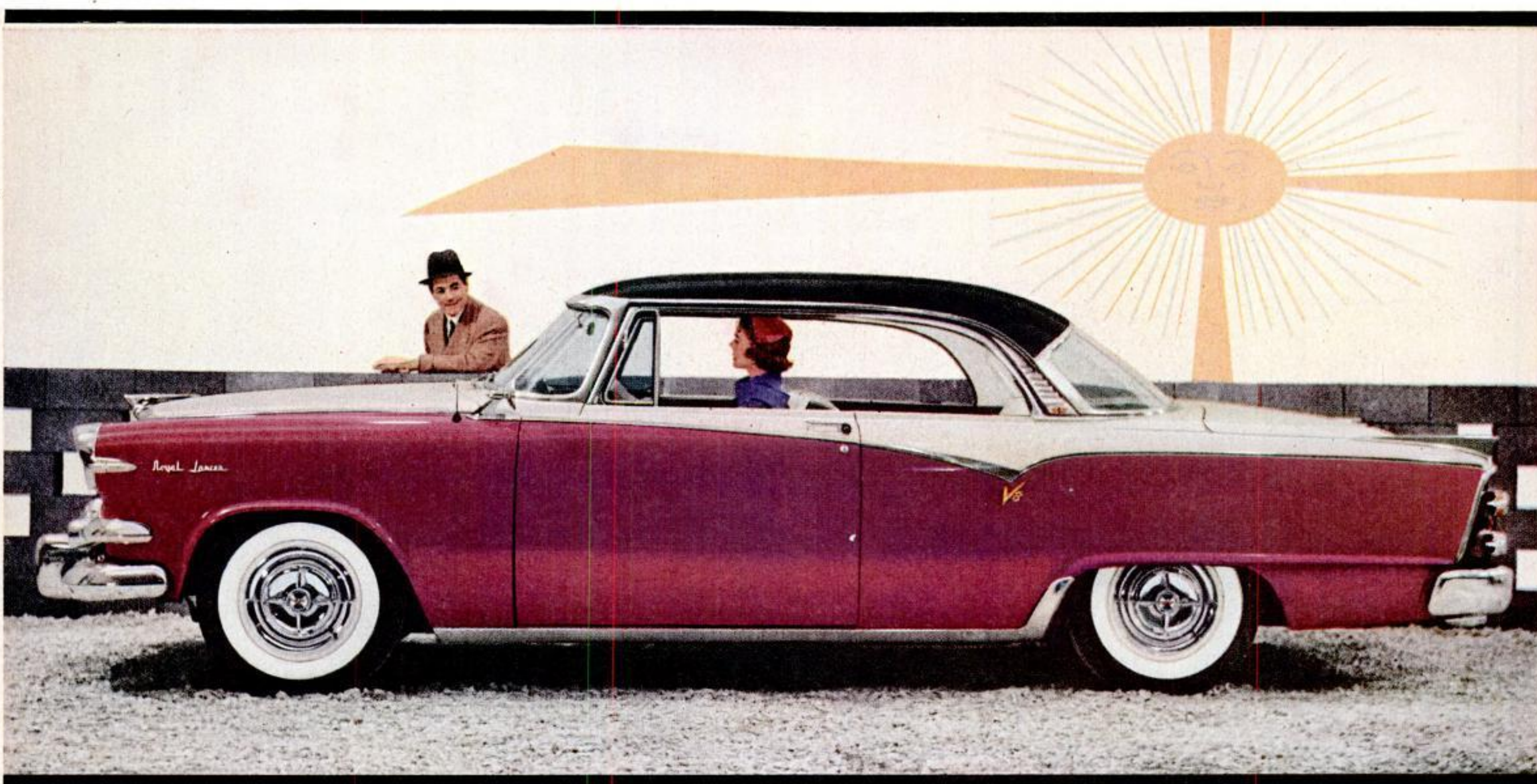


Toro Manufacturing Corp., Minneapolis 6, Minn.



What's really new in motor cars?
There's just one way to find out
Step up to this new Dodge ...

Open the door on tomorrow!



New Dodge Custom Royal Lancer with Dramatic 3-Tone Styling

Nothing you have heard about the new Dodge can quite prepare you for the thrill when you first step inside.

Beauty is all around you in the rich textures and colors of matchless Jacquard fabrics, flecked with stardust.

You sit encircled in a glass cockpit, with a *new outlook* on the world through the "New Horizon" sweep-around windshield.

On the curved control panel before you are the instruments, switches, and levers that

put the future at your fingertips . . . with the magic of PowerFlite range selector introducing a new day in automatic driving.

And when you pilot the new Dodge down the street, just watch heads turn! *No car at any price* has captured America's heart so completely. It rules the road in style.

One thing more: For all its "solid gold" luxury and beauty, the new Dodge can be yours for little more than many models of the "low priced three."

New DODGE

FLASHES AHEAD IN '55

Dodge presents: Danny Thomas in "Make Room for Daddy" (ABC-TV) Bert Parks in "Break The Bank" (ABC-TV) The New Roy Rogers Show (NBC-Radio).

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Mammoth Cave is the leading landmark... Early Times the leading Bourbon



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THIS IS THE WHISKY THAT MADE KENTUCKY WHISKIES FAMOUS

From this land of bourbon comes legendary Early Times,

a great name in whisky since 1860, all whisky, fine whisky, its famous flavor hearty but never

heavy. Bottled at the peak of perfection, enjoyed at the peak of flavor, Early Times is truly every

ounce a man's whisky...

EARLY TIMES

Every Ounce a Man's Whisky



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KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKY—EARLY TIMES DISTILLERY COMPANY, LOUISVILLE 1, KY.—86 PROOF

Enjoy added comfort in your **SIL-O-ETTE®** panty girdle
now made of Power Mesh with 30% more stretch

Other exclusive comfort features

1. Curved crotch shaped to your body line finally eliminates strain, cutting, binding.
2. New wide waistband is woven to SIL-O-ETTE without a break, bulky seam.
3. Long leg slims thighs without chafing, gives one trim line from waist to thigh.

5.95
Dress Tights
with rayon satin panel

4.95
Sport Tights

Tests prove lightweight Power Mesh has 30% more stretch to the inch for your personal comfort

Average Elastic

Lightweight Power Mesh

Here you actually see that one elastic strand of Power Mesh has 30% more stretch than average elastic. This added stretch enables Power Mesh to control your curves in complete comfort. Power Mesh is stronger too, because it has more elastic to the inch than average fabrics.

You feel so completely free in your SIL-O-ETTE that you forget you're wearing a panty girdle. Such supreme comfort is only possible because the new lightweight Power Mesh in your SIL-O-ETTE has 30% more stretch than average elastic.

Every second you wear SIL-O-ETTE this 30% added

stretch provides the needed elasticity at points of greatest strain—your hips, thighs, and seat. For the first time here's a panty girdle that adjusts to your individual figure without a trace of binding, cutting or chafing.

Lightweight Power Mesh guarantees more effective

control, too. Now with greater stretch and increased strength, amazing Power Mesh can never lose its shape. As a result your SIL-O-ETTE always gives you the firm, slimming support you want in a girdle.

Get your SIL-O-ETTE today and discover a new world of comfort.

For the most comfortable fit,

measure your hips at widest point (seat), then select your size from chart. If your measurement is between sizes, always order larger Hip size.



SIL-O-ETTE

SIZE CHART

Hip measurement (widest part)	Correct size
33-34 inches.....	Hip size 34
35-36 inches.....	Hip size 36
37-38 inches.....	Hip size 38
39-40 inches.....	Hip size 40
41-43 inches.....	Hip size 42

MAIL COUPON TODAY— we will fill your order through store nearest you.

SIL-O-ETTE, 366 Fifth Avenue, New York 1, N. Y.

Waist measure..... Hip measure.....

☐ Sport Tights, white 4.95 ☐ Dress Tights, white 5.95

Enclosed is \$..... to cover order.

Add sales tax, if any, in your city or state.

name.....

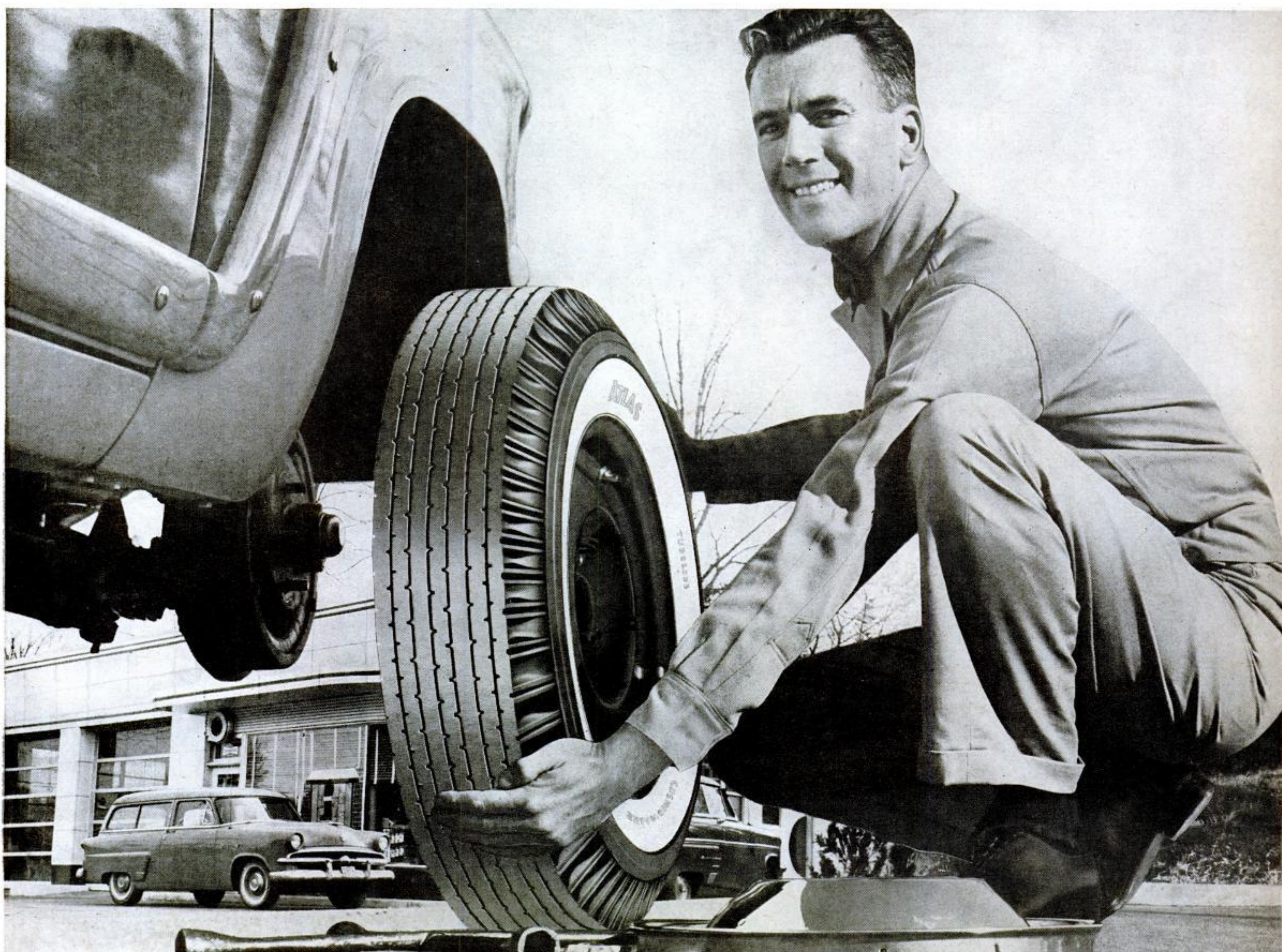
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city.....zone.....state.....

NEW TUBELESS

ATLAS CUSHIONAIRE TIRE

FOR EXTRA SAFETY, MORE MILEAGE, GREATER RIDING COMFORT



Atlas dealers are specifically trained to repair and service all types of tubeless tires and can mount new Atlas Tubeless Cushionaires on your car.

HERE in one superb new tire you get all the advantages of modern tubeless construction plus the proved superiorities of the regular Atlas Cushionaire Tire.

The Atlas Tubeless Cushionaire Tire reduces the danger of blowouts. Even in case of a badly bruised tire air escapes slowly instead of suddenly. A special rubber compound provides air-tight bonding between cords, preventing air seepage and ply separation. A second air-tight wall of rubber inside the tire adds rupture resistance and cushioning against

impact, and a triple layer sealant between tire and rim insures protection against leakage.

Because there is no tube, this is a lighter tire — easier steering, softer riding, cooler running. Because it is an Atlas tire, it has the characteristic Atlas wide, flat 7-rib tread that puts more rubber on the road for extra safety and mileage.

See the Atlas Cushionaire—tubeless or with tube — at your local Atlas dealer. Written guarantee honored on the spot by 38,000 Atlas dealers in the United States and Canada.

ATLAS TIRES
BATTERIES
ACCESSORIES

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Don't Let A "Fixed-Age" Retirement Policy Boss You!

Retire when you please...

with LINCOLN NATIONAL'S "Flexible-Age" Retirement Plan

Who's to say where you'll be at age 65?

With Lincoln National's special "5-Star Annuity Plan" you may, any time you please, change the date your retirement benefits begin—to fit the needs of your changing circumstances.

The "Flexible-Age" Feature!

Under Lincoln National's "5-Star Annuity Plan" you may start collecting retirement benefits early, if you like. You need not wait until a fixed age, such as 65.

It works the other way, too. You don't have to accept retirement benefits until later, if you wish to work beyond age 65. Simply extend your policy (up to age 70) and collect the much larger benefits then—when you really need them.

In addition, this flexibility has real tax advantages for you and your beneficiary.

Protection Plus Investment!

This plan guarantees you a monthly retirement income for as long as you live.

But if you don't live to retire, your family would have a substantial monthly income from the life insurance benefits of this plan. Cash values grow rapidly and, in addition, dividends are payable.

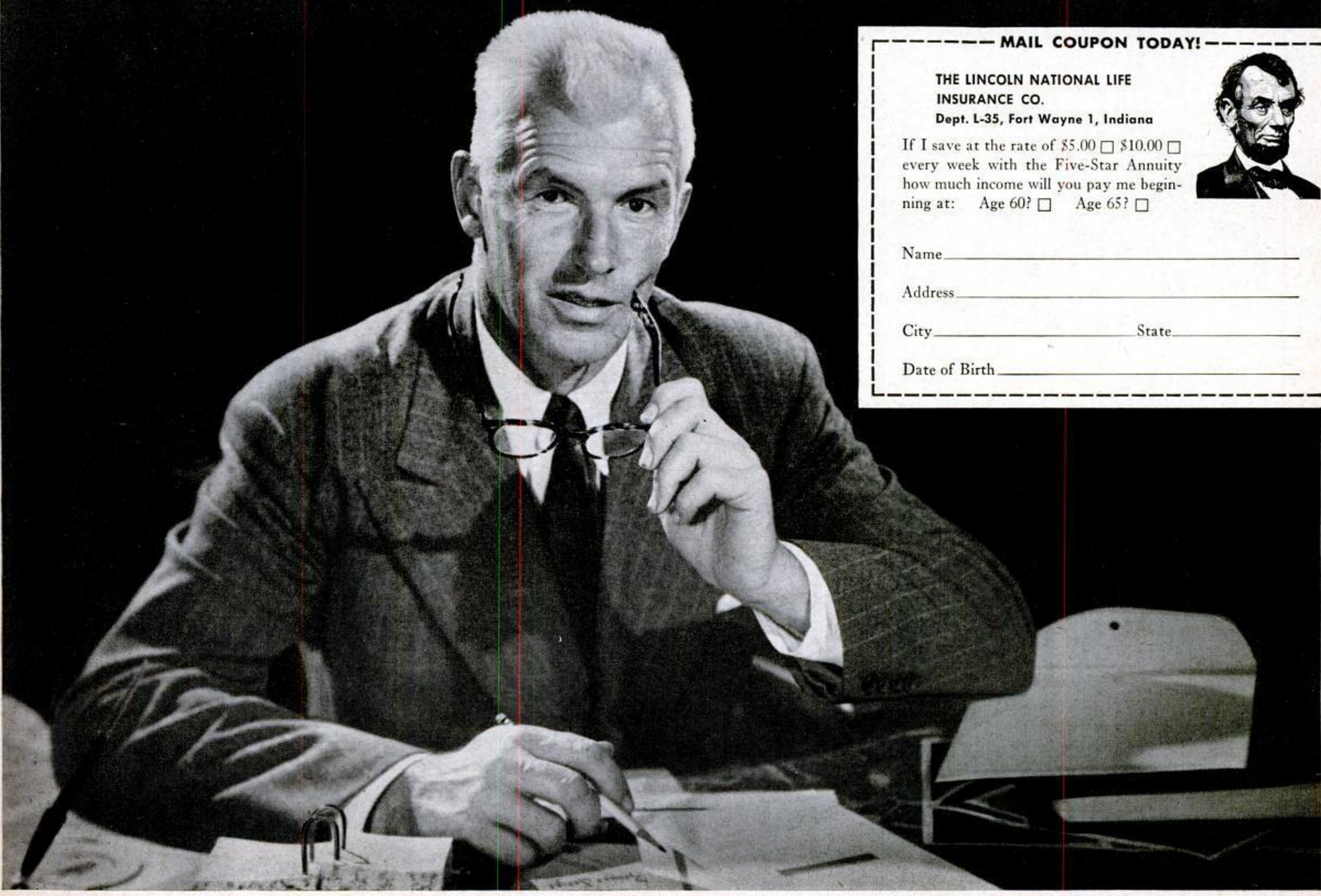
The important thing about life insurance is to *get started*. For further information about this realistic, low-cost "5-Star Annuity Plan," see the Lincoln National agent in your community. Or mail the coupon below.

Its Name Indicates Its Character

THE LINCOLN NATIONAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FORT WAYNE 1, INDIANA

ASSETS TOTAL MORE THAN ONE BILLION DOLLARS



MAIL COUPON TODAY!

**THE LINCOLN NATIONAL LIFE
INSURANCE CO.**
Dept. L-35, Fort Wayne 1, Indiana



If I save at the rate of \$5.00 ☐ \$10.00 ☐
every week with the Five-Star Annuity
how much income will you pay me begin-
ning at: Age 60? ☐ Age 65? ☐

Name

Address

City State

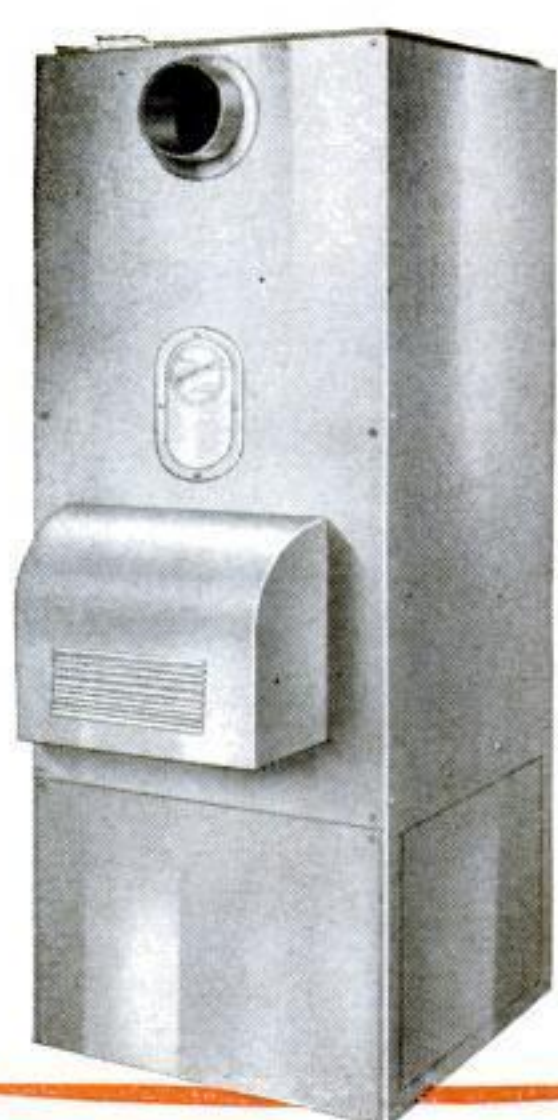
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NOW! BETTER HEAT

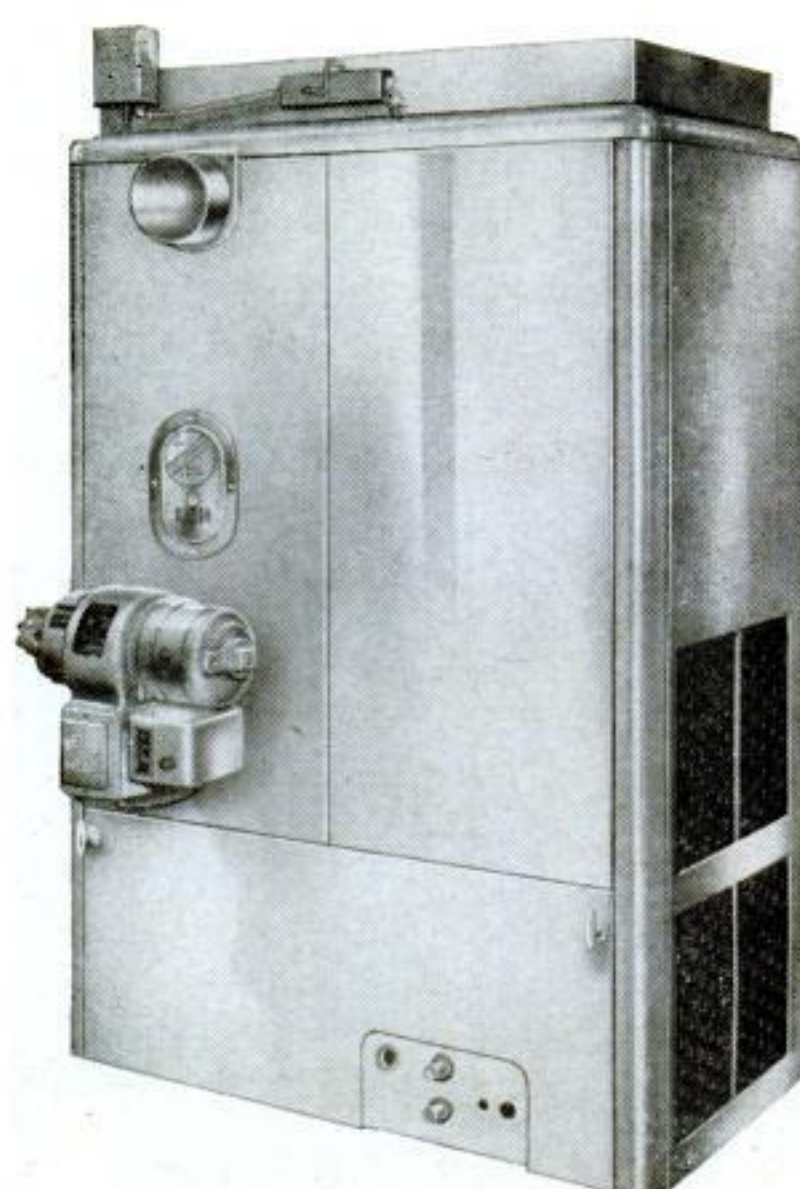
IS YOURS... ONLY WITH EXCLUSIVE

GENERAL MOTORS

ASSEMBLY LINE PRODUCTION



①



②



③

THE RIGHT MODEL

FOR EVERY HOME HEATING PROBLEM

For new home construction or modernization... low basement models, vertical closet or utility room models, reverse flow units for perimeter heating, horizontal furnaces for crawl space installations... conversion burners... combination heating and air conditioning units... boilers... whatever the problem, Delco-Heat has exactly the right model for you. Delco-Heat Conditionairs offer fast, low-cost installations and trouble-free operation. Exciting new color styling brings fresh, modern eye appeal to every heating installation. Typical of the Delco-Heat line are the three units shown above.

- ① New Delco-Heat Value Leader Conditionair designed and engineered to meet today's home building requirements. Highest quality, low cost performance... heats and filters the air automatically. Gas or oil fired models.
- ② For economical heating and air conditioning, the new Delco Winter-Summer Conditionair gives automatically controlled comfort every season of the year. Heating and cooling units in one compact cabinet. Gas or oil fired.
- ③ Delco-Heat De Luxe Conditionair offers a clean, economical heat installation for low ceiling basements. A unit that enhances basement or recreation room. Gas or oil fired.

Quality-designed, **quality**-produced to give you all these advanced heating features!

Most Economical Oil-Air Mixture with exclusive Delco-designed Turbulator.

Heats More Economically with exclusive Delco "Multi-Rad" heat transfer unit.

Lower Priced, Stronger Built Unit made possible with the exclusive Delco-Heat "Integral" design.

Safer, worry-free, fully automatic home heating provided by General Motors Delco Controls.

Save Gas, Cut Fuel Costs with exclusive Delco "Flame-Tailored" Burner.

Faster Heating with the exclusive Quik-Action stainless steel combustion chamber.

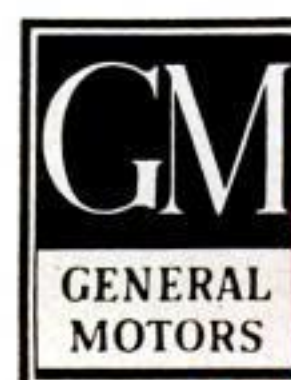
Quieter Operation assured with exclusive Delco Rigidframe Motor.

Heating or Cooling Controls automatically selected by exclusive damper control.

More Heat Per Fuel Dollar with the exclusive Delco Circle-Air Radiator.



Look for your dependable Delco-Heat dealer in the Yellow Pages of your Telephone Book under "Furnaces," "Oil Burners," or "Gas Burners."



DELCO-HEAT

ING AT LOWER COST!

DELCO-HEAT

NOW! every homeowner can afford healthful trouble-free automatic heat...with high quality and low cost made possible only by GM mass production!



A FURNACE EVERY 2 MINUTES! ... completed on the continuous "auto-motive-type" production lines at the world's most advanced heating manufacturing plant.

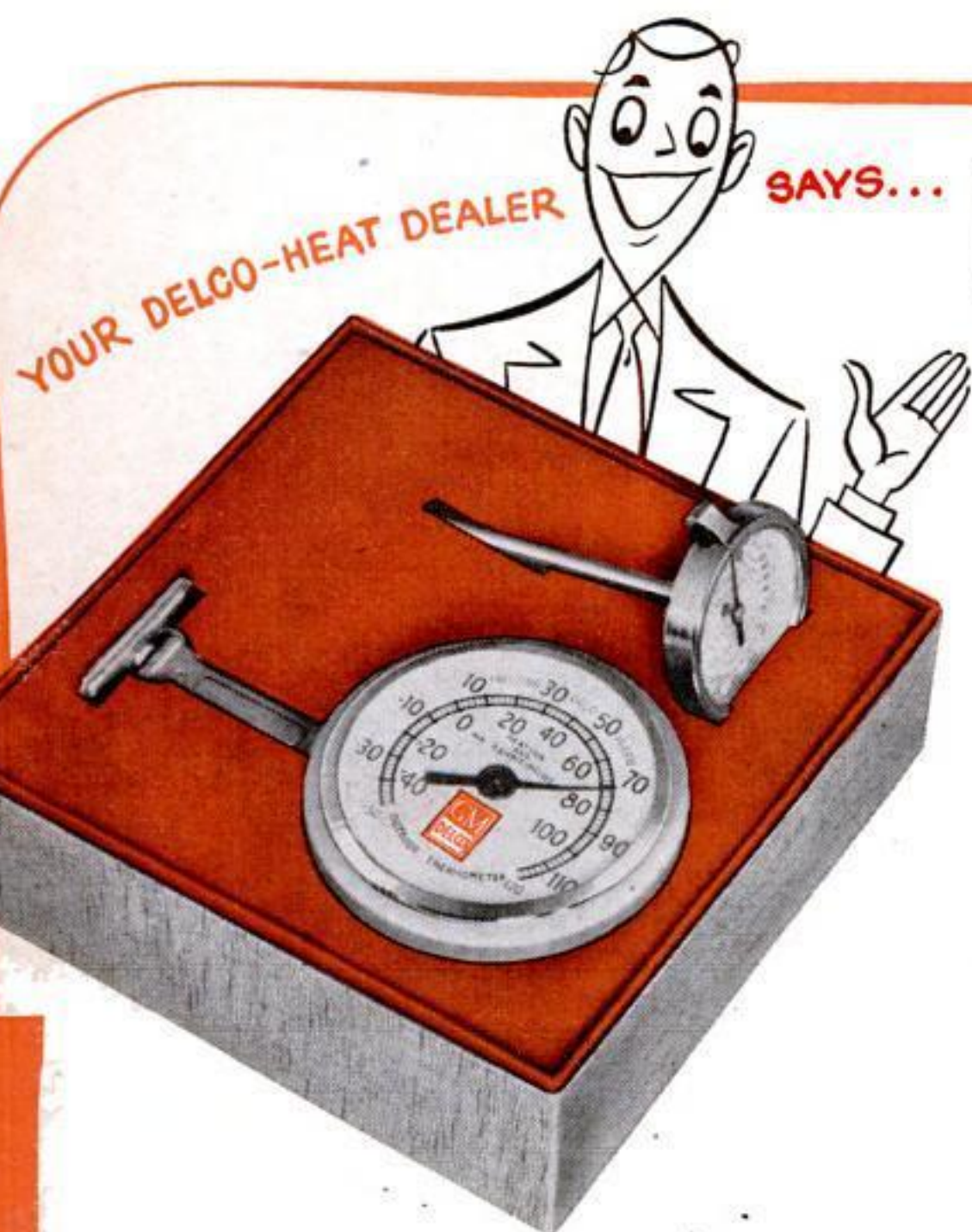
SAVE UP TO 25% ... on your furnace costs! A result of the greatest advancement in furnace manufacturing in 20 years ... the miracle General Motors Delco-Heat assembly lines ... which complete a furnace every two minutes!

Delco's high production efficiency does it! No skimping on materials or design. Every Delco-Heat furnace is *quality-built throughout*.

Your perfect home heating buy is here! Now you have all three top value advantages ... the finest in modern, automatic oil or gas heating ... built and backed by General Motors, and low cost! *Plus*, dependable, expert installation and service are yours through your Delco-Heat Dealer.

Higher, More Uniform Quality ... is assured by Delco's high standards of manufacture, inspection and testing ... combined with modern assembly line techniques. General Motors-Delco superior engineering know-how gives you the last word in heating comfort, cleanliness and convenience ... with maximum fuel economy and long trouble-free life. You figure economy twice—low cost to *buy* ... and low cost to *use*.

Treat yourself and family to all the benefits of Delco-Heat now! Easy payment terms to fit your need are available ... under FHA, home mortgage, modernization or Delco-Heat dealer financing plans.



FREE! this De Luxe Cooking and Outdoor Thermometer Set!

Nothing to Buy! ... Just have your **FREE Home Heating Survey** made **NOW!**

Mail Coupon Today!

Enjoy meat cooked just right every time! See outdoor temperatures easily through your window. This useful, nationally-advertised thermometer set (retail price \$6.60) can be *yours* absolutely **FREE!** This offer limited* to present home owners or prospective home buyers planning a heating or central air conditioning installation this year. *Just let us make your survey NOW ... and the set is yours!* Spring is the best time to survey your problem ... and you save waiting, worry, and disappointment later. Contact the Delco-Heat Dealer listed in the yellow pages of your telephone directory under "Furnaces," "Oil Burners," or "Gas Burners" ... or mail the coupon. **Nothing to buy! No obligation! Schedule your survey today.**

*Offer good only in the United States—and in areas served by Delco-Heat Dealers.

Act Now! Supply Limited!

DELCO APPLIANCE DIVISION, General Motors Corporation
Dept. L, Rochester 1, N. Y.

Gentlemen: Yes, we would like to have a **FREE De Luxe Cooking and Outdoor Thermometer Set!** We are planning a new heating ☐ central air conditioning ☐ installation this year. Please have our local Delco-Heat Dealer call and schedule our **FREE** survey. We understand there is no obligation to buy.

NAME.....

STREET.....

CITY..... ZONE.....

STATE.....

NOTE: This offer limited to home owners and home buyers in the United States only—and in areas served by Delco-Heat Dealers.



SPEAKING OF PICTURES

...An aerial photograph tells a story
of a ski holiday on a Japanese slope



Kusatsu, Japan's most popular ski resort, is only five hours by train and bus from Tokyo, and winter weekends sometimes find as many as 10,000 skiers sliding around on its snow-covered slopes. Like a delicately drawn Oriental scroll which tells a whole story in a single scene, this air view relates the goings-on at Kusatsu on a holiday.

In a semicircle at the bottom center stand

beginning skiers watching their instructors. At top more skillful skiers wait in a line (*left*) for the ski lift (*right*) which carries them up the slopes. Down the slopes (*far right*) skiers descend through the trees, a pair of them winding up on their seats. At upper left stands a group rounded up for the photographer by town officials, spelling out Kusatsu in Japanese characters like a title for the whole scene.

BELL & HOWELL WAS THERE



BEDSPRINGS BOUNCE laughter from Bobby Mosback and big sister Lauren. Fun like this lasts a lifetime because Dad keeps them jumping with his Bell & Howell 220 Wilshire. Its

Sun Dial makes movies easy as snapshots. Just set, sight and shoot. Budget-priced at \$49.95. Write for "Tips on Making Home Movies." Bell & Howell, Dept. L-3, Chicago 45, Illinois.



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LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

MUSEUM DIRECTOR'S CHOICE

Sirs:

Verrocchio's bust of Lorenzo the Magnificent is an eloquent affirmation of artistic integrity and worthiness of subject ("Museum Director's Choice," LIFE, Feb. 21).

WILLIAM V. CALDWELL
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Sirs:

Director Finley seems to have some doubts when he says the bust may or may not look like Lorenzo. On this point he may set his doubts at rest by referring to Vasari's portrait of Lorenzo which hangs in the Uffizi Gallery and in which Lorenzo is depicted with the same Bob Hope nose and underslung jaw.

FRANCIS F. STEERS
New York, N.Y.



VASARI'S PORTRAIT OF LORENZO

PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS

Sirs:

The story of a GI and his Japanese wife ("Pursuit of Happiness by a GI and a Japanese," LIFE, Feb. 21) was the most wonderful story ever to appear in your magazine. I cried unashamedly, me a man of 45 years, because I have always contended that such interracial marriages can be successful.

LE ROY DE GREGORY
Trenton, N.J.

Sirs:

The article smacked more of the dime novel than the struggle of an American husband and his Japanese wife.

DEAN SLACK
Burlington, Vt.

Sirs:

Thank you so much for James Michener's very real article on the GI-Japanese marriage.

My husband and I are one of the many thousands of interracial couples in California. Like all pioneers, we find it is pretty rough going at times, but in spite of the two-way social pressures, we are founding our homes, raising our families, continuing our careers or educations, and channeling our citizenship into community service wherever we are welcome.

DOLORES CHINN
Salinas, Calif.

Sirs:

In all courtesy I wish to express my accumulated nausea regarding the GI-Japanese story by Michener. My wife and I were married in Japan three years ago and we have been happy in and out of the U.S. We have yet to have a single encounter with prejudice after one year and one month in Georgia!

MR. AND MRS. MARION E. ADAMS
Valdosta, Ga.

Sirs:

My wife and I are probably numbered among those 20,000 GI-Japanese couples although we were married in the U.S. in 1945 and she is a nisei. It is most encouraging that the leading national periodicals and an eminent American author feel the problem of international marriage can be given public airing.

JAMES R. CRIDER
Seattle, Wash.

Sirs:

I thought some of your readers would think our son Dale in the GI-Japanese story was a girl so I am sending some photos I took of him getting his first haircut.

FRANK PFEIFFER
Melrose Park, Ill.



DALE AND MOTHER AT BARBER'S

A WORKING PRINCESS

Sirs:

Your news story, with Leonard McCombe's photographs of Princess Margaret's tour of Trinidad, is wonderful ("A Working Princess on the Road," LIFE, Feb. 21).

Please—let's see more of the British royal family in future issues of your magazine.

LOUISE NYBERG
Baltimore, Md.

Sirs:

Your cover photograph of Princess Margaret is an insult to a beautiful woman.

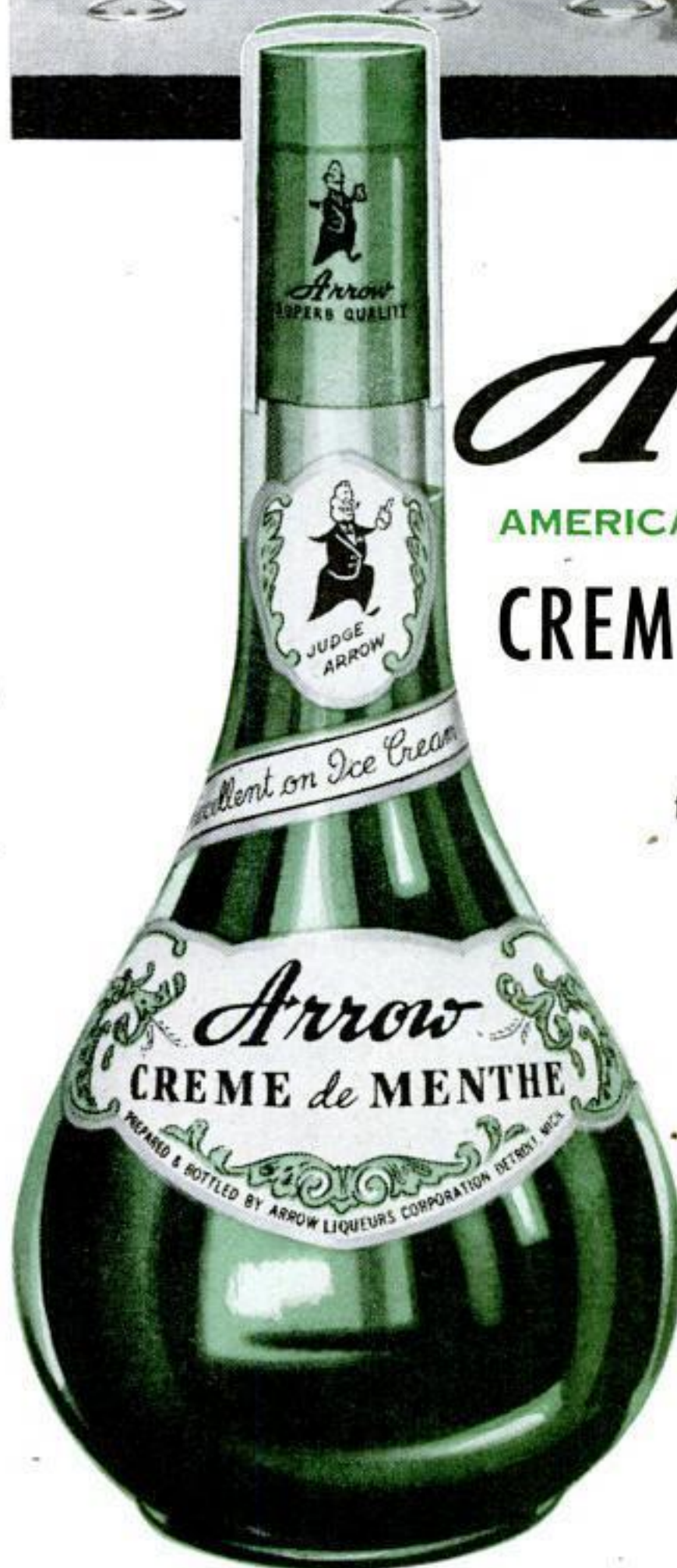
JERRY LUTZ
Conesville, Iowa

Sirs:

Why must you keep the British influence in your pages?

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

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I dreamed
I was a mad hatter in my
maidenform bra

I'm madder than a hatter, but it really doesn't matter... my fashion I. Q. is high as can be. And the special feather in my cap is my Maidenform bra! I'm just crazy about its lines... light, blithe and handsome. I'm the headiest sight of the season!

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 A, B and C cups... from 2.00.
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*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF. ©1955 MAIDEN FORM BRASSIERE CO., INC., N. Y. 16 HAT AND STOLE: MR. JOHN

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS CONTINUED

LIFE, I hope, is a U.S. magazine. There are only a few "Tories" left.

PATRICK H. WALSH

Boston, Mass.

A GAMBLE—AND WE WIN

Sirs:

LIFE seems to believe that the evacuation of the Tachen Islands was a victory for the U.S. ("A Gamble That the Reds Won't Fight—and We Win," LIFE, Feb. 21). Why on earth should we even have thought the Reds would attack us while we were giving them a group of islands they wanted? It is my feeling that they will be happy to give us similar "victories" in Quemoy and Matsu.

ALLEN KLEIN

Mount Vernon, N.Y.

Sirs:

Your article on the evacuation of the Tachen Islands was a very adequate coverage. However, you are incorrect in referring to General Earle Partridge as a lieutenant general. Also, I believe that if you check this picture you will find that General Partridge is not with Major General Chase, but is in fact with Brig. General Harold Grant, Deputy Commander of the Fifth Air Force.



CHASE

C. CLIEVER LYNN

Washington, D.C.

● General Partridge is a full four-star general and was shown in the picture with Brig. General Harold Grant.—ED.

FIRST MAN-MADE DIAMOND

Sirs:

In "The First Man-Made Diamond" (LIFE, Feb. 21) you state that General Electric displayed "the world's first authentic man-made diamonds." Actually the first man-made diamonds were produced by the French chemist Moissan in 1893. In 1932, my father, the late Leon H. Barnett, created true diamonds at Columbia University, in collaboration with Professor Ralph H. McKee. Like the G.E. diamonds, they were too small for jewelry but large enough for industrial use.

LINCOLN BARNETT

Westport, N.Y.

Sirs:

Man-made diamonds were made in the McPherson College chemistry laboratory 27 years ago by Dr. J. Willard Hershey.

They have been on exhibit in the McPherson College museum for many years.

L. E. LINDELL

McPherson, Kan.

● No previously displayed "man-made diamonds" were ever authenticated by X-ray and other essential tests, says Dr. Frederick H. Pough, gemologist and former curator of physical geology and mineralogy at the Museum of Natural History in New York. "The so-called diamonds made by Moissan were probably bits of iron carbide. At least part of Hershey's proved to be quartz. Barnett's diamonds, while never

disproved, have never been confirmed by X-ray analysis."—ED.

TIM'S TIMELY TRIP

Sirs:

We are grateful for having a part in your message regarding the urgent need for school-building expansion throughout the nation ("Tim's Timely Trip to Washington," LIFE, Feb. 21). But I am not too sure that I like to be known as a man with something to complain about. To the stranger, Johns Creek High School presents an ugly and impoverished appearance. To us it is a beautiful place. Our children are happy. We are not acquiescent but we are content.

CHARLES R. ELSWICK
 Principal

Johns Creek High School
 Pikeville, Ky.

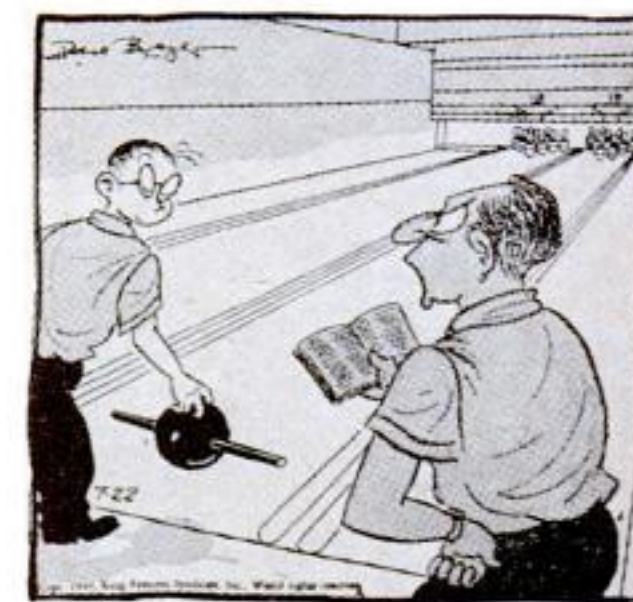
THIS IS A LIVING?

Sirs:

One of Russell E. Oakes's dizzy gadgets ("This is a Living?" LIFE, Feb. 21) is his "high scoring bowling ball." Maybe I should've had it patented when I thought of it for my cartoon feature published back in 1949.

DAVE BREGER

West Nyack, N.Y.



BOWLING BALL WITH OUTRIGGERS

GIANTS OF BASKETBALL

Sirs:

In regard to your article, "The Giants of Schoolboy Basketball" (LIFE, Feb. 21), Wilt ("The Stilt") Chamberlain recently broke all state and local scoring records. He scored 90 points when Overbrook High beat Roxborough High of Philadelphia 123 to 21. Chamberlain sank 36 of 41 shots from scrimmage.

H. K. ENCKE JR.

Eddington, Pa.

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WHAT THE LIFE INSURANCE BUSINESS



They Bought Life Insurance

BACK in the middle 19th century, life insurance was sold to great-grandfather on a die-to-win basis.

For one thing, the most insurance he could get in those days was \$10,000. And great-grandfather had to lead a rather restricted life. Insurance companies would not let him travel west of the Mississippi River; they didn't relish the risk of his running into a red-skin under unfavorable circumstances.

Nor could he travel on the high seas without permission. Nor could he work on a railroad without approval. He was required never to go South in the

summertime — malaria was rife. He positively could not go up in a balloon. Unlike today, any one of these actions automatically cancelled out his insurance. And great-grandfather had to die before his life insurance began its good work.

A century of progress — and the vision of many men in the great insurance companies—have changed all that. For basic to all people's daily living is the fulfillment of human needs. Over the years, life insurance has responded to this challenge by providing protection in keeping with these needs.

S DOING FOR AMERICA



They Buy Living Insurance

Today, the accent is on living. True, life insurance continues to protect the family against economic loss through death. But, more and more Americans now turn to it for the fulfillment of their living needs.

A century ago the life insurance agent was selling a relatively new product — one that had just begun to gain acceptance. Now, that product, vastly improved and greatly liberalized, has evolved into *Living Insurance*, protecting over 93,000,000 Americans.

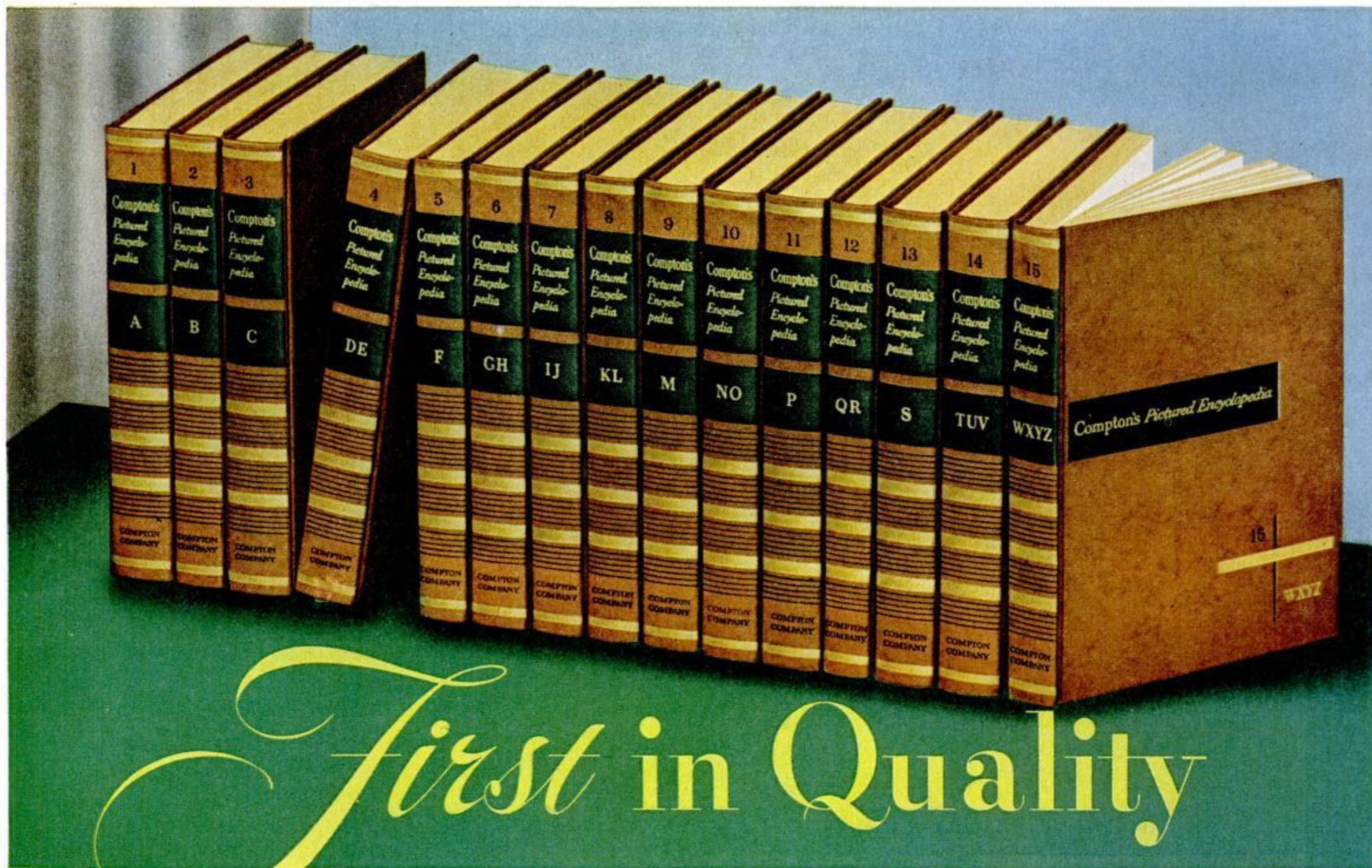
Living Insurance can help safeguard your financial resources. *Living Insurance* can steadily build up

funds for emergency loans, retirement income, education of your children, and help in a business crisis. *Living Insurance* can protect the roof over your family's head.

The Equitable is proud to have taken part in this pioneering effort to help you and your family achieve greater financial security through *Living Insurance*.

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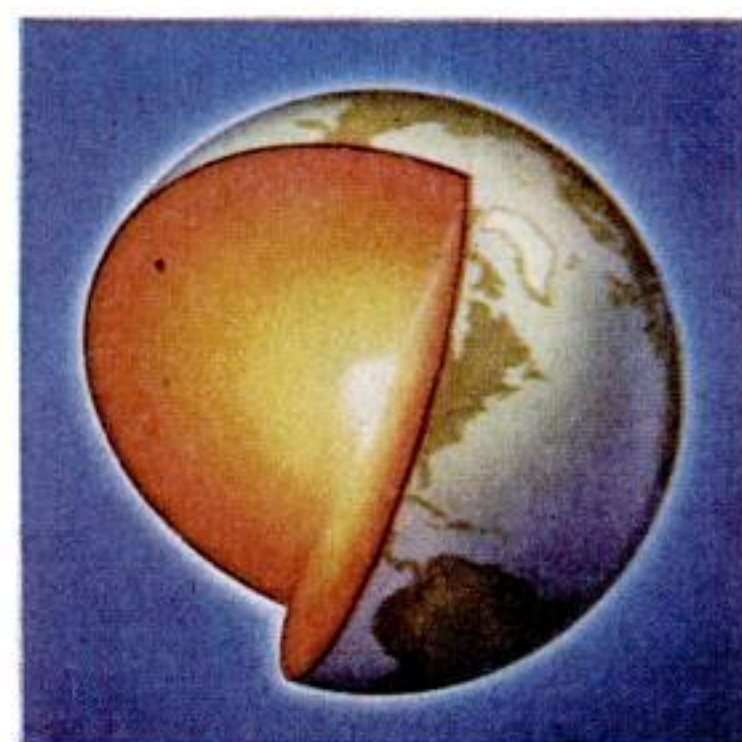
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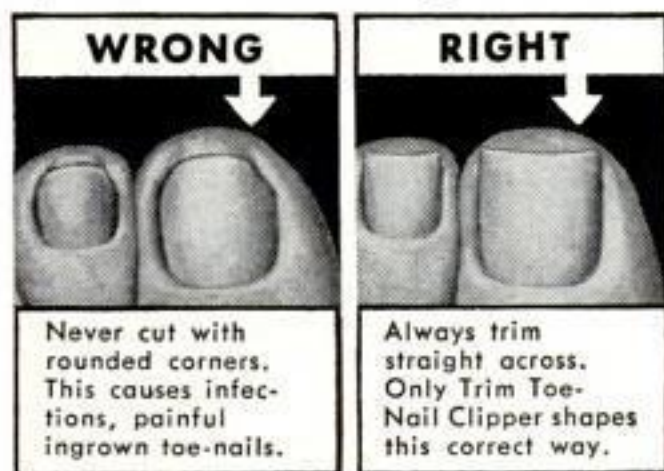
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"But if it weren't for that \$250, we'd still be living in Forest Hills, and I'd still be plugging away at the same old job. Strangely, it's all thanks to something that happened, quite accidentally, in 1938. It was August 17, to be exact. I remember the date because it was my fortieth birthday.

"To celebrate, Peg and I were going out to the movies. While she went upstairs to dress, I picked up a magazine and leafed through it idly. Then somehow my eyes rested on an ad. It said, 'You don't have to be rich to retire.' Probably the reason I read it through was that just that evening Peg and I had been saying how hard it was for us to put anything aside for our future.

"Well, we'd certainly never be rich. We spent money as fast as it came in. And here I was forty already. Over half my working years were gone. Someday I might not be able to go on working so hard. What then?

"Now this ad sounded as if it might have the answer. It told of a way that a man of 40—with no big bank

account, but just fifteen or twenty good earning years ahead—could get a guaranteed income of \$250 a month. It was called the Phoenix Mutual Retirement Income Plan.

"The ad offered more information. No harm in looking into it, I said. When Peg came down, I was tearing a corner off the page. First coupon in my life I ever clipped. I mailed it on our way to the movies.

"Fifteen years slide by mighty fast. Times changed... hard times came... the war. I couldn't foresee them. But my Phoenix Mutual Plan was one thing I never had to worry about! 1953 came... I got my first Phoenix Mutual check—and retired. We sold the house and drove West. We're living a new kind of life. Best of all, we've security a rich family might envy. Our \$250 a month will keep coming as long as we live."

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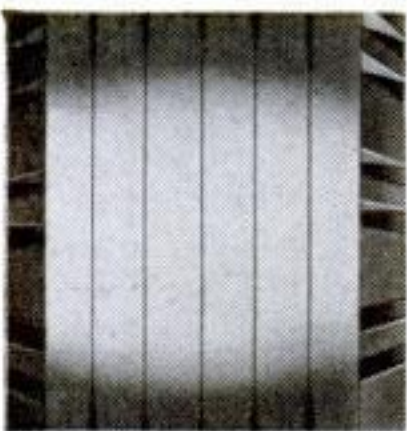
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So today — get the world's first and only tubeless tires with "Ounce of Prevention" Safety Discs. Get new Armstrong Miracle Tubeless Tires. They can save *your* life and the lives of your loved ones!

ARMSTRONG

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Tubeless Tires

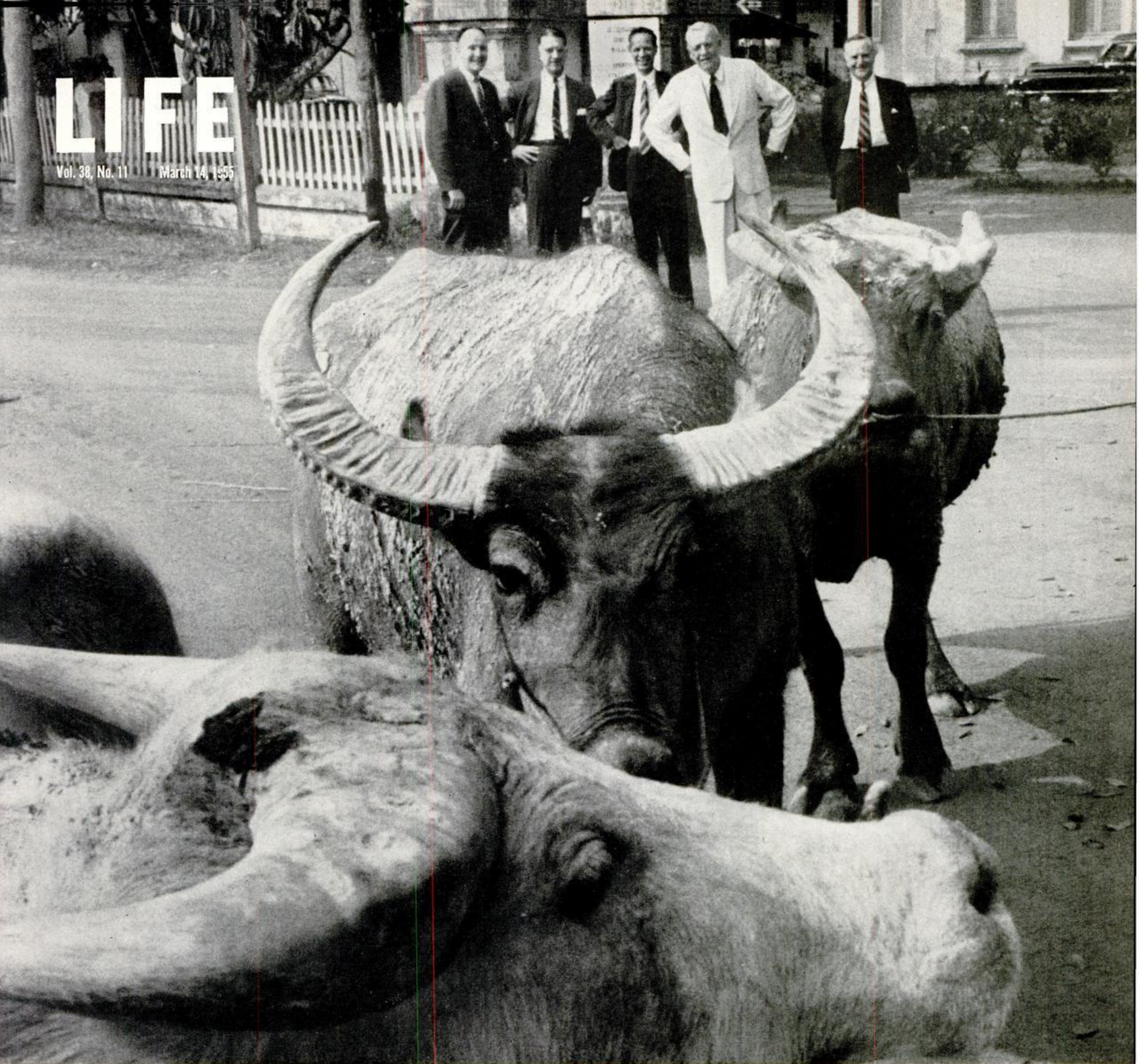


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TEMPORARY DIPLOMATIC IMPASSE CREATED BY WATER BUFFALOES AMUSES SECRETARY OF STATE DULLES AS HE LEAVES THE EMBASSY AT VIENTIANE, LAOS

DIPLOMACY AT THE RATE OF A COUNTRY A DAY

DULLES HEARTENS ALLIES IN ASIA

The free world's most diligent statesman, John Foster Dulles, is a tall, easygoing man who has set an incredibly fast pace since he became Secretary of State two years ago. He has flown more than 220,000 miles around the world on diplomatic missions. Last week, fresh from the SEATO conference at Bangkok, Thailand where the foundations of a Southeast Asian security system had finally been laid (LIFE, March 7), Dulles picked up still more speed,

visiting six vivid little lands—Burma, Laos, Cambodia, Vietnam, the Philippines and Formosa—in five short days.

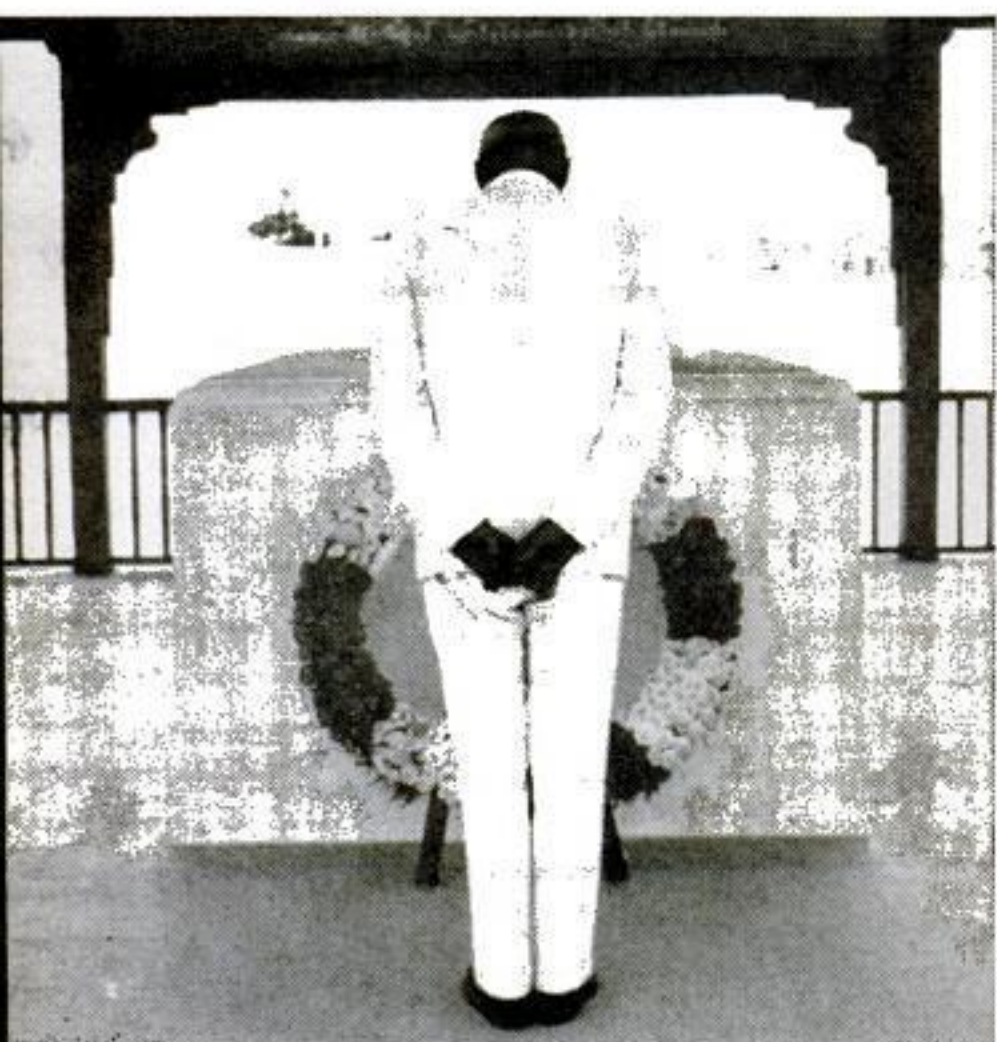
Only twice did he tolerate delay—each time caused by water buffaloes. When a herd obstructed the airstrip and delayed his landing at Vientiane, Laos, he quipped, "We'd better put cowcatchers on our planes." The same afternoon, on emerging from the U.S. Embassy, he found his way blocked by another herd.

These strange obstructions in his path only momentarily disrupted a whirlwind timetable that included ceremonials, the reception of strange gifts, daily garden parties as well as serious diplomatic talks (p. 26). The journey won for him not only friends but frank admiration from Oriental statesmen. It was best expressed by Burma's Prime Minister U Nu who said, "You are probably the most traveled foreign secretary of any country in the world."

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR LIFE BY HOWARD SOCHUREK



BURMESE WELCOME awaited Dulles at Rangoon where the foreign minister Sao Hkun Hkio appeared with his head wrapped up in a chartreuse *gaungbaung*.



TRIBUTE TO A HERO came when the Secretary of State laid a wreath at the grave of Aung San, martyred patriot who led Burma's independence fight.



IN BE-CURTAINED MANSION AT VIENTIANE, LAOS, DULLES TALKS TO CROWN PRINCE WHO REPLACED AILING FATHER

BURMA'S PRESIDENT BA U AND MRS. DULLES CHAT OVER FRUIT AND CAKES



FLOWERS AND FRUITS were welcoming gifts offered by Laotian girls at the airport in Vientiane where water buffalo had delayed landing of Secretary's plane.

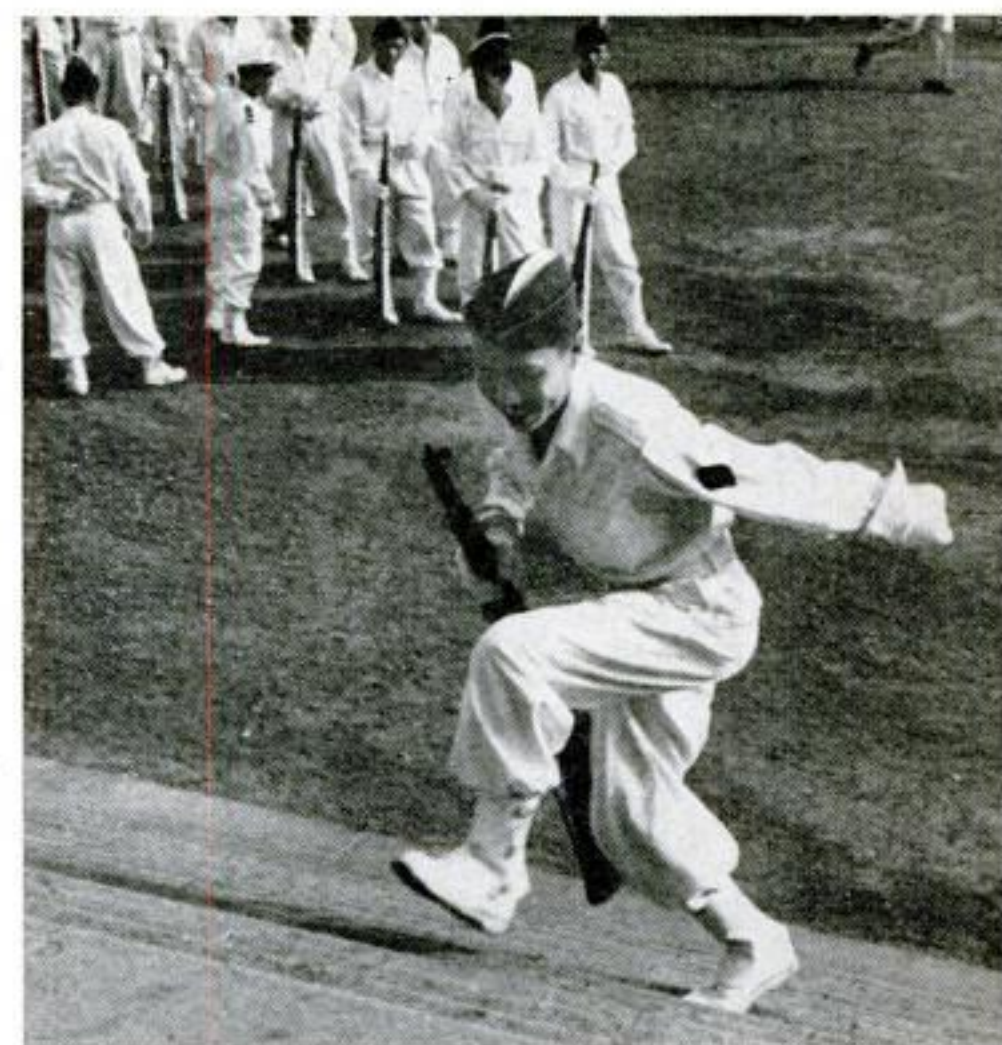




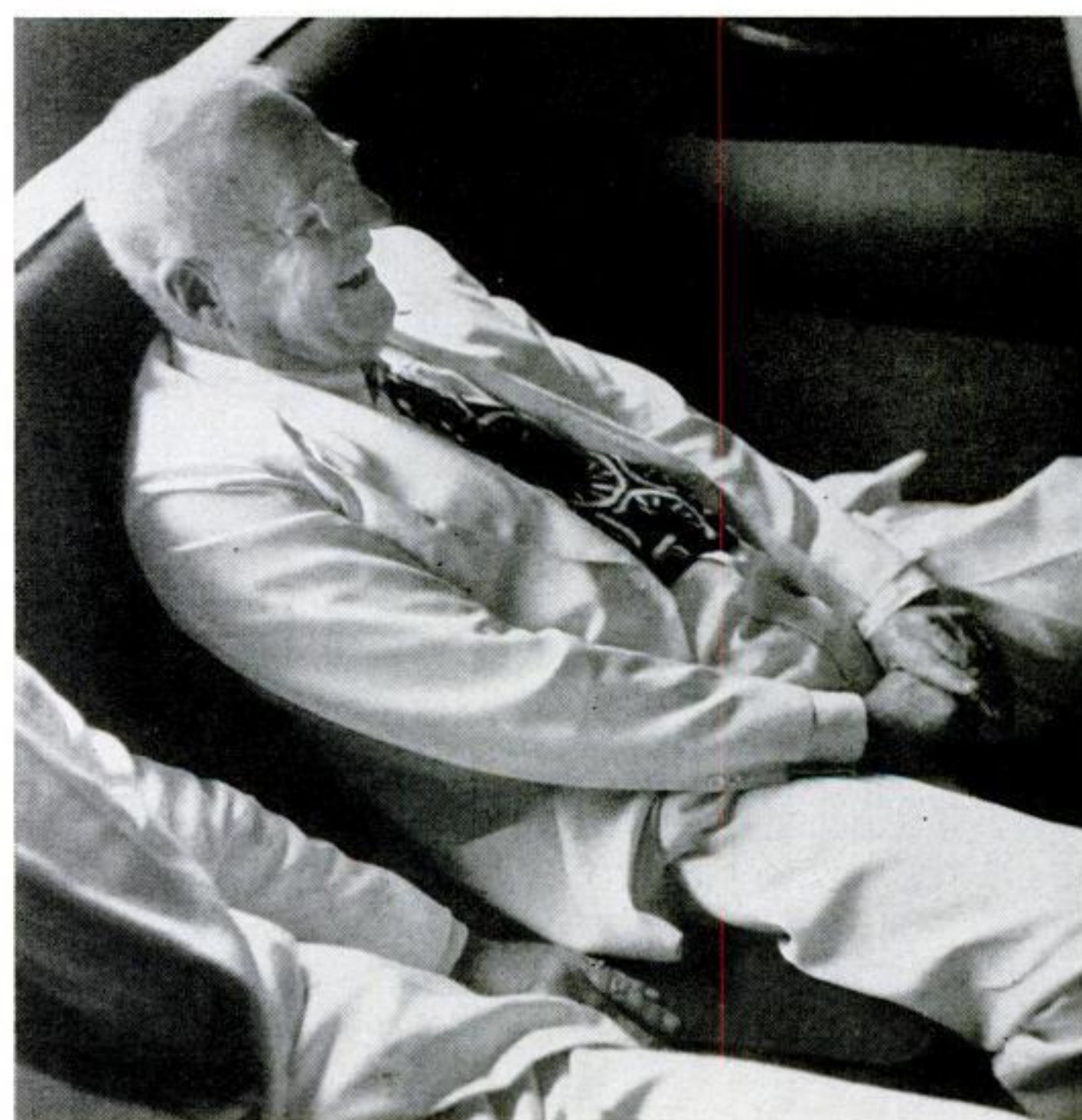
DULLES LEAVES PALACE AT PNOMPENH WHICH, DESPITE ROOF HORNS AGAINST EVIL SPIRITS, IS MODERN CAMBODIAN DURING GARDEN PARTY AT EXECUTIVE MANSION ATTENDED BY 1,000 GUESTS



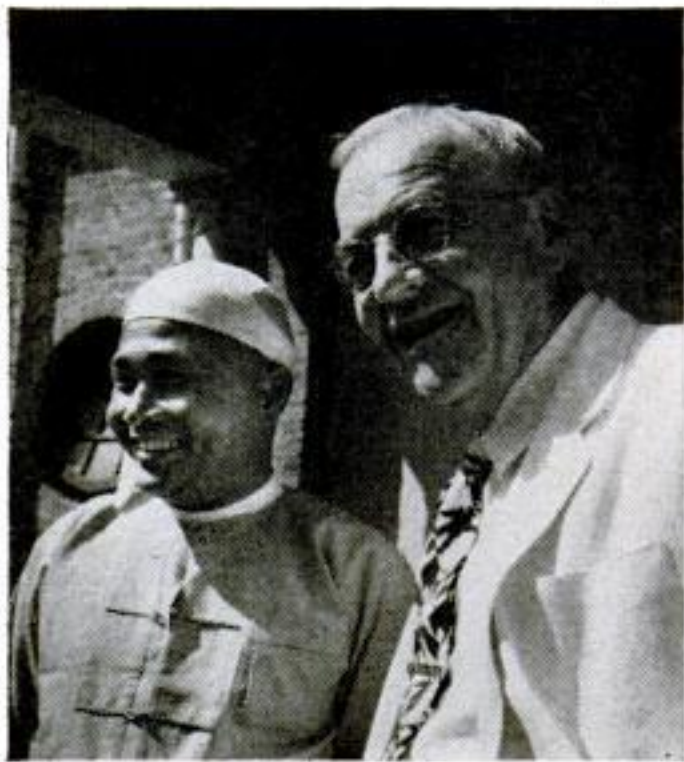
SMOOTHING WAY for state dinner to Dulles, attendant at Saigon's Duc Lap Palace irons dragon-embroidered cloth flat directly on the banquet table.



HUP, HUP AND UP—a Saigon honor guard races up a flight of stairs as Secretary Dulles' party draws near and the time comes for official salutes.



ENJOYING A JOKE, Dulles slumps back in Special Ambassador J. Lawton Collins' home in Saigon. Later he stressed importance of work in this sensitive post.



PRIME MINISTER U Nu of Burma and visitor smile after talk. Dulles said he came neither to woo nor be wooed.



CROWN PRINCE Savang of Laos gravely listens to his visitor talk of plans to train Laotians in Thailand.



THE KING of Cambodia is anti-Red, favors American instructors for army, now using U.S. matériel.



THE PREMIER of Vietnam, Ngo Dinh Diem, discusses with guest plans to resettle Catholic refugees from the Reds.

A SALESMAN OF FREEDOM MAKES HIS CALLS

In five event-filled days Mr. Dulles talked with a dozen prime and foreign ministers, three presidents, a crown prince and a king. Politically their attitudes varied from the staunchly anti-Communist to neutralist to the scared stiff. To them all the Secretary drove home SEATO's one big, heartening message: any attack against any one of them will be met immediately by the striking power of the U.S.

At every airport he met a new and different local problem. At Rangoon, Burma he gently assured neutralist Prime Minister U Nu that Americans were not warmongers. In Vientiane, Laos, he told Crown Prince Savang that his danger was not attack from abroad but subversion at home. While French officers listened in, he talked approvingly with Cambodia's King Norodom Sihanouk in Phnompenh, was surprised two days later to learn that the king

had abdicated in a strange Oriental move to strengthen his real power. (His father took over and rumor was that Norodom would now run for political office.) In Saigon, Vietnam, he assured Premier Ngo Dinh Diem that he would have full U.S. support while at the same time he reassured the French that the U.S. would not undermine their economic position in Vietnam. In Manila, briefing U.S. officials, he emphasized the need for mobilizing the industrial power of Japan in defense of the whole Pacific.

In Taipeh, where he visited Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek, Mr. Dulles signed the U.S.-Nationalist China defense treaty ratification. There he served notice on Red China that Quemoy and Matsu would not be bargained for a truce in the Formosa Strait, and that any war the Reds might start which would threaten Formosa could be carried into China's heartland.

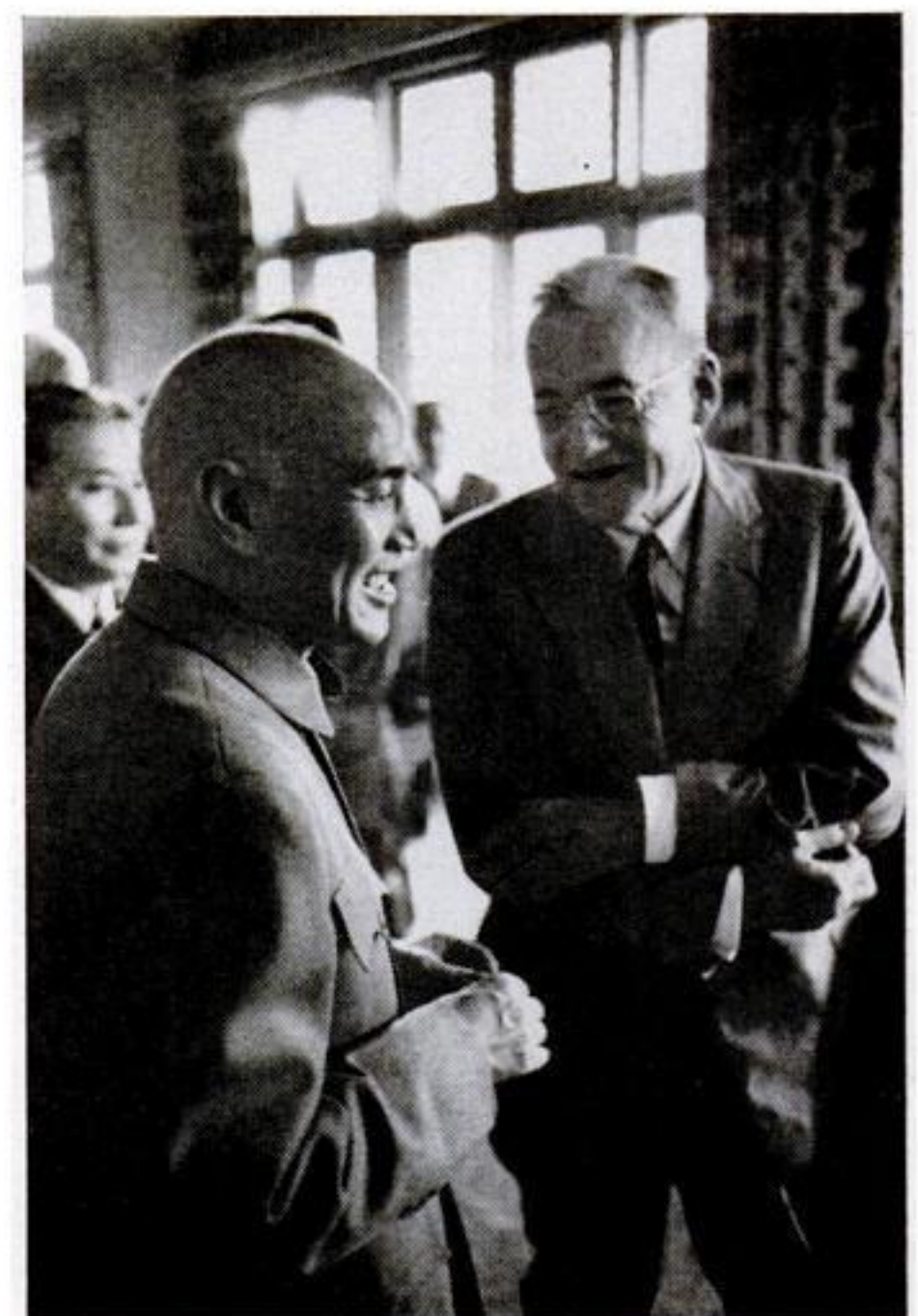


THE PRESIDENT of the Philippines, Ramon Mag-saysay, received the Secretary at Malacañan palace where they talked in detail of Far Eastern defense.



AT FOREIGN AID HEADQUARTERS in Laos, a makeshift tent pitched in the garden in front of the American legation, Secretary Dulles sits catching

up on dispatches. The poverty of these quarters is a reflection of the relatively minor amount of aid the U.S. has assigned to southeast Asian countries.



GENERALISSIMO Chiang Kai-shek received the Secretary after new alliance was ratified. He advised Dulles to be sure and take a rest before luncheon.





FLOOD RESCUE BY HELICOPTER

But a slip mars Australian effort

The hovering helicopter, tried by fire as a rescue vehicle on the battlefield, underwent a harrowing trial by water last week as flash floods raged through 50 Australian towns, leaving 70 dead. Circling about endlessly, royal Australian navy helicopters dropped down to rescue many marooned men and women.

At Maitland one of the helicopters found a double load, two men stranded atop a railway signal box, and took them aboard its grappling line. As photographers were shooting the dramatic rescue (*below*), the men suddenly lost their hold on the line. Hurtling through the air together, they hit high tension wires and were electrocuted. The helicopter, swooping after them, snagged its grappling line on the wires and spun into the water. The two crewmen fought clear of the wreckage and were saved, avoiding further tragedy on a merciful mission.

WOMAN IN MIDAIR clings to the grappling line as the helicopter swings her up from the roof of her

floodbound garage in Dubbo, New South Wales. The man who is giving her a boost was picked up later.



WHIRLYBIRD OVER FLOOD flies away with its rescued victim in high tension wire and semaphore

area near the railroad station at Maitland. It was near this spot that the accident shown at right took place.



STARTING UP, two men rescued from the railyard cling grimly to line as the helicopter begins climbing.

PLUNGING DOWN together after losing hold, the two men plummeted toward the wires and death. →





THE SECRETARY, Eugene Dennis, slimmer by 60 pounds, waves happily upon his release in Atlanta.



HANDCUFFED after term in Leavenworth, plump Michigan Red, Carl Winter, faces new arraignment.



THE JUDGE, Harold Medina, hale and hearty five years after trial, hikes with his granddaughter Ann.

UNREPENTANT REDS EMERGE

But now they face new trials

Five years after one of history's longest and rowdiest criminal trials, six of 11 first-string Communists walked out of three U.S. prisons last week. One of these began a 60-day term in a Pittsburgh jail for contempt. Two others were still serving sentences. One, released last December, sailed to Poland and two who jumped bail after conviction were still on the lam. The five who had served their time found a hearty welcome from a forlorn remnant of a shattered party. As this fistful of diehards cheered, the leaders made it clear that 44 months of imprisonment had left them unrepentant.

Sentenced originally on a charge of conspiracy to advocate overthrow of the government by force and violence, they were immediately re-arrested on an indictment that had been hanging over them ever since their original arrest. This second charge, that of knowingly belonging to an organization dedicated to violent revolution, will, if upheld by the courts, virtually outlaw membership by anyone in the U.S. Communist party.

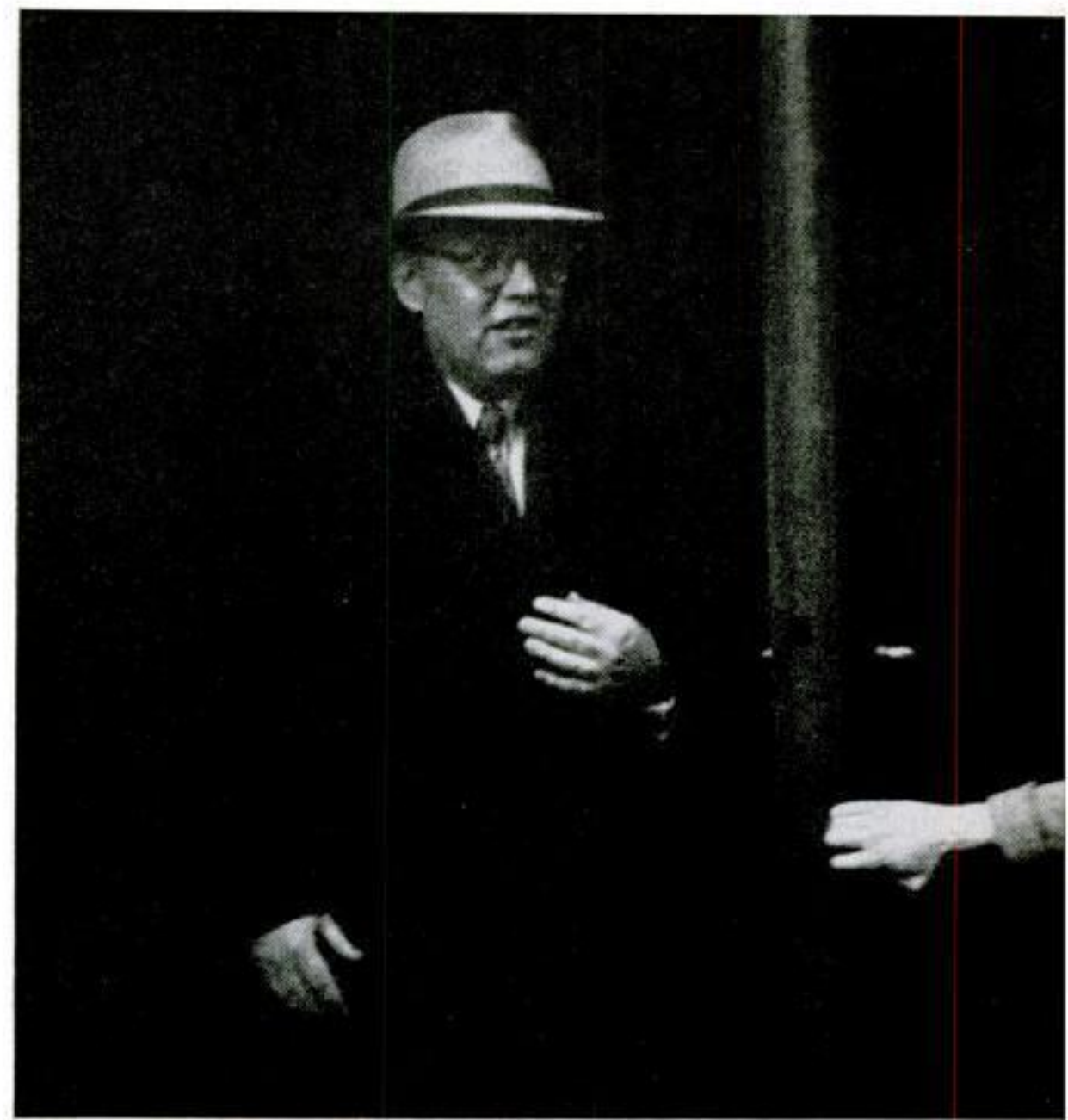
The Red leaders put up bail and went free. But whether they remain free or not, the party they returned to lead was but a shadow of its former self. It had faded in membership from 43,000 in 1951 to 24,000. The regulars were vanishing into their labyrinthine underground to carry on their war against the government.



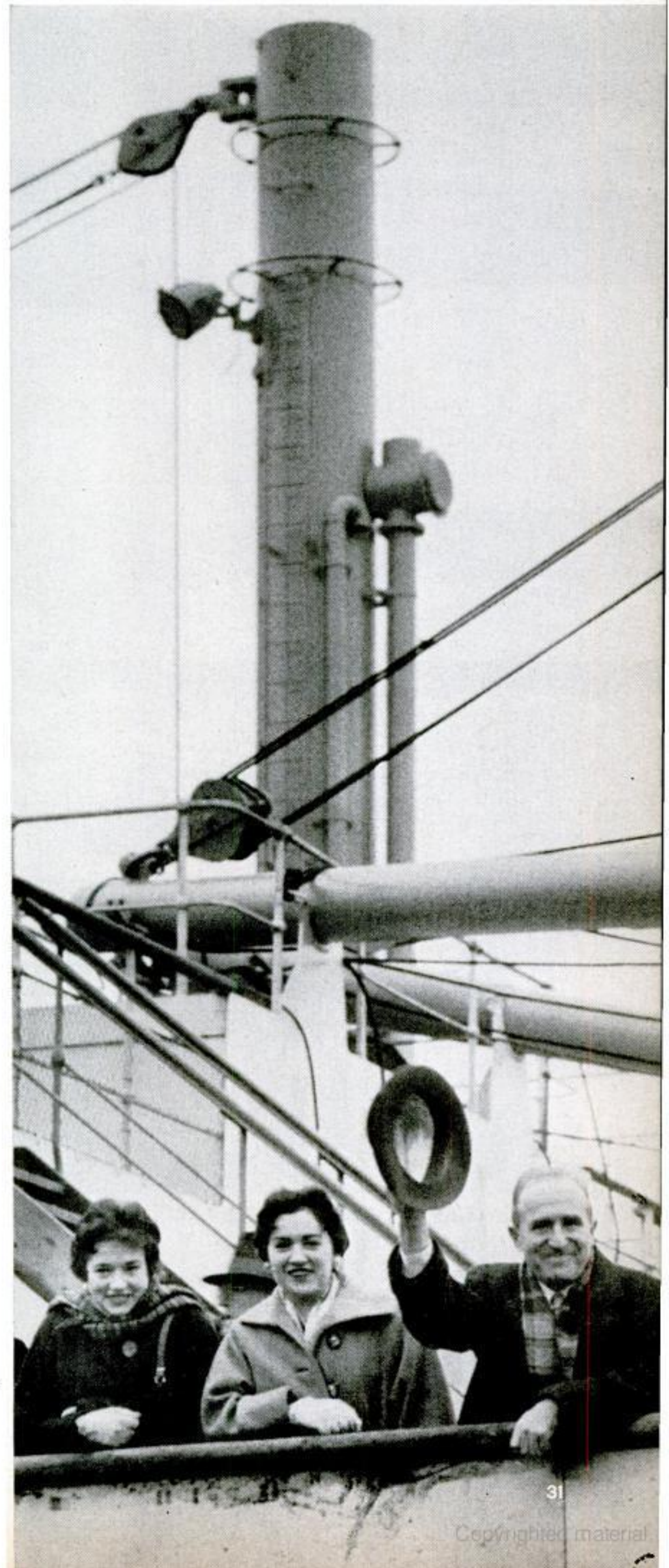
THE REPUTED BRAINS of the party, ailing Jacob Stachel holds wife's arm for support after posting



bail in a New York courthouse. He served his sentence in Danbury, Conn., has chronic heart trouble.



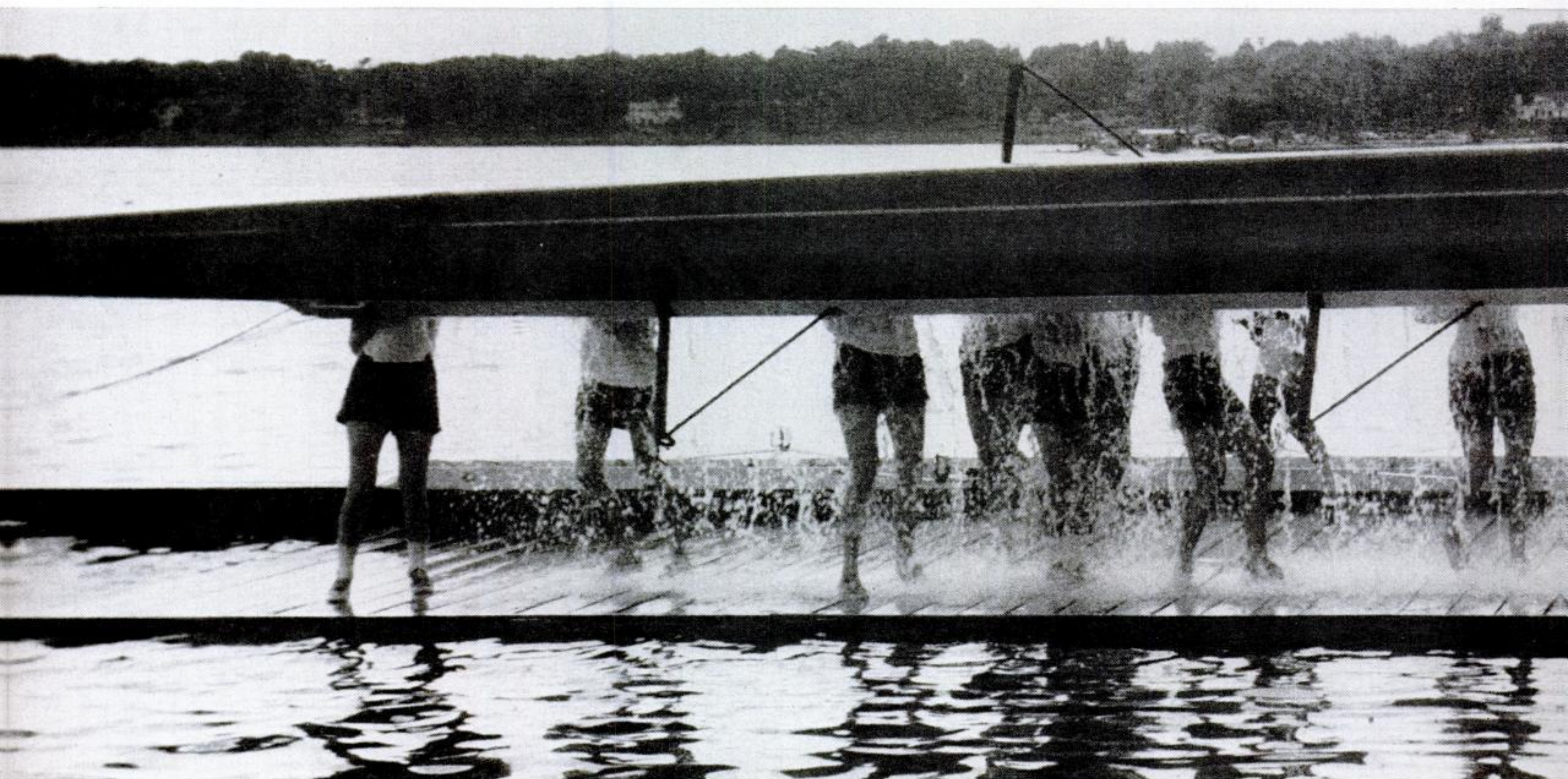
LABOR DIRECTOR, John Williamson, leaves the New York federal courthouse after he posted bail.



EMIGRANT to avoid new trial, Irving Potash sails → for Europe. Other travelers are unaware of identity.



BEFORE THE SORORITY RACE ALPHA CHI OMEGA OARSWOMEN, IDENTIFIED BY SCARVES, CHEERFULLY DISCUSS TACTICS. LATER THEY FINISHED A DEAD LAST



AFTER RACE SORORITY ROWERS MANFULLY LIFT 62-FOOT-LONG SHELL AND TURNING IT OVER DOUSE THEMSELVES WITH WATER SHIPPED DURING CONTEST.

READY TO DUNK THEIR COXSAIN, VICTORIOUS VARSITY HEADS FOR LAKE



LOSING THEIR BALANCE MAKING TOSS, FOUR TEAMMATES TUMBLE IN AFTER



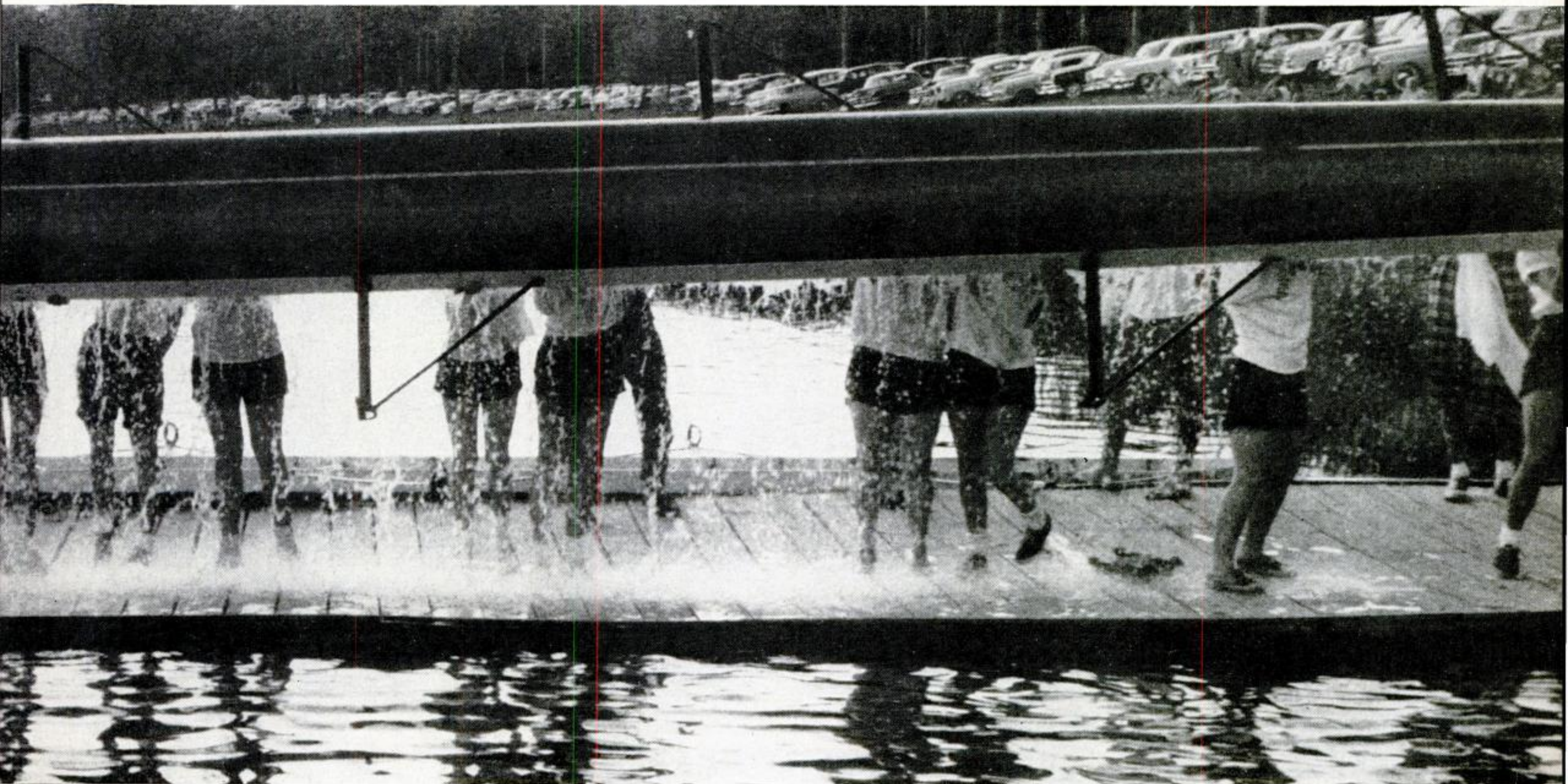


FIGHTING IT OUT WITH THE ALPHA OMICRON PI GIRLS, THE EVENTUAL WINNERS, ALPHA DELTA PI LOSES GROUND AS ITS NUMBER FIVE OAR BOTCHES A STROKE

ROWING BECOMES PART OF THE WOMEN'S WORLD

The rowing regatta at Florida Southern college at Lakeland last week offered a rare and extraordinary example of the female invading the man's world—a varsity race for women's crews, Florida Southern vs. the Philadelphia Girls Rowing Club. As a curtain raiser, comely sorority girls (*left and above*) raced for the intramural championship. In the main event the varsity raced the Philadelphians, who were handicapped by lack of training (ice forced them out of the Schuylkill). The Florida girls

won by a quarter of a length over a three-quarter mile course on Lake Hollingsworth at Lakeland. Before the afternoon's sport was over, there was a good deal of the water in the boats and several of the rowers in the water (*below*). But Florida Southern's veteran rowing coach, Roy Couch, who at one time wanted no part of women in rowing, had changed his mind. Said he, "The women's crew has been the making of rowing at Southern. Even the men's varsity and junior varsity have benefited."



TO PROTECT THE GIRLS AGAINST STRAIN AND TO SAFEGUARD THE SHELLS, EACH TEAM WAS ASSISTED BY AN EXTRA CREW IN HANDLING THE 285-POUND CRAFT

HER IN A MASS SPLASH

LAUGHING OFF THEIR UNEXPECTED DIP, GIRLS COME UP AND HEAD FOR ROOMS TO GET READY FOR AN EVENING OF PARTIES





RED PENNANTS, put up by Communists, fly over statue of Gandhi in Vijayawada, Andhra's main city.



COMMUNIST PEDICAB flying hammer and sickle blares out music and slogans over its loudspeaker.



FORECASTING VICTORY for Reds, a hired fortuneteller uses parrots to predict election outcome.



A CONGRESS PARTY CAMPAIGN FLOAT IN THE FORM OF A TEMPLE TOWER IS DRAWN BY BULLOCKS IN



COMMUNIST FOE S. K. Patil, top Congress organizer brought from Bombay, held some 250 rallies.



ISSUING BALLOTS, government officials check voters' names against the village electoral registers.



MALE VOTERS line up in the village of Divi waiting to cast their ballots. In most places the women

voted separately. Some 3,000 polling centers were set up in Andhra for the 12 million eligible voters.

VOTERS CLOBBER INDIAN REDS

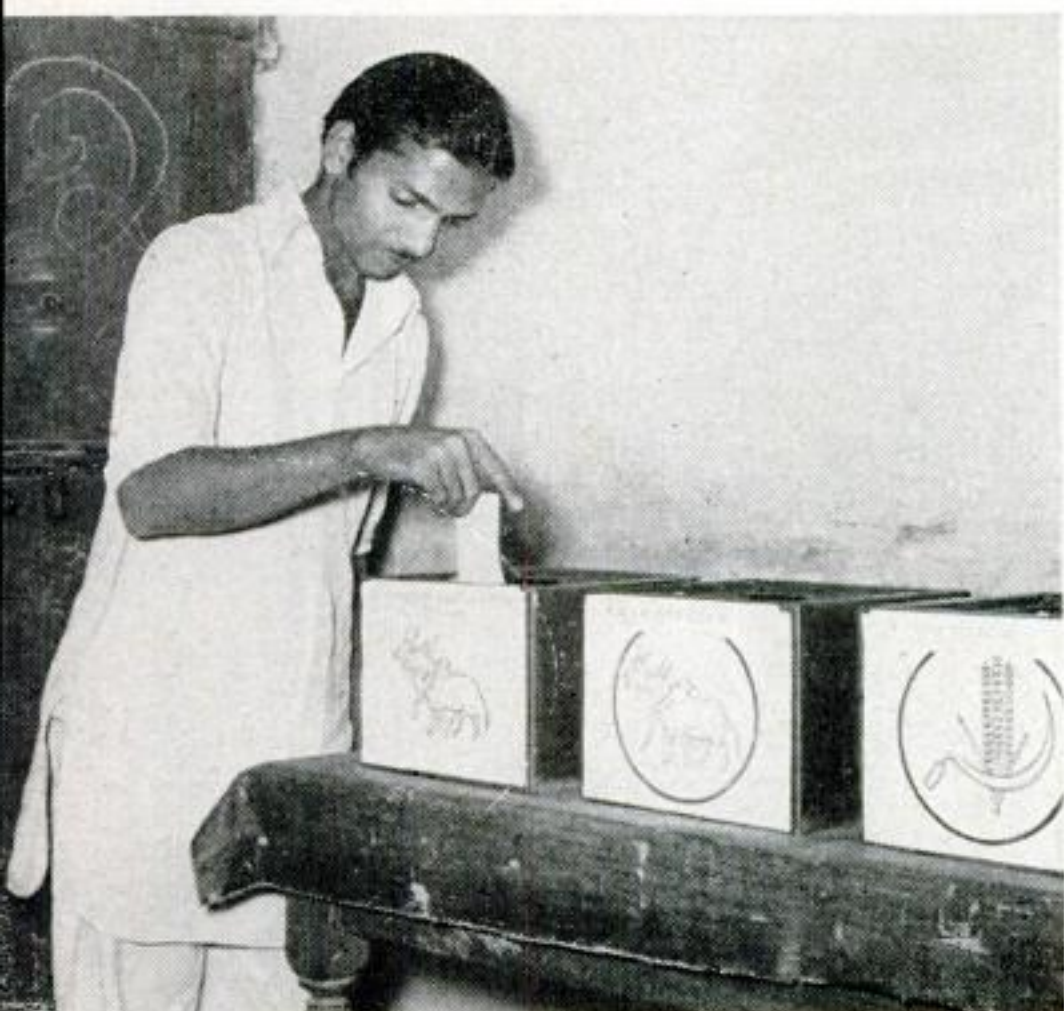
The political props were exotic—floats representing temple towers, trained parrots and pedicabs rigged with record players—but the election battle between the Communists and Prime Minister Nehru's Congress party in India's impoverished southeast state of Andhra was extremely bitter.

Victory in Andhra, with its 20 million people, would give the Reds a tough foothold on India. They campaigned confidently, having held about a third of the local legislature, promised free land and produced phony holy men who said that even the gods were in their favor.

To counter the Reds, Nehru hustled down from New Delhi to expound his own socialist program. But, waging an anti-Communist campaign, he had trouble explaining his friendship for Russia and Red China. The strongest Congress party advocate was S. K. Patil, who stumped the state giving lurid accounts of atrocities in Red China and to waiverers roared, "You'd better be more afraid of me than the Communists, for I'm tougher." Last week as election returns came in, even Congress leaders were astonished. The Reds, completely routed, won but seven seats of the first 133 decided.



A PARADE ORGANIZED BY RAJA OF CHALLAPALLI



CASTING BALLOT, a voter drops slip in box for Congress candidate. On right is a Red ballot box.



JUBILANT CONGRESS CAMPAIGNERS GO ON RIDE →

CHURCHILL'S BRAVE ADVICE

GOOD LUCK, MR. GORE

When many newspaper readers carried horse-whips, courage was almost an indispensable prerequisite for editing a newspaper. The game seemed to attract the very kind of man who was not afraid to print the truth, come what may—men like Ed Scripps, who, when arrested for the drunken driving of an unshod horse down Cleveland's Euclid Avenue, ordered his *Penny Press* to print the story on Page One and men like Josephus Daniels, who took a jail sentence rather than let a crooked railroad and a crooked judge rock the good people of North Carolina.

In recent years some newspapermen have complained that editorial courage is a diminishing phenomenon. But now comes the example of Wisconsin's Leroy Gore, editor and owner of the weekly *Sauk-Prairie Star*, to prove them wrong. Gore, a soft-spoken, gentle little man, is nonetheless the editor who had the guts—when he was outraged, like many another American, at the overbearing arrogance of Joe McCarthy—to launch a "Joe Must Go" campaign for his home state to recall the scalawag. The movement failed. Now it has caused Editor Gore, who for 30 years has been almost the archetype of a good country editor, to lose his newspaper. First he found himself slapped with a vindictive investigation by local McCarthyite authorities.

After a series of actions that trampled all over the constitution, he was convicted of violating an archaic state law against "political activity by corporations," fined \$200 on each of 21 counts. The impact of the case frightened off many of his advertisers and, worse to him, lost him friends. "Fewer people called in to volunteer news. . . . It kind of hurts when people who have been friends of yours for years stop speaking to you. . . ." Last week, turning the *Sauk-Prairie Star*'s keys over to a Minnesota man who bought him out, Gore left it, poorer than when he came to Sauk City (he hopes eventually to start another paper somewhere else). So, to Leroy Gore we say: "Hail and farewell, sir. The people of Wisconsin could do far worse, in 1958, than to elect you to the Senate in Joe's place."

Sir Winston Churchill's eloquent speech on the H-bomb in the British Parliament last week may well mark a turning point in Western policy toward Communism. It is good to know that Churchill at 80 can still be the free world's most authoritative orator. Better still is what he had to say:

► First, that "the United States has many times the nuclear power of Soviet Russia . . . [and] far more effective means of delivery." In fact, according to "all the highest authorities" at Churchill's disposal, "the only country which is able to deliver today a full-scale nuclear attack with hydrogen bombs at a few hours' notice is the United States. That surely is an important fact . . . not entirely without comfort."

► Second, the new defense policy which Britain has adopted for the hydrogen age is squarely aligned with that of the U.S. Britain is now making its own H-bomb. Churchill has decided that a word long familiar to Americans—deterrent—must be the "main theme" of British policy also; that since realistic disarmament is "repugnant to the Soviet government," retaliatory power is the "only . . . sane policy for the free world in the next few years."

Like Dulles' much-criticized "massive retaliation," the H-bomb is not the whole of Churchill's new defense policy. For one thing, conventional arms (like NATO's) will still be needed "to prevent piecemeal advance and encroachment by the Communists in this time of so-called peace." For another, no deterrent policy is complete without civil defense precautions, for they are the evidence that the British people will prefer an H-bomb war to surrender. Nevertheless Churchill has now placed Britain's chief security with "the obliterating weapons of the nuclear age." He has thereby reversed the whole emphasis of British policy, even of his still-desired "top-level conference" with the Russians. Armed with nuclear superiority, he says, "you might go to dinner and have a friendly evening." But he would count on "the hard facts."

Among these hard facts is one of peculiar interest to Britain. So wide is the killing area of the H-bomb, including its fallout, that now "continents are vulnerable as well as islands," vast Russia as well as crowded Britain and Europe. Another hard fact behind Churchill's decision shows his wish that Britain shall be an ally and not just a client of the U.S. "Should war come, which God forbid, there are a large number of targets that we and the Americans must be able to strike at once." Only by having their own H-bombs could the British be sure that "the targets which would threaten us most would be given what we consider the necessary priority." Thus far Britain's own nuclear weapons "will greatly reinforce the deterrent power of the free world"; they will also

strengthen Britain's voice in its counsels.

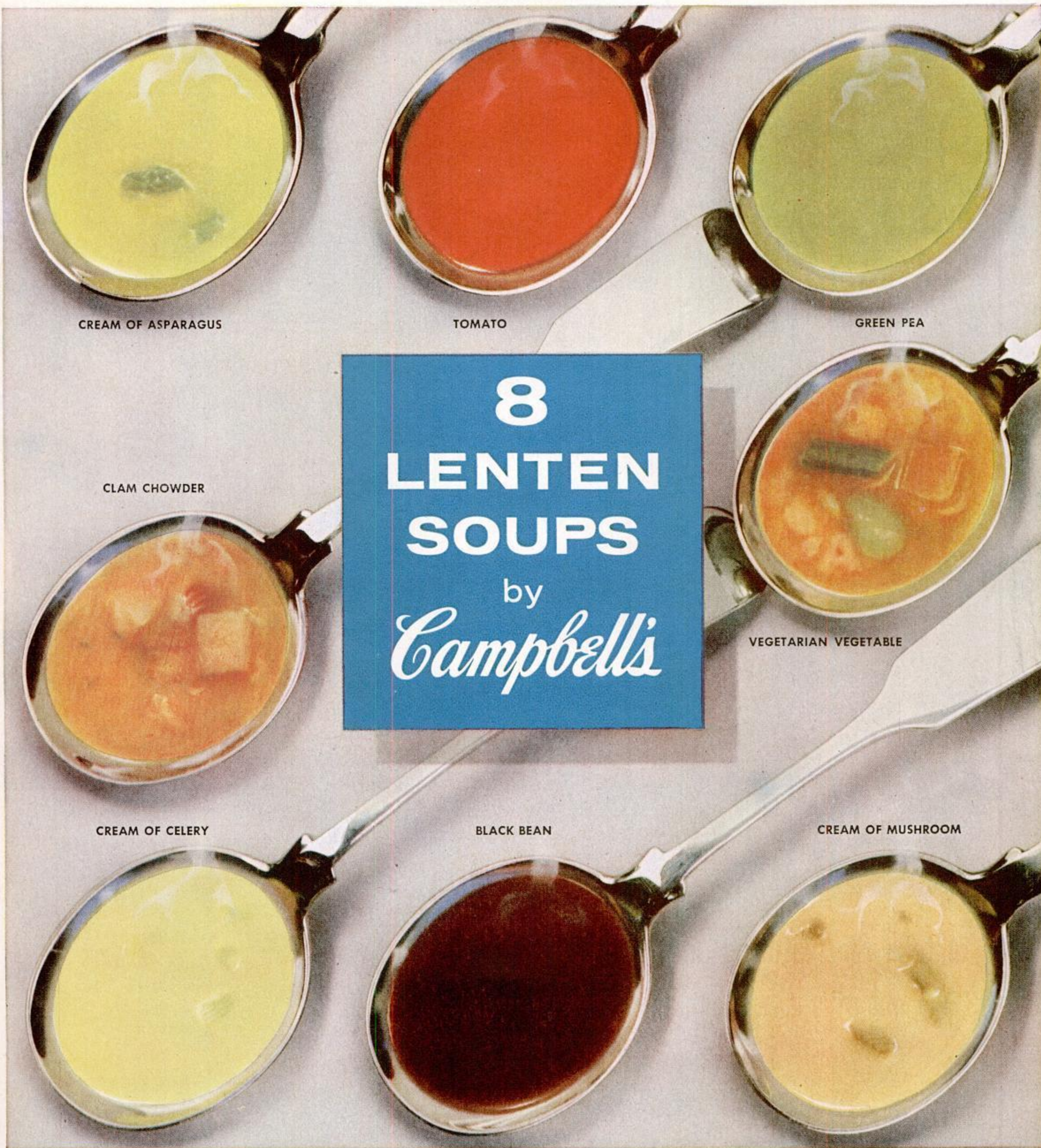
Needless to say, the U.S. has every reason to welcome this promise of British strength and independence. In contrast with the pre-atomic policy it replaces, the new defense policy is what *The Economist* calls "cast-iron in its logic." But although Churchill did not spell it out, there is a cast-iron consequence of his logic that must also be accepted.

The fear of nuclear war has been the chief inhibition of Western policy toward Communism from Korea until right now. If Churchill is right—and that is what he is famous for—then this fear should inhibit the Communists more than the West. So long as our nuclear superiority lasts, "it is most unlikely that the Russians would deliberately embark on a major war or attempt a surprise attack." Then why should Western diplomacy act otherwise?

For example, even the British Tories (let alone the Bevanites) want Chiang Kai-shek to withdraw from Quemoy and Matsu without fighting, part of the argument being that withdrawal will reduce the chances of nuclear war. But if those chances are really measured by the relative nuclear strength of Russia and the West, then this is an irrelevant argument. Churchill has told the West that it is stronger and safer than many Westerners thought. As they begin to feel the strength of Churchill's logic within themselves, in America as well as in Britain, the piecemeal retreats of recent years can surely be reversed, in Asia as well as in Europe.

It is true that the West's nuclear supremacy is probably temporary; according to Churchill, it is good for not more than two, three or four years. This is a good argument for using the interlude with courage; but it is no reason to tremble for the future. Even when the nuclear capabilities of both sides have reached the point of "saturation," says Churchill, it does not follow that the risk of war will be greater. "Indeed, it is arguable that it will be less, for both sides will then realize that global war would result in mutual annihilation. . . . Then it may well be that we shall, by a process of sublime irony, have reached a stage in this story where safety will be the sturdy child of terror, and survival the twin brother of annihilation."

Churchill's version of the nuclear future is decidedly speculative, but at least it is a future in which courage is not obsolete, and in which Britain can therefore play a familiar role. Perhaps the deterrent policy, as Churchill put it, will indeed "reach its acme and reap its final reward. The day may dawn when fair play, love for one's fellow men, respect for justice and freedom, will enable tormented generations to march forth serene and triumphant from the hideous epoch in which we have to dwell. Meanwhile, never flinch, never weary, never despair!"



CREAM OF ASPARAGUS

TOMATO

GREEN PEA

CLAM CHOWDER

VEGETARIAN VEGETABLE

CREAM OF CELERY

BLACK BEAN

CREAM OF MUSHROOM

8
LENTEN
SOUPS
by
Campbell's

What's cooking for Lent? Here are eight good answers — meatless soups that are everyone's idea of pleasant eating. Why not let these Campbell's Soups add delightful variety to your Lenten-menu planning.

Quick — nutritious — and simply delicious!

Campbell's Soups



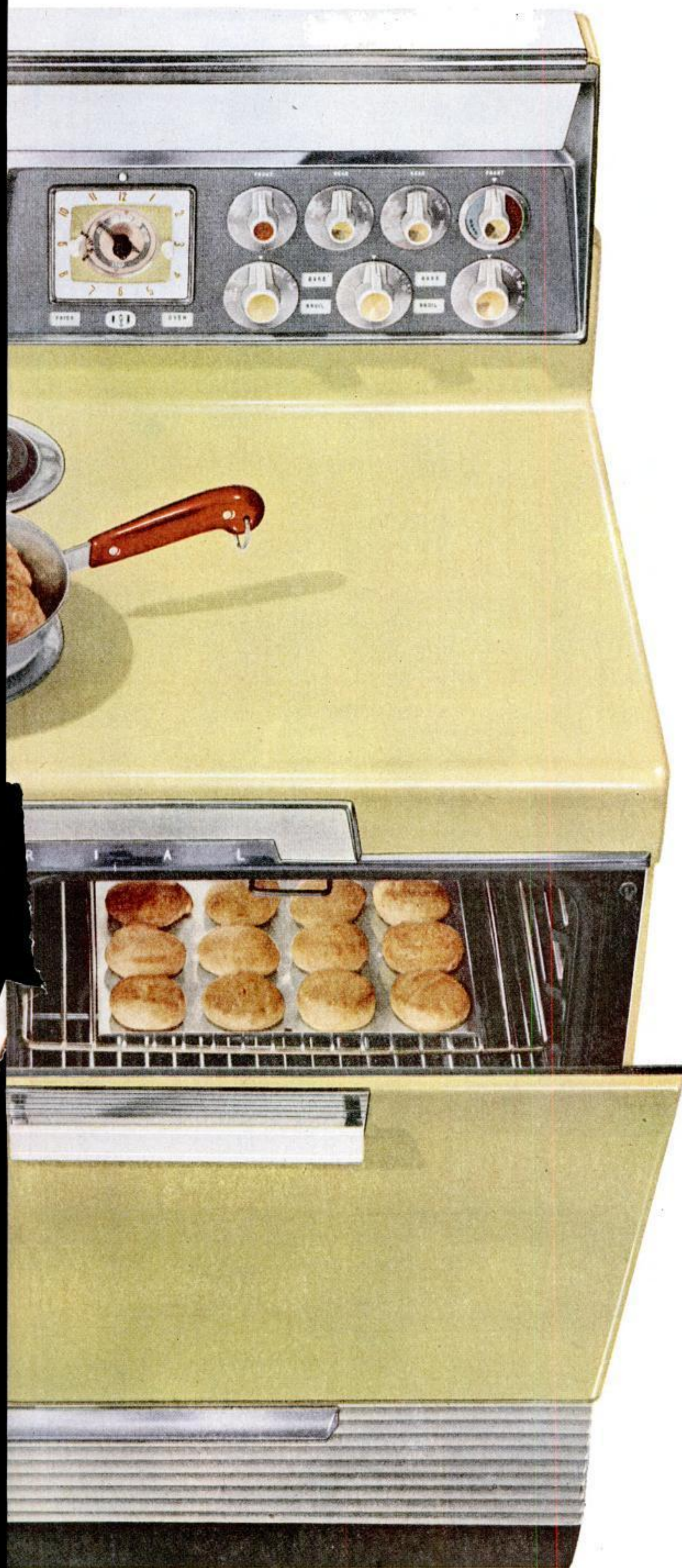
Try them! All meatless — and, Mmm, good!

Now! Frigidaire
brings you the

Thinking Top

to take the watching and waiting
out of surface cooking





We looked over your shoulder while you cooked . . . then designed this new Frigidaire Electric Range!

You tapped your foot, waiting for the tea kettle to whistle. Searing the pot roast was much too slow. And each time the phone rang you had to turn heat down, or off. Turn it up again, later. You, we decided, needed surface units with even *faster* heat . . . with *automatic* temperature control. You needed a range so automatic it actually seemed to think for you—and here it is!

New Heat-Minder Unit automatically controls temperatures *within-the-pan*. Chicken fries a golden brown in shortening that stays at the temperature you select, never too high or too low. Slow-cooked foods never break into a boil, or burn. Big 8-inch unit takes the largest frying pan . . . gives you an infinite range of even-heat cooking speeds.

New Speed-Heat Unit starts food cooking in seconds. Makes coffee perk, quickly. Cooks frozen foods, faster. Saves food flavor, vitamins, by double-quick heating. Then this "thinking" unit automatically goes to the exact cooking speed you have pre-selected.

Other "thinking" features include a Multi-Duty Thermizer with inner adjustable thermostat. Gives perfect deep fat frying and a signal light even tells you when fat reaches correct frying temperature. Makes a deep-well cooker, a steamer, small oven and corn popper.

Automatic appliance outlet has your coffee ready when you get up! Imperial Cook-Master cooks oven dinners while you're away. Turns heat on and off, at correct times, in the bigger of *two* Even-Heat Ovens. And every feature of this fabulous range *helps* you to quick, easy cleaning. Surface units lift up, oven parts slide out!

Just \$4.75 a week, after a minimum down payment, brings you this Frigidaire range. Other models as low as \$1.92 a week. See your Frigidaire Dealer for exact terms. Ask him about all the Frigidaire appliances Arthur Godfrey recommends on radio and TV.

Model RV-70 shown. Also available in Sherwood Green or Snowy White.



Model RV-25

Low-priced luxury range. Has new Speed-Heat surface unit that sears in seconds.



Model RV-60

Wonder Oven broils, bakes at same time. Has new Heat-Minder and Speed-Heat units.



Model RV-38

Thrifty 30 range. Only 30 inches wide. Giant oven. Big range luxury in small space.

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BAKER'S REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

FOR COOKIES, SAUCE, BROWNIES

SEMI-SWEET

CHOCOLATE CHIPS

6 OUNCES NET WEIGHT. FILLS ONE CUP

NEW "ONE-STEP" RECIPE!

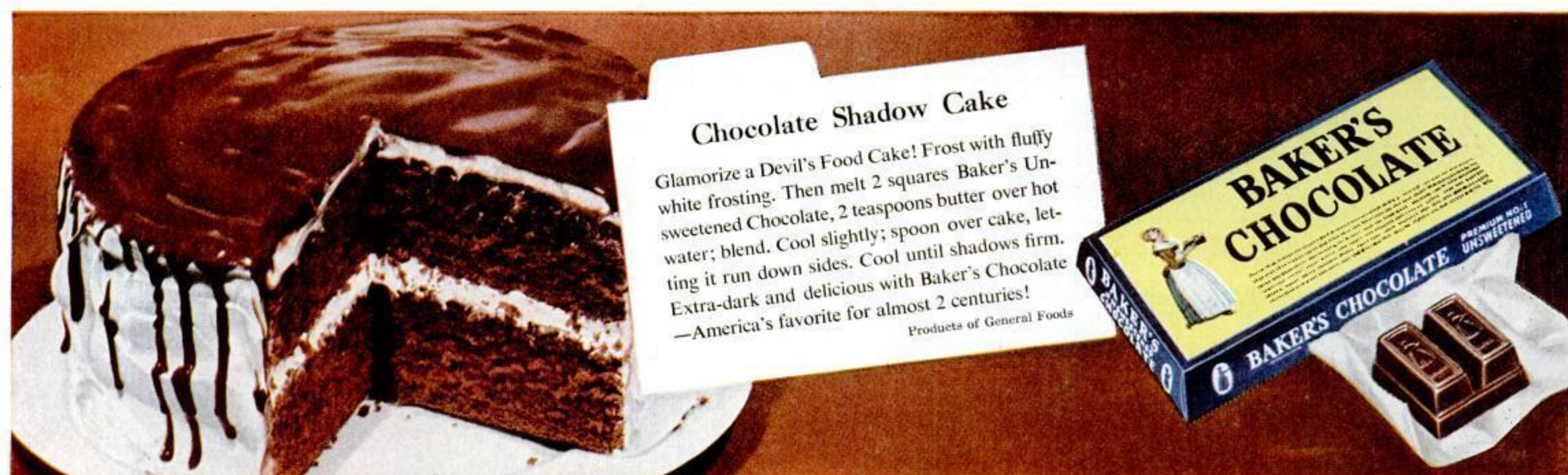
Baker's Chocolate Chip Cookies
*Easiest you ever made, best you ever tasted—
 with Baker's Semi-Sweet Chocolate Chips!*

1 cup plus 2 tablespoons sifted flour	1 egg
½ teaspoon soda	½ cup soft butter or other shortening
½ teaspoon salt	1 teaspoon vanilla
½ cup granulated sugar	½ cup chopped nuts
¼ cup firmly packed brown sugar	1 package Baker's Semi-Sweet Chocolate Chips

No creaming! No need to beat eggs separately. All your ingredients go into one bowl, blend in half the time with this new "one-step" method!

Measure flour, add soda and salt, and sift into mixing bowl. Add granulated sugar and brown sugar, egg, and shortening. Add vanilla. Blend, then mix well—about 1 minute. Stir in nuts and Baker's Chocolate Chips. Drop from teaspoon to ungreased baking sheet, 2 inches apart. Bake in moderate oven (375°F.) 10 to 12 minutes. Makes about 4 dozen cookies—with that delicious Walter Baker taste.

Chocolate makes it good... Baker's makes it best



Chocolate Shadow Cake

Glamorize a Devil's Food Cake! Frost with fluffy white frosting. Then melt 2 squares Baker's Unsweetened Chocolate, 2 teaspoons butter over hot water; blend. Cool slightly; spoon over cake, letting it run down sides. Cool until shadows firm. Extra-dark and delicious with Baker's Chocolate—America's favorite for almost 2 centuries!

Products of General Foods

BAKER'S CHOCOLATE PREMIUM NO. 1 UNSWEETENED

GAZA AMBUSH, & FOR WAR



BULLET-SPATTERED ARMY TRUCK WAS FOUND WITH 22 DEAD EGYPTIAN SOLDIERS AFTER ISRAELI ATTACK



ANXIOUS GUARDS apprehensively watch Arab refugee mob gather before gate of Gaza hospital.

SMOLDERING U.N. DEPOT was target of Arabs who blamed U.N. for not preventing Israeli attack.

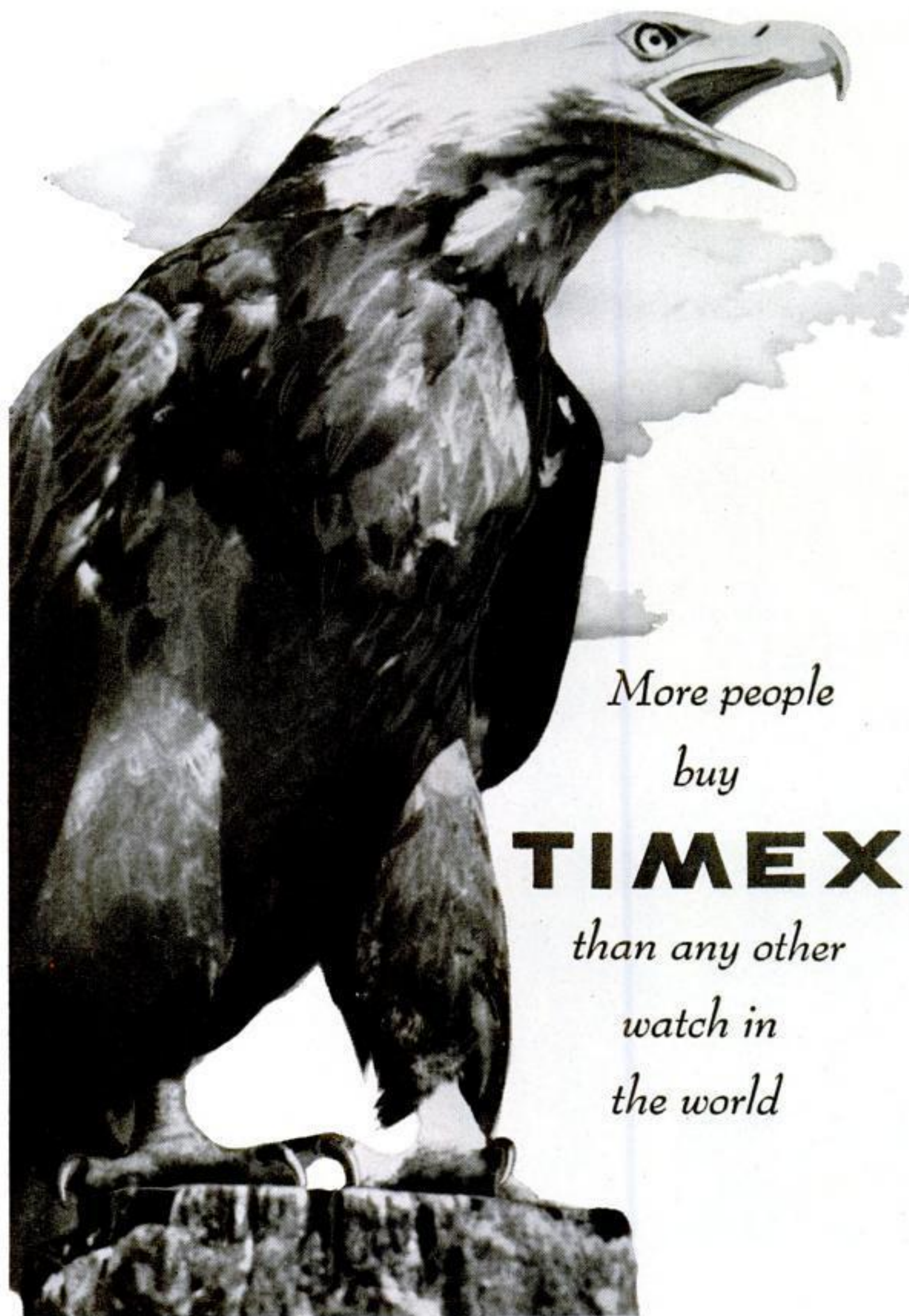
A bloody Israeli raid on Egypt sends the Arabs on a rampage

An uneasy truce prevails between Egypt and Israel, but the unended war between them erupted again last week. This time the Israelis attacked Gaza, a 35-mile strip of Egyptian territory once the home of the Philistines, and shot up an army post, killing 39 Egyptians. Then many of the 250,000 Arab refugees in Gaza went on a rampage. They stormed a hospital (*above*) and burned a U.N. depot, with a month's supply of their own food.

As it has many times since the much abused Palestine armistice was signed in 1949, the U.N. Security Council called an emergency session. As tensions rose and tempers shortened, it seemed that this time the U.N. would have to produce a plan to halt a bigger conflict.



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chrome case, stainless steel back,
flexible metal expansion band.

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*Timex Marlin models stay waterproof and dustproof as long as crystal, crown and back are intact and, if removed, expertly replaced.

Ambush CONTINUED

A RECORD OF UGLY REPRISALS



RAIDED ARABS in Kibya, Jordan sit pitifully in rubble of their home destroyed during Israeli attack in October 1953. Sixty-six of the villagers were killed. Israelis claimed attack was in reprisal for Arab raids on border towns.



AMBUSHED ISRAELIS were machine-gunned by Jordan Arabs in brutal attack on bus in Scorpion Pass, south of Jerusalem, in March 1954. Only four of the 15 trapped bus occupants, including women and children, survived.



SKIRMISH IN JERUSALEM which sent people running for cover through the streets, occurred in July 1954 as Arab and Israeli snipers started firing at each other with machine guns. Five Arabs and four Israelis were killed.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 44



"Coffee-break" at Plant No. 4

Through the roar of machines, he hears somebody say: "*Time for coffee!*" A toughened hand pushes up a pair of goggles. He smiles. Coffee! What a cheering thought! What a welcome lift for tired hands and spirits! What a friendly way to say: "Relax!" Nothing else tastes as good as coffee — and nothing else satisfies like coffee. During *your* working day, too, how about taking "*time for coffee*"?

It's so friendly, so bracing — it's so wonderful to taste. Coffee offers you so much pleasure — and for only pennies a cup! At home, and on the job, enjoy coffee often — and make coffee *right*. Use 2 level tablespoons (or 1 Standard Coffee Measure) to every cup. Give yourself a "Coffee-break"! Think better, work better, feel better. PAN-AMERICAN COFFEE BUREAU, 120 Wall Street, New York 5, N. Y.

© 1955

There is nothing so satisfying as a cup of good coffee

The paws that refresh

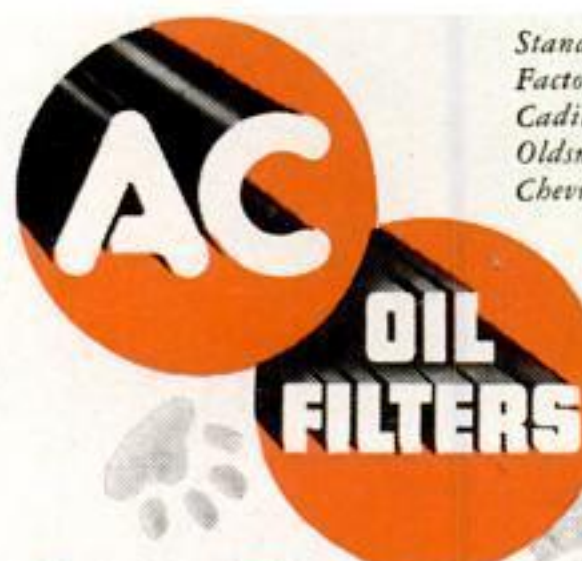
the engine of your car...

We make no apology for the pun. The "paws" belong to the AC Sludgehound, whose job it is to rescue millions of American cars.

To keep all the pep, power and performance that was built into your car, take the friendly advice of "Sludgie," the AC Sludgehound. Pause at your AC dealer's for a new AC Oil Filter every 5,000 miles.

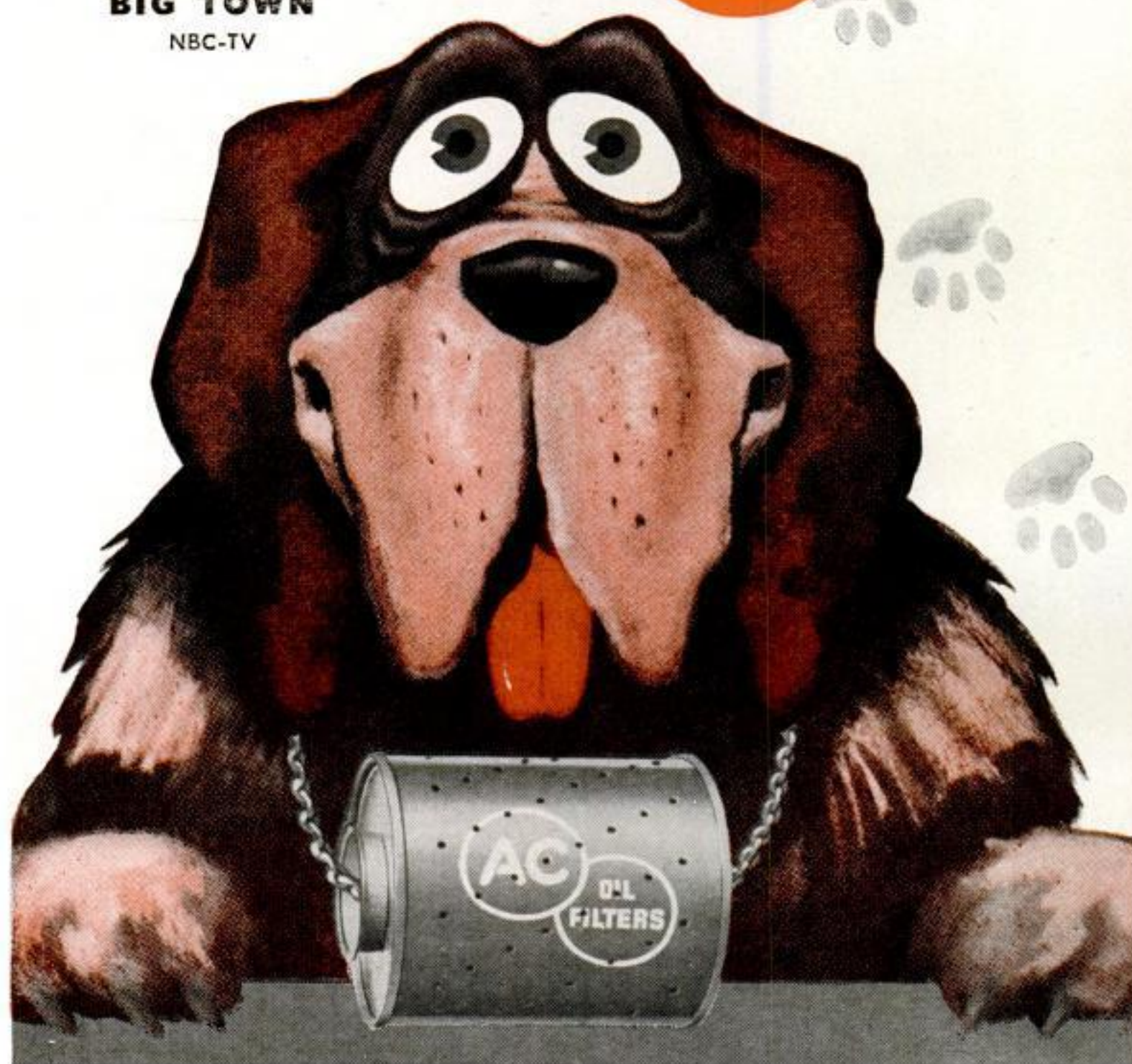
In 5,000 miles of driving, AC's accordion-fold Oil Filter, with more than 90 sludge-trapping pockets, cleans out as much as 1 1/4 pounds of dirt, dust, grit and bits of metal as small as 1/100,000 of an inch. This saves wear and tear on your engine.

Let an AC Oil Filter "rescue" your car—keep it smooth . . . keep it quiet . . . keep it running the way it did when it was new.



Standard or Optional
Factory Equipment on
Cadillac, Buick,
Oldsmobile, Pontiac,
Chevrolet, GMC

Be Our Guest
BIG TOWN
NBC-TV



AC SPARK PLUG DIVISION GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

Ambush CONTINUED



U.N. OBSERVERS, who made on-the-spot investigation of last week's Israeli raid on Gaza, prepare their reports. In the Arab rioting which followed attack, seven of the U.N. observers had to seek refuge in the governor's headquarters.



ARAB LEADERS, King Hussein of Jordan (left) and Premier Gamal Nasser of Egypt, bow together in prayer in the Azhar mosque of Cairo. This demonstration of Arab solidarity came just after the bloody Gaza incident.



U.S. DELEGATE to U.N. Security Council, James J. Wadsworth, called the Israeli attack on Gaza "indefensible from any standpoint." Other members of council joined in rebuke; only the Soviet representative remained silent.



A touch as light as your powder puff ...on this new kind of electric typewriter

"I'm living again," is what one secretary said when she tried the new Royal Electric. Why don't you try it? Compare the five major improvements with your present machine. Talk to the boss. For instance...

Speed-flo Keyboard. Right away, you'll find out that here is a *lighter, smoother, faster* touch than that found on any electric typewriter yet designed. Seven major keyboard improvements make this super-light touch possible.

Repeat Keys. Try these and you're with it, *all the way*. You're *really* going. Underscore... make hyphens... space backward and forward... *auto-*

matically. How? Just by holding down the appropriate repeat key!

Being independent of the regular keys, they prevent you from making mistakes—a *Royal Electric exclusive!*

Instant Space-Up Key. Ever been in the middle of a line and wanted to space up without reaching for the carriage knobs? Filling in irregularly spaced forms can be a headache under these conditions. Well, the Instant Space-Up Key solves the difficulty.

You just click up as many spaces as needed, wherever you are. And that's it!

Copy Control. Carbons so blurred they drive v.p.'s

nuts turn up in every office. But they won't turn up in yours anymore, not with the Copy Control. You can make carbons sparkle... clear, clean, and black as jet.

Quiet Carriage Return Mechanism. Time was when the carriage came slamming back with a jolt to jar your back teeth. *But not any more!* Royal's new Carriage Return Mechanism is the *quietest, smoothest, and fastest* in the field.

The new Royal Electric in its variety of colors is as lovely to look at as a window full of spring hats... and as easy to use as a powder puff. Ask for a demonstration.

World's largest manufacturer of typewriters...

Royal Typewriter Company, Division of Royal McBee Corporation

ROYAL®

*electric · portable
standard
roytype business supplies*

**GREAT
NEWS!**

**First Famous Name Brand
with a Filter**

**New OLD GOLD
FILTER KINGS**

**Every easy draw
tells you...**

**Here's a
True Tobacco Treat!**



**NOW 3 TREATS
to choose from**

1. NEW FILTER KINGS

True Tobacco Taste—Easy Drawing Filter—The first and only filter cigarette with a famous name, new Old Gold Filter Kings give you the full, rich taste of premium tobaccos in every easy-drawing puff. A truly effective filter—plus king size length—yet they're yours at a popular filter price.

"Filter Kings" is a trade-mark of the P. Lorillard Co.



2. KING SIZE

Always Smooth—Never Bitter—Help yourself to the finest taste ever put into a king size cigarette . . . in king size Old Gold. Never bitter, never harsh, *this* king size gives you a comfortable-tasting cigarette, puff after puff, pack after pack.

3. REGULAR SIZE

Rich in Bright, Golden Tobacco—Today's Old Gold treats your taste right all day long. This fabulous Old Gold blend is rich in light, bright leaves of premium tobacco. No matter how many Old Golds you smoke, you always have a fresh, clean taste in your mouth.

OLD GOLD—America's First Family of Cigarettes *P. Lorillard Company* Established 1760

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Deliciously yours!

P.S. Funny thing about steak! Some people never use catsup on it. Other folks wouldn't eat a steak without it. To the former, won't you enjoy Hunt's spicy, tart-sweet catsup on other foods? To the latter, blessings on you...and Hunt—for the best!





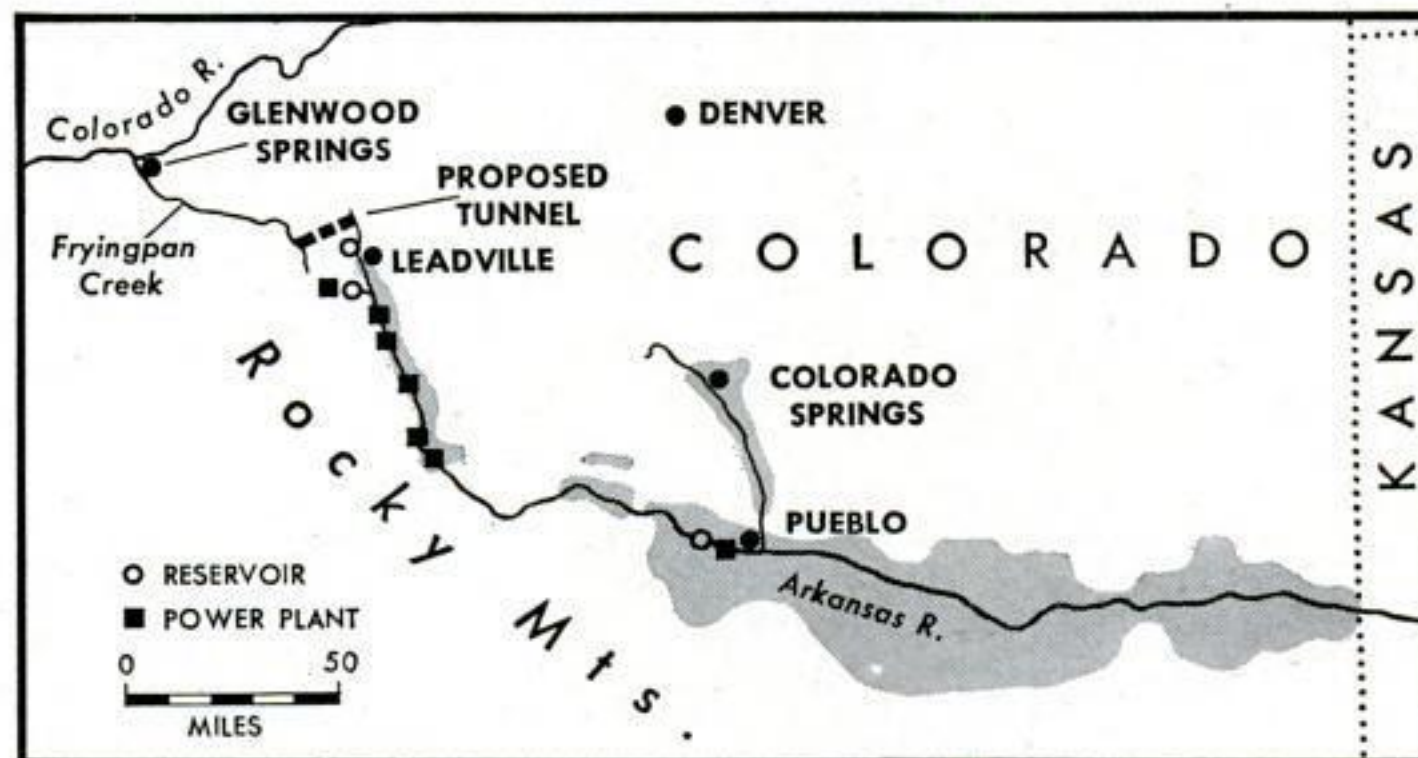
LOADED WITH CLATTERING, SYMBOLIC GILDED FRYING PANS, BURROS AND HANDLERS GATHER ON PUEBLO'S MAIN STREET TO BEGIN THEIR SALES CAMPAIGN

FRYING PAN PROJECT

Gilded skillets raise money to boost water plan

Down Main Street of Pueblo, Colo. jangled a pack of burros laden with gold-tinted frying pans. Civic boosters were selling the pans for \$5 and \$100 each to raise funds to promote a vital regional endeavor: winning congressional backing for the Frying Pan project.

The project had been devised for the arid area by the U.S. Bureau of Reclamation. From the head of Fryingpan Creek on the wet western slope of the Rockies, water would be funneled through a six-mile-long tunnel beneath the continental divide and into the Arkansas River which flows eastward across the parched plains. Armed with support from the White House and the \$75,000 already earned by selling the gold pans, the Coloradans hope this year to press through the bill authorizing the project.



DIVERSION PLAN would bring sorely needed water to 320,000 acres (shaded) from Leadville to Kansas line. Cost of project is estimated at \$156 million, including the six-mile-long tunnel, four reservoirs and seven power plants. Opposition to project is led by Southern California which, like other areas west of the divide, views it as threat to volume of Colorado River water they now use.

world premier...

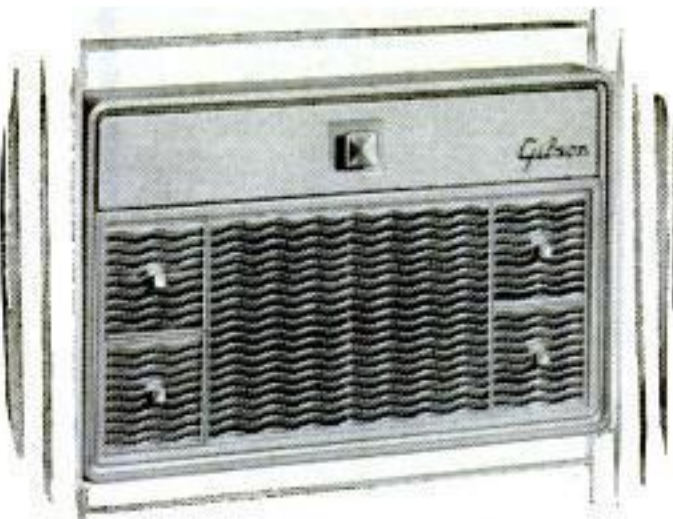


Models and specifications subject to change without notice.

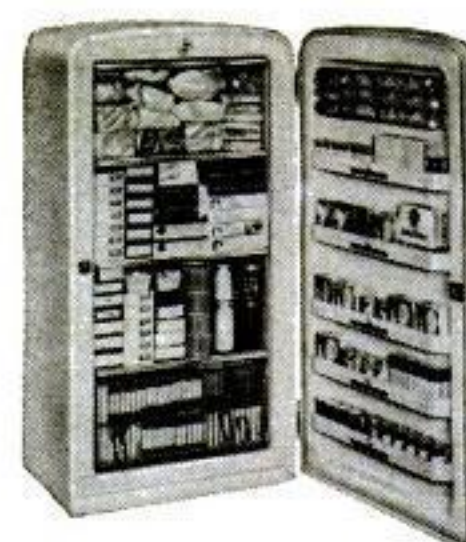
SEE "MARKET-MASTER"... AND THESE OTHER MODERN GIBSON PRODUCTS



Gibson Strat-A-Zone Refrigerator
with "lower-level" freezer... 4 separate cold storage zones for proper care of all types of food. Has Swing'r Shelf, Swing'r Crisp'r, Butt'ry, Bacon Conditioner, 5 Deep Door-Shelves, Automatic Defrosting.



Gibson Air Conditioners
offer Push Button Controls, Electro-Static Dust Magnet Filter, Ozone Lamp, Flush Mounting, Draft-Free Circulation, Thermostat, Room and Central units.



Gibson Food Freezers
with Swing'r Baskets, Stay Pack Shelves, Swing-Out Take-Out Baskets, Removable Shelves, Separate Fast-Freeze & Storage Compartment, Easy Single-Dial Controls.



Gibson Electric Ranges
New modern design with exclusive Ups-A-Daisy Deep-Well Cooker, Tel-O-Matic Light, Even-Heat Surface Units, Banquet-Size Oven with Non-Fog Window, Super-Heat Rod.



*the first refrigerator
deliberately planned for the modern
family! Exclusive new*

GIBSON

"market master"

30% more usable refrigerated storage area!

This amazing 11 cu. ft. refrigerator has the refrigerated storage area of a 15! One-third more shelf space lets you store one-third more fresh food.

No freezer compartment!

Gibson deliberately planned the "Market-Master" without one. Exclusive Gibson ice-cube shelf freezes 36 ice cubes...never freezes food around it!

True automatic defrosting!

Newest of all refrigeration systems...completely redesigned to cool with minimum frosting...never needs your attention!

Cools evenly, keeps foods fresh!

Newest "radiant" cooling system flows moist, cold air evenly from top to bottom. Keeps foods fresh longer!

20% less cost!

The biggest refrigerator bargain in 1955. With all its deluxe features, the "Market-Master" still costs 20% less than ordinary refrigerators of the same size. And "Market-Master" includes: exclusive Swing'r Shelf, 2 Swing'r Crisp'rs, adjustable shelves, 5 covered left-over dishes, 5 door-shelves, Butt'ry, bacon conditioner. PLUS . . . the Gibson-proved, dependable mechanism hermetically sealed in oil. 5 year written guarantee!

This exciting new refrigerator...Gibson "MARKET-MASTER"...is unbelievably low priced at only

\$299⁹⁵

Your obsolete refrigerator may be the down payment on the "Market-Master" and a companion freezer! (terms available).

Send for **FREE** booklet "Gibson's Revolution in Refrigeration" or see your Gibson dealer. 78 years of experience and millions of satisfied customers mean you can always rely on Gibson.

Gibson

REFRIGERATOR COMPANY, GREENVILLE, MICHIGAN • IN CANADA: Gibson Refrigerator Company of Canada, Limited
MANUFACTURERS OF REFRIGERATORS • ELECTRIC RANGES • FOOD FREEZERS • AIR CONDITIONERS

ROYAL WEDDING IN EXILE

Shipboard romance of Maria Pia leads to a glittering occasion

Last summer Princess Maria Pia, the pretty 20-year-old daughter of exiled King Umberto of Italy, accepted an invitation from the king and queen of Greece to go on an Adriatic cruise with a boatload of European royalty (*LIFE*, Sept. 20). Aboard the yacht was British-born Prince Alexander of Yugoslavia, 30, a wartime pilot and postwar washing machine salesman. A shipboard romance blossomed and soon it was announced that Maria would marry Alexander in a small ceremony in the Portuguese fishing village of Cascais.

"Whoever comes, whatever be his dress, will be received very cordially," proclaimed Maria's father. But the desire for a simple wedding and the informality of the invitation failed to impress the king's former subjects back home. Italy's foremost fashion houses vied furiously to outdo each other in creating unordered trousseaus. An Italian travel agency offered special seven-day all-expense tours to the wedding.

When the red carpet (*opposite page*) was finally rolled out in Cascais last month, loyal commoners were present in strength. But even more impressive was the great and glittering procession of royalty which included most of Europe's one-time and would-be kings and queens, a hundred or so princes and princesses and dukes and duchesses by the dozens.



KNEELING AT ALTAR before ceremony begins, Princess Maria Pia adjusts bridal gown brought

from Italy. Special Vatican dispensation was required because bridegroom is Eastern Orthodox.



SIGNING REGISTER after taking their wedding vows, Princess Maria Pia of Savoy and her new husband, Prince Alexander Karadjordjevic, prepare to leave

the church, which was filled to twice its normal capacity with some 600 of the top-ranking guests. A Portuguese parish priest performed the marriage ceremony.



RED CARPET, for royal wedding guests only, stretched 100 yards to church steps, was lined by Portuguese police, girls wearing Italian costumes in honor

of the bride and bystanders shielding themselves from the sun with umbrellas. Flags of Portugal, Italy, Yugoslavia and town banners decorated church square.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



SPANISH GRANDEE, powerful Count Francisco de los Andes, rests at a reception before wedding.

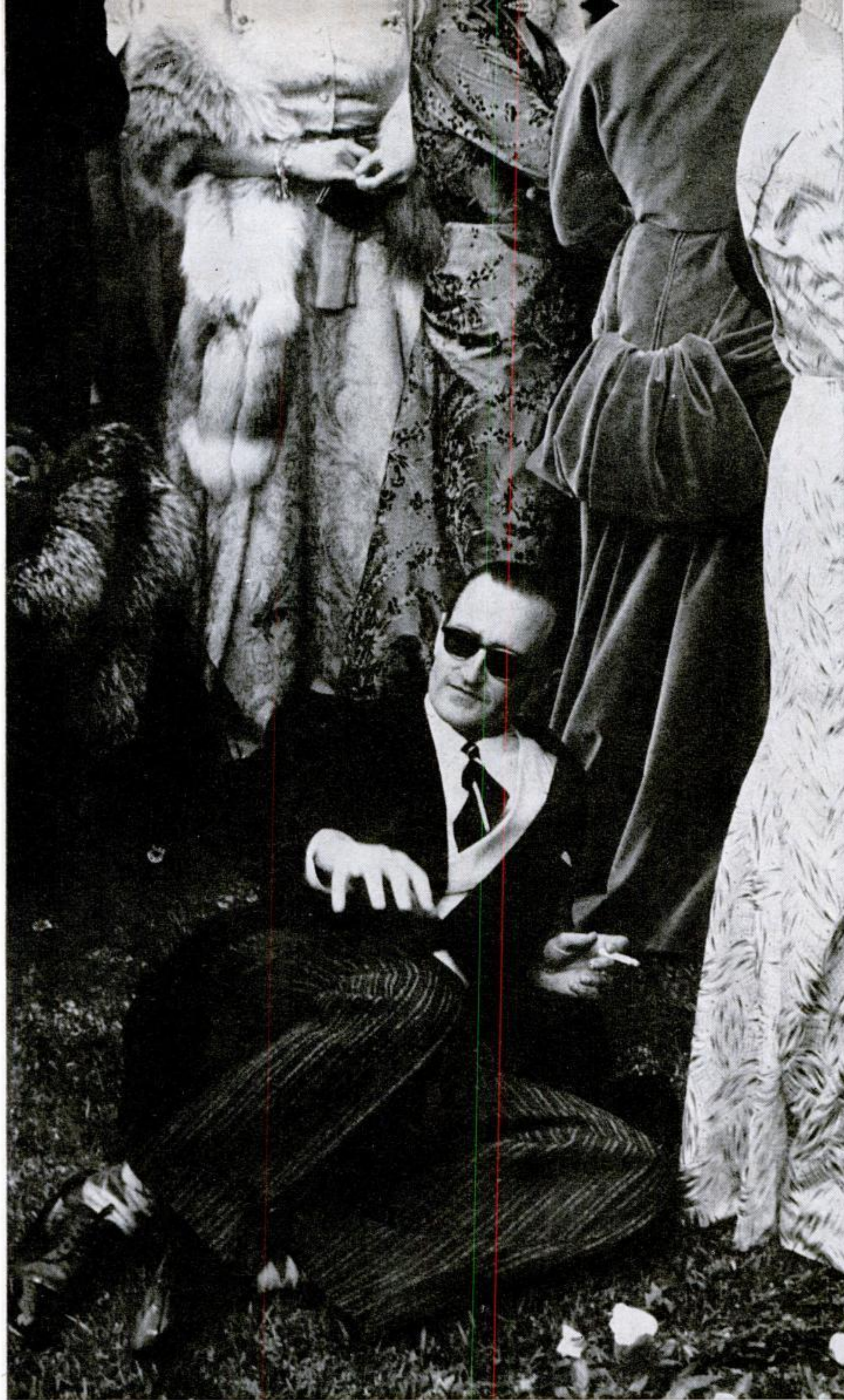
ENGLISH BEAUTY, Mrs. Ghislaine Alexander, → talks to kilted British Lieut. Colonel Norman Fraser.



ITALIAN MARCHESA Nerina Accorretti talks with a military dignitary during thronged champagne-and-lobster reception immediately after the royal wedding.



VENETIAN GIRL named Pussy Zileri dal Verme wore old lace-and-gold costume. Her escorts were the Italian Counts Roascio (*far left*) and Piccolomini (*right*).



SPRY YOUNG DUKE, Amedeo of Aosta, 11, and Isabella Savoy-Genoa hurry to hotel for banquet.

← **FATIGUED GUEST**, Italian Major de Rovireto, lounges on lawn for smoke in midst of reception.

THE NOBILITY CAME FROM NEAR AND FAR

Seven chartered planes, three trains, a fleet of buses and a small ocean liner were required to move the wedding guests from Italy. From other European countries attendance was lighter but no less aristocratic. The Duchess of Kent (*right*) was there with her son and daughter to represent Queen Elizabeth. The whole community of former kings and pretenders exiled in Estoril, Portugal (*LIFE*, Feb. 19, 1951), just two miles away, turned out too.

For three champagne-filled days they toasted the happy couple, reminisced wistfully about royal days gone by. Then before the great gathering broke up, it gave Umberto, the bride's father, a show of loyalty (*p. 58*) fit for a king.



ROYAL GROUP gathers. From left: Princess Olga, bridegroom's mother; her sister, Duchess of Kent;

Countess Helen Toerring; Princess Alexandra; Duke of Kent; Princess Elizabeth, bridegroom's sister.



GIFT FROM THE LAND, a gesture of friendship by the Portuguese, was a lamb delivered to the reception by a handsome shepherd from Cascais.



GIFTS FROM THE SEA, another token of friendship, were brought to wedding by two fishermen. Other such gifts included flowers, fruit and vegetables.



Cinderella

FROCKS FOR GIRLS

party cottons for daddy's girl

*When does the party start?
The second she slips into
her new Cinderella frock!
There's something so special
about a Cinderella...
from the lilt of a frill
to the tilt of a pocket
...and they always
wash party-new,
over and over!*



- A.** woven check jumper, matching tote bag, separate organdy blouse. Sizes 3 to 6x, 7 to 12.
B. polished cotton and eyelet batiste, separate bolero. Sizes 3 to 6x, 7 to 14.
C. striped chambray, contrast-piped tier skirt. Sizes 3 to 6x, 7 to 14.
Little sister sizes about \$5.
Big sister sizes about \$6.

At these and other fine stores everywhere
G. Fox & Co., Hartford
J. L. Hudson Co., Detroit
The May Co., Los Angeles
Wieboldt Stores, Inc., Chicago
or write **Rosenau Bros., Inc.**
Philadelphia 29, Pa.



A LITTLE COWBOY'S BIGGEST BLOWS DON'T TEAR NEW SCOTTIES

OPERATION: BLOW

Sneezers, sniffers—big and small—welcome new “wet-strength” Scotties



“Scotties” Reg.
U. S. Pat. Off.

When outdoor fun brings “runny” noses, Scotties have the situation well in hand. Softer than ever on chapped skin—yet these new tissues have an amazing wet strength. They don’t fall to pieces. They don’t crumble messily under a “shower” of sneezes. And in make-up use, they take off the wettest face creams neatly, without shredding.

In fact, Scotties stay so strong when wet that even if one accidentally gets in your wash via a pajama pocket, it goes through the entire washing cycle in *one piece*. It doesn’t scatter lint all over your clothes.

There are plenty of head colds still around—be sure to keep plenty of Scotties on hand for this added use. In the big family box or the handy vanity size, they are another great Scott value. Scotties are thrifty.

SCOTT PAPER COMPANY, CHESTER, PA.



A SIMPLE TEST. Hold any non-wet-strength tissue under the faucet. Water makes a hole instantly.



HOLD A NEW SCOTTIE under the faucet. You’ll see how it holds water without going to pieces.

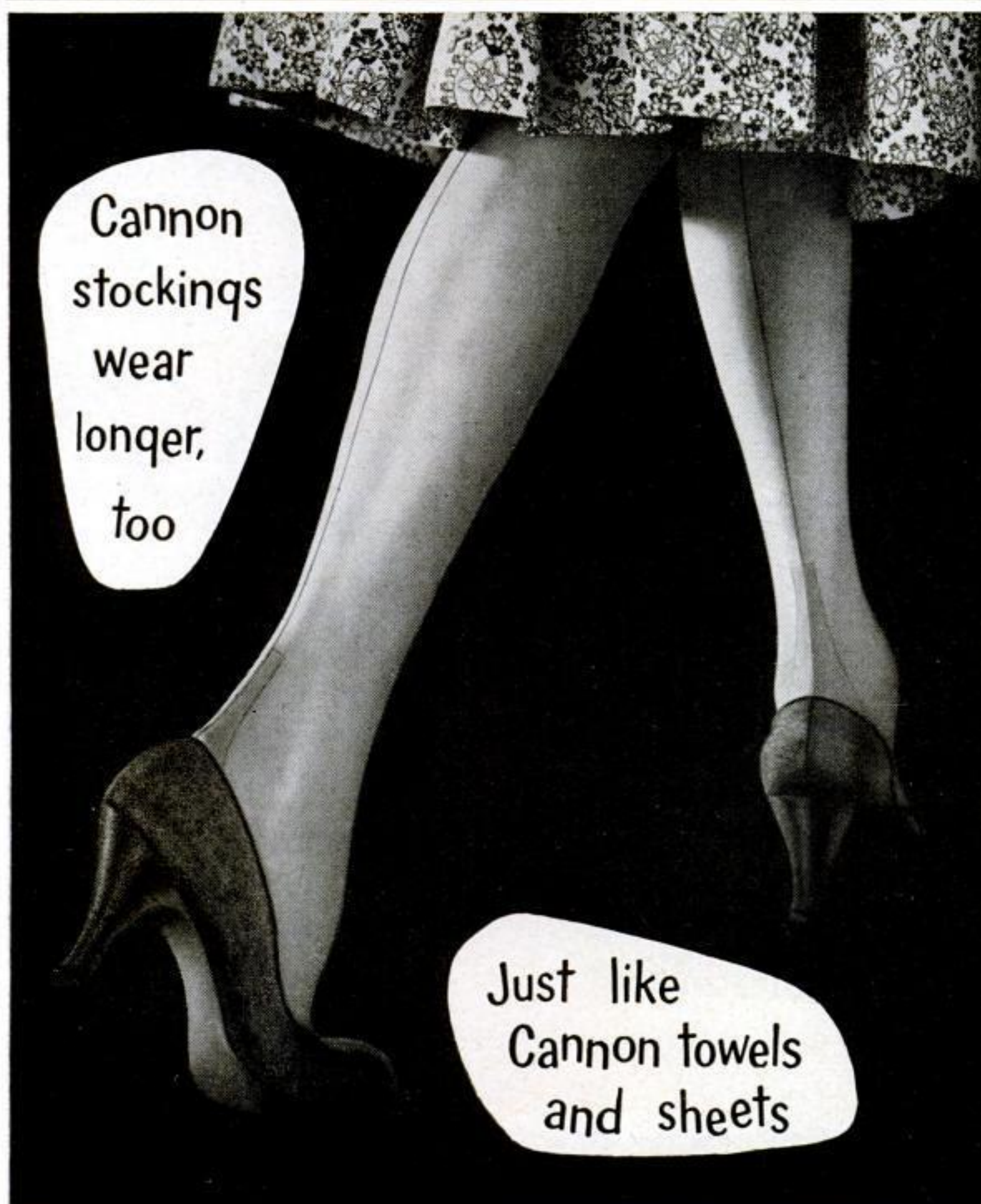
IT MEANS SO MUCH MORE
TO GIVE...OR GET...A

Hamilton

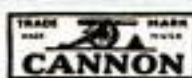


The most beautiful watches in the world
are made by Hamilton.

At left: HOPE, 14K white or yellow gold, \$72.50.
At right: ROWENA Cordette, 14K white or yellow gold, \$79.50. Prices include Federal tax.
Hamilton offers a complete selection of fine watches, including beautiful Hamilton Illinois models as low as \$33.95.



Long-wearing proportioned Cannon nylon stockings are your best buy—from \$1 up.
Full-fashioned—with a snag-guarding Cannolin finish—at your neighborhood store.



Royal Wedding CONTINUED

HAIL TO THE BRIDE'S FATHER

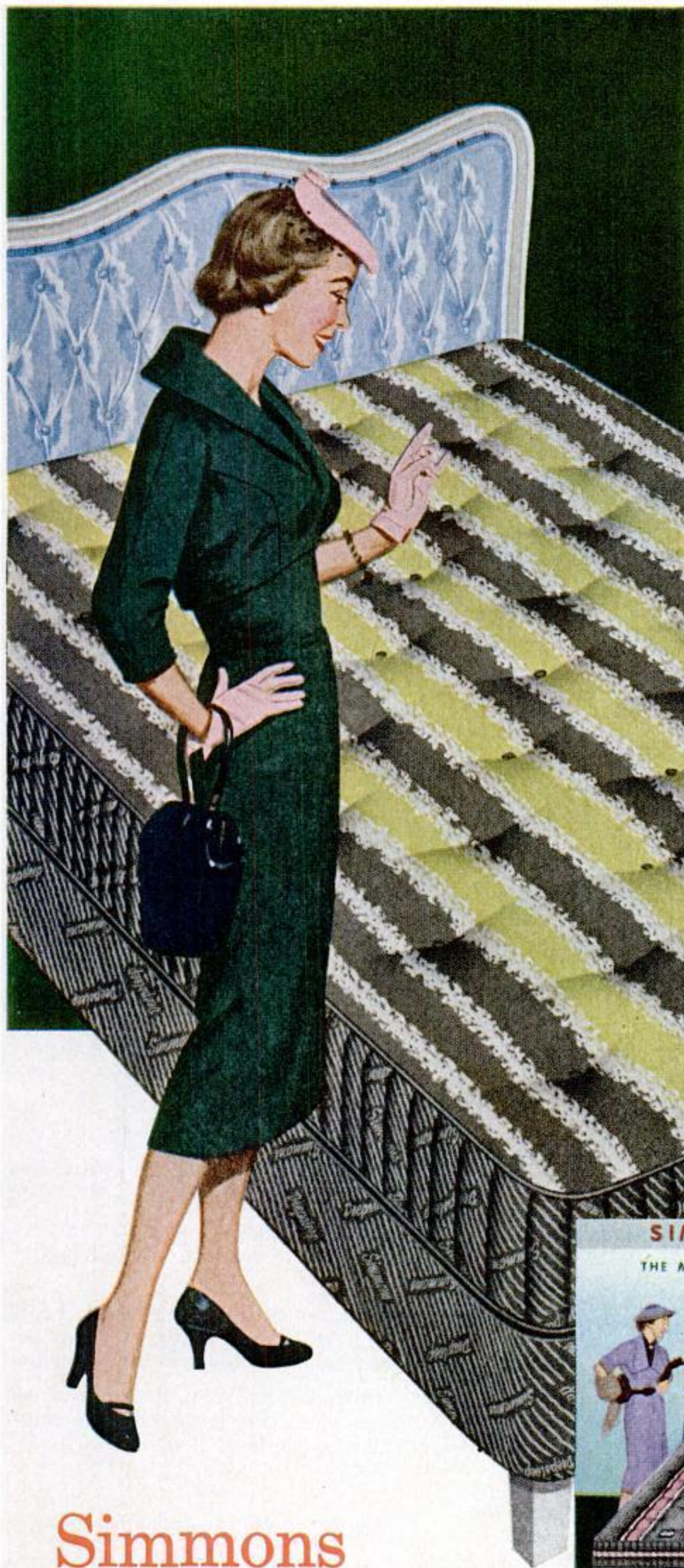
The newlyweds had already disappeared when 2,000 Italians jammed the lawn in front of the Palace Hotel in Estoril. "Umberto, Umberto, viva il re," shouted the mob, seizing the occasion for a monarchist demonstration. Finally the former king, who had been on the throne just a little more than a month in 1946 before Italy voted itself a republic, appeared on the balcony to return their loyal greeting.



REGAL SALUTE is given by ex-King Umberto and wife, Maria José, to crowd below. Later when monarchists revived chant Umberto broke down and cried.

Simmons Announces!

NOW A CHOICE OF FIRMNESS WITH NEW "EXTRA-FIRM" DEEPSLEEP



Now you can choose a Standard or Extra-Firm Deepsleep* at no extra cost. Both offer the outstanding value of a Simmons inner-spring mattress with patented Auto-Lock construction!

1. Extra-firm support at bargain price! You could spend many, many more dollars for other mattresses of this type, but you wouldn't get a better value for your money! Save! See *this* model first!

2. Extra years of comfort! More springs (312!) than most mattresses at this price or higher. Patented Auto-Lock construction springs stay upright for the life of the mattress.

3. 3-Star Crushproof Border! Another feature of higher-priced mattresses exclusive at this price! Padded inner-roll construction of border gives the edge of a Deepsleep mattress needed firmness when you sit on it.

4. Simmons quality throughout! Attractive, durable cover, handles and ventilators—all assembled by the same bedding craftsmen who make the world-famous Beautyrest.*

EXTRA-FIRM OR STANDARD
DEEPSLEEP
\$49⁵⁰
on your Simmons dealer's easy terms

**Simmons
Company**



Select from Simmons' fabulous family of better mattresses! Your Simmons dealer has a mattress value for every purse. Stop in today and ask to see the complete line of many wonderful mattresses, including the one that's best for you and for your pocketbook!

*Trade-mark Reg. U.S. Patent Office. Copr. 1955 by Simmons Co., Mdse. Mart, Chicago, Ill.

Made so it
**won't burn
grass**
when used in
recommended
amounts

NEW!
GOLDEN VIGORO
Complete
LAWN FOOD
WON'T BURN!
Lasts Longer

ALSO AVAILABLE
IN CANADA

new Golden VIGORO

COMPLETE LAWN FOOD

A SINGLE FEEDING
**lasts
all season!**

There's absolutely nothing like new Golden Vigoro . . . it's made a new, patented* way so it won't "burn" . . . it's made specifically for grass . . . and made to last far longer!

You'll find that the clean golden grains of this new lawn food open a new era of permanent beauty for your lawn!

Thrifty! Every test proves Golden Vigoro to be the longest-lasting complete lawn food you can buy. Because it yields its nutrients slowly, just one feeding (one to three pounds per 100 sq. ft.)

provides continuous growth . . . helps lawns hold a deep green beauty all season.

Immediate nourishment! Golden Vigoro goes to work immediately, nourishing grass even when the soil is cold. No waiting to see results.

Complete! Golden Vigoro contains all the nutrients needed from soil to develop finest, deep-rooted grass. It helps any grass to green-up sooner and stay green with less watering.

Get your supply now. Golden Vigoro is now available in handy 50-lb. bags at your dealer's. Can be applied without watering in. One feeding lasts all season.



For flowers, trees and shrubs, use Regular VIGORO Plant Food. Complete balanced plant food provides all the vital nutrients flowers, trees, shrubs and vegetables need from soils to develop best.

For liquid feeding, use Instant VIGORO water soluble Plant Food. Just mix with water and apply as a liquid. Ideal for supplemental feeding of lawns. Can be applied on exposed roots or leaves of flowers, shrubs, vegetables.

Your best buys in gardening supplies—

**The VIGORO Family of
Gardening Aids**

*(Pats. No. 2618546, No. 2618547, and others pending)
Vigoro is a registered trade-mark of Swift & Company.
Copyright 1955, Swift & Company.

MUSEUM
DIRECTOR'S
CHOICE



SAN FRANCISCO
MUSEUM OF ART



Klee's Witty Painting of a Close Call



DR. GRACE MORLEY

This is the second in LIFE's series of works of art which U.S. museum directors have chosen as their own favorites in their museums. This Director's Choice is "Nearly Hit," painted in 1928 by the Swiss Artist Paul Klee (1879-1940). It was selected by Dr. Grace McCann Morley, head of the San Francisco Museum of Art, who writes:

Art is not always solemn. Artists often invite the public to laugh with them. Paul Klee's work is a sort of visual wit which he invites you to share and that, for me, is much of the charm of *Nearly Hit*. The painting first

appealed to me when we were considering buying it in 1944 and I still smile or laugh to myself when I pass it. The colors and brush strokes create a background full of life; the direct, economic lines produce a shorthand symbol of a narrow escape. Together they express a momentary mood of fright at recognition of danger and startled relief at realizing safety. Much of Klee's work has this power of symbol and mood. He serves us as a good ambassador for contemporary art, even to those who find the art of today strange. *Nearly Hit* is a symbol I enjoy and through it Paul Klee is a friendly presence.

Who ate my Post Toasties?



What a letdown—to reach for the only kind
of corn flakes that make breakfast the
best meal of the day and find the Post Toasties
gone! Post Toasties are so super-tasting,
so crispy fresh, so sweet-'n'-delicious—
no other corn flakes quite fill the bill.

So hurry to the store, Mummie—
and tell the man you want some more.
For goodness sake—get **Post Toasties!**

MOVIES



KNEE-DEEP IN OIL, JO WAVES HIS PARTNER ON



AS TRUCK CRAWLS AHEAD, JO IS TRAPPED BY A BRANCH



AFRAID TO STOP IN SLIPPERY OIL, MARIO FACES DESPERATE DECISION

GRIM CHOICE IN GRUESOME SCENE

France exports the last word in movie suspense

The French, whose movies tend to airy comedy or the delicate probing of romance, have come up with the brawniest hair-raising shocker in a long time, a film called *Wages of Fear*. Made by Henri-Georges Clouzot, currently France's top director, it is the grisly account of four European derelicts marooned in a fly-blown South American village. They seek escape by taking on the job of driving two truckloads of nitroglycerin 300 miles to put out an oil-well fire, over primitive roads where one inadvertent bump could blow them sky-high. Milking the trip's suspense dry, Director Clouzot produces, at its climax (*above and next page*), just about the most gruesome scene ever seen on film.

FOR MARIO'S CHOICE TURN THE PAGE

NEW!



EASIEST

Pin-curl permanent... ever!



SET IT!

Set your pin-curls just as you always do.
No need for anyone's help!

WET IT!

Apply CASUAL just once.
15 minutes later,
rinse with clear water.



FORGET IT!

That's all there is to it!
CASUAL is self-neutralizing.
There's no resetting.
Your work is finished.

Naturally lovely
carefree curls
that last for weeks!

With CASUAL your hair will
be soft, naturally curly...
with all the body, the carefree
beauty of curls just as you
want them—perfect for the
new softer natural look.
Tonight—try CASUAL!



takes just 15 minutes

more than setting your hair!
\$1.50 PLUS TAX

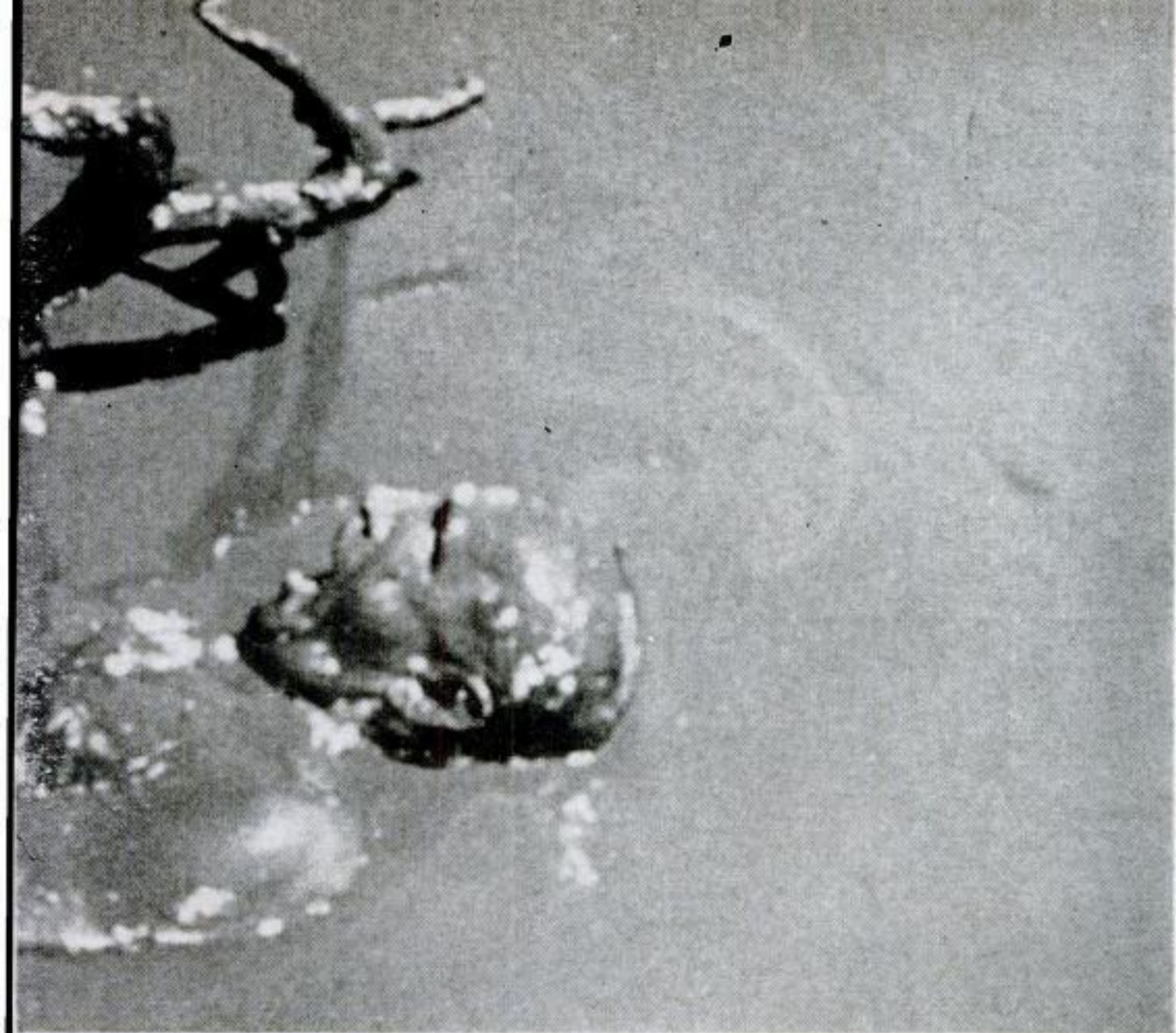


AS NITRO TRUCK ROLLS INEXORABLY ON, JO (CHARLES VANEL), PINNED UNDER WHEEL, SCREAMS IN AGONY



LEG CRUSHED (ABOVE), HE ALMOST DROWNS IN OIL





MARIO (YVES MONTAND) FINALLY COMES BACK TO PULL HIM FROM POOL



CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

Jeepers! Only \$159.95

for 21" Arvin TV

What a price! What a picture!

See the brand new Arvin "Rocket 21" and get the value surprise of your life! You'll see picture quality fully equal to sets costing \$50 more... "FRONT ROW REALISM" that makes you feel you can shake hands with the actors! And Arvin Velvet Voice tone quality completes the realism.

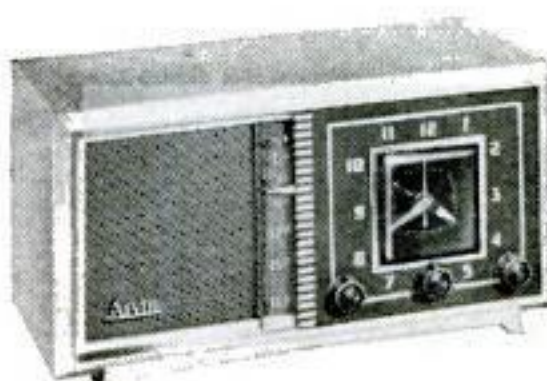
The front is ALL picture! To minimize bulk and "maximize" the picture, all controls are on the side. Smartly styled, compact—fine for small space!

Quality engineered on a quantity basis, the Arvin "Rocket 21" has new-type extra heavy-duty tubes and "bonus-rated" parts for long, service-free life! Compare Arvin "Rocket 21" for brilliance, for contrast, for easy viewing! There is no greater value in television. Arvin Industries, Inc., Columbus, Ind.



21-inch metal table model in either willow green and gold or mahogany color, \$159.95. Table, \$6.95 extra. 21-inch console in mahogany grain Arvinite, \$189.95.

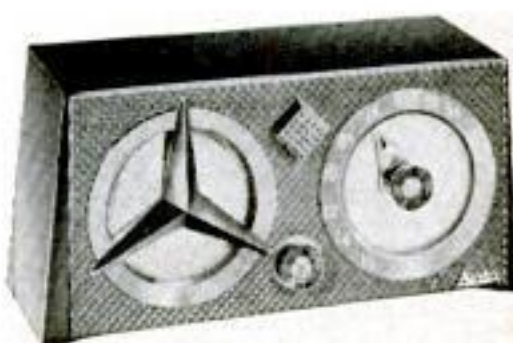
TV prices shown are suggested retail prices including Federal tax and warranty. Slightly higher in far West and South. All-channel one-knob tuning (UHF as well as VHF) \$20 extra.



New "Futura" Clock Radio in 4 decorator colors, leatherette-and-gold trim; Telechron clock; appliance outlet, \$32.95. Rosewood, \$29.95



"Sportable" 3-way Portable in Red, Aqua, or Cinnamon; runs on batteries, AC or DC. 4 tubes plus selenium rectifier. Less batteries, \$37.95



New "Cosmopolitan" in 3 decorator colors. AC/DC superhet with gold-plated pointer, lighted dial, new styling, \$27.95, Rosewood, \$24.95

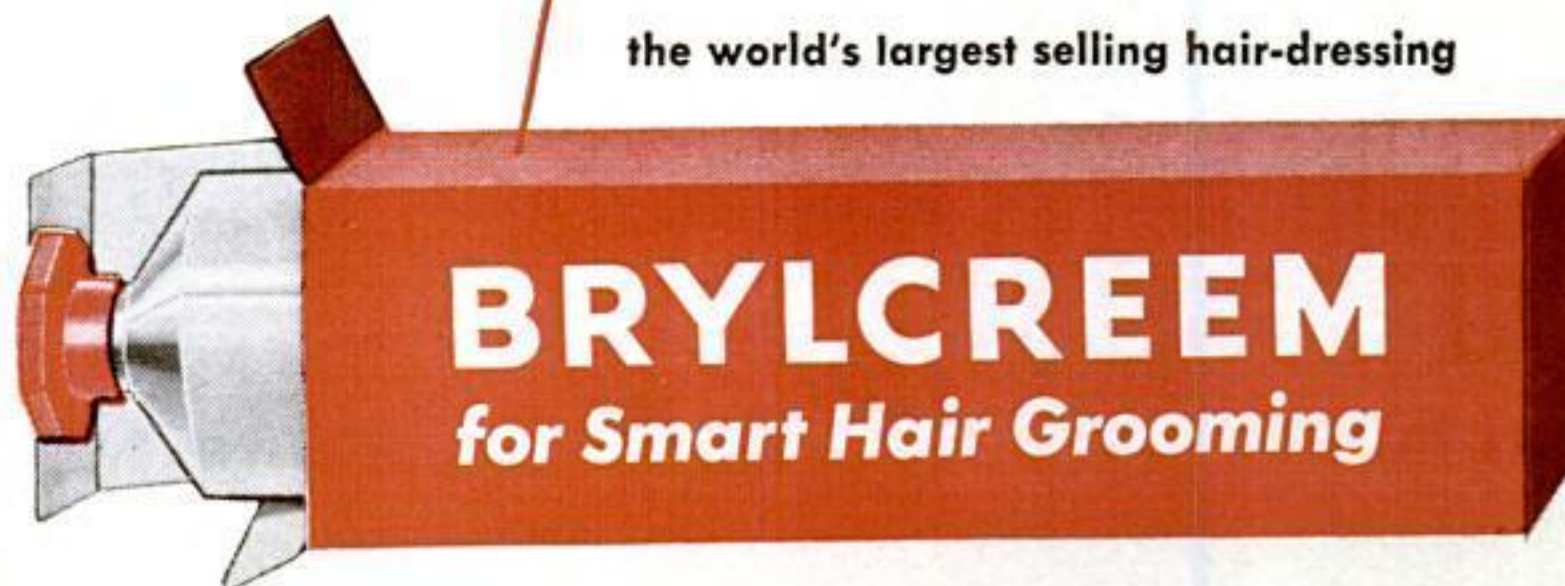
THE **SMART LOOK** IS THE **BRYLCREEM** LOOK!



Instantly, Brylcreem improves your appearance. With the first application, your hair looks richer, healthier—more attractive! It's not greasy, not messy—*really* not greasy not messy; keeps your hair in place all day, looking soft and natural.

Brylcreem also *conditions* as it grooms . . . with massage relieves dryness and loose dandruff; leaves your hair and scalp clean, fresh, healthy-looking. So—try Brylcreem today. See how it keeps your hair lustrous and immaculate all day long. You'll soon discover why it's the world's largest selling hair dressing . . . why men buy over 50,000,000 packages a year! In tubes and jars—at drug counters everywhere!

the world's largest selling hair-dressing



the rich cream that's

Not Greasy - Not Messy!

Gruesome Scene CONTINUED



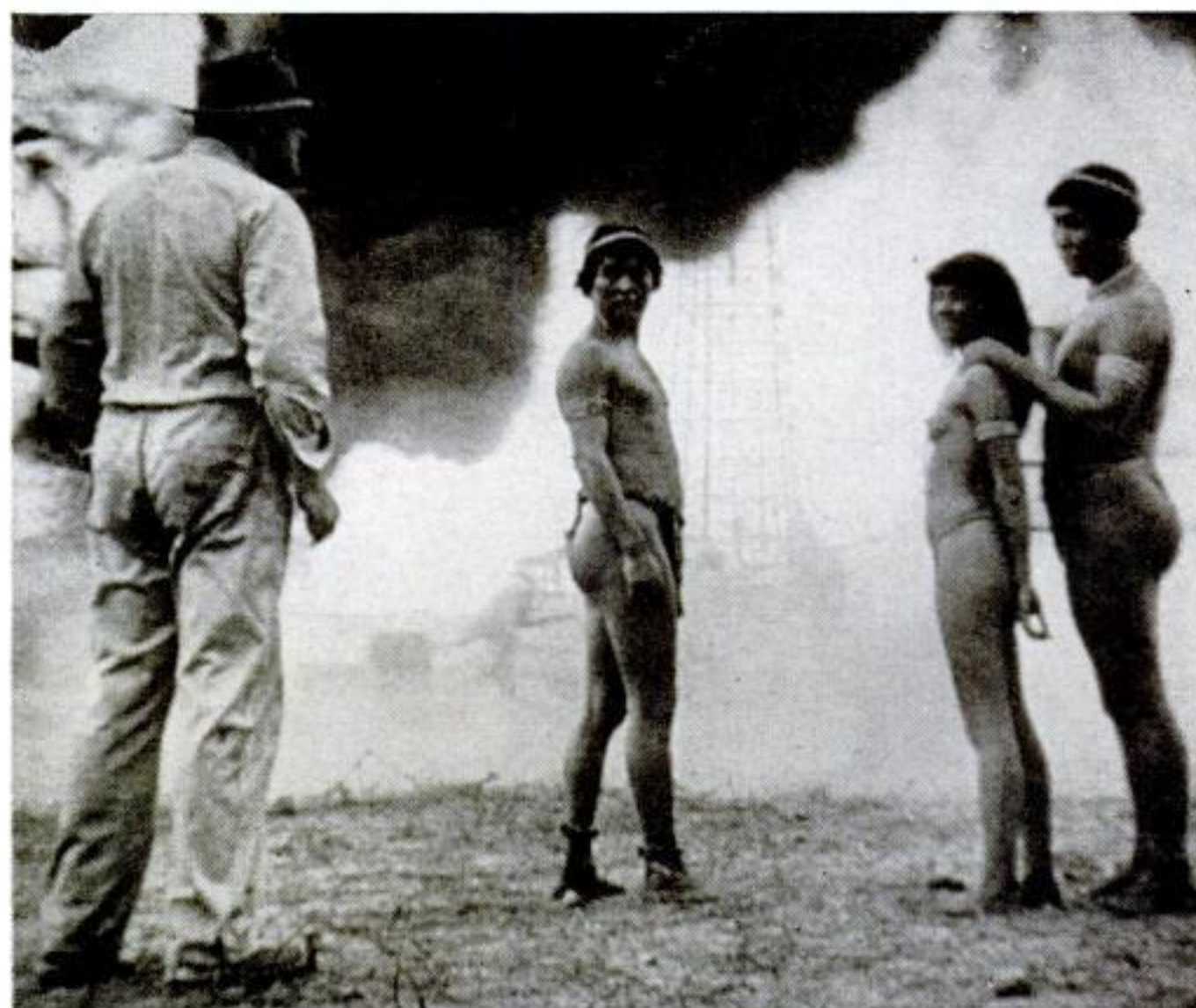
U.S. OILMAN (William Tubbs) goes over the applications of a motley crew of Europeans who want to earn \$2,000 by trucking explosives to an oil fire.

DIRECTOR IS A STORMY FIGURE

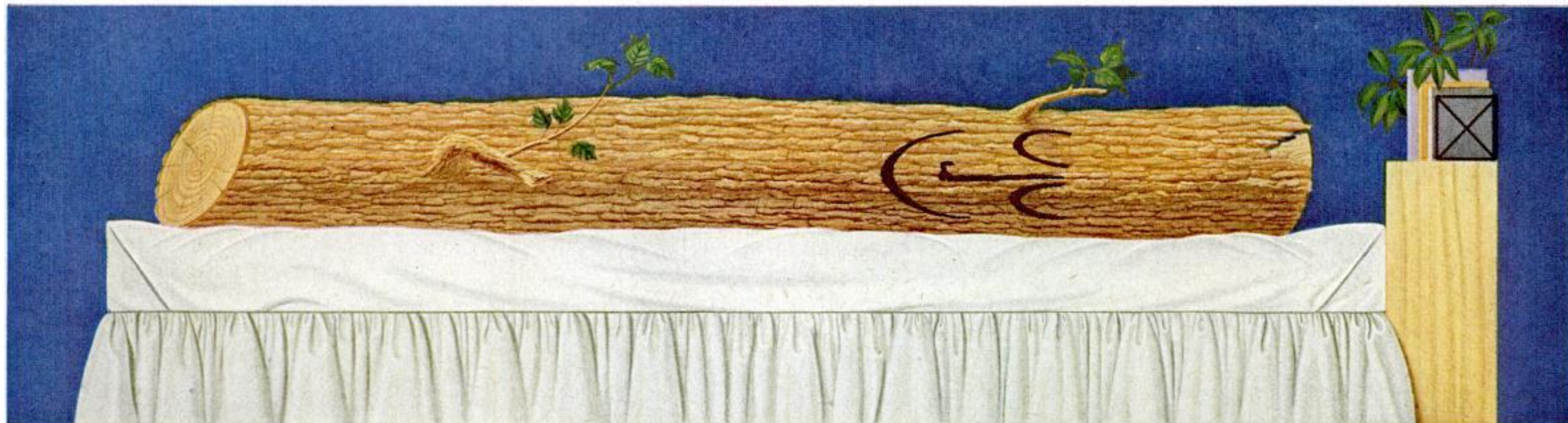
Wages of Fear won the Grand Prize at the 1953 Cannes Film Festival but was not sent to the U.S. right away. The delay, it was rumored, came about because scenes involving Americans (*above and below*) would be construed as anti-U.S. Although 45 minutes were cut from the original long version, it was, the U.S. distributors claim, mainly to tighten the narrative. The scenes here were not cut, and Director Clouzot, who has been attacked from many quarters—by the Communists (for *Manon*, 1949), by French patriots (for *Le Corbeau*, 1943)—vehemently denies they are anti-U.S. In fact, morose, hard-driving Clouzot insists he has no interest in messages and causes, wishing merely to show their effects in terms of human experience. His new film, the fabulously successful *Les Diaboliques*, about two bathtub murderesses, already has French critics divided into two rival camps, and American moviegoers who survived the terrifying *Wages of Fear* may discover that they ain't seen nothing yet.



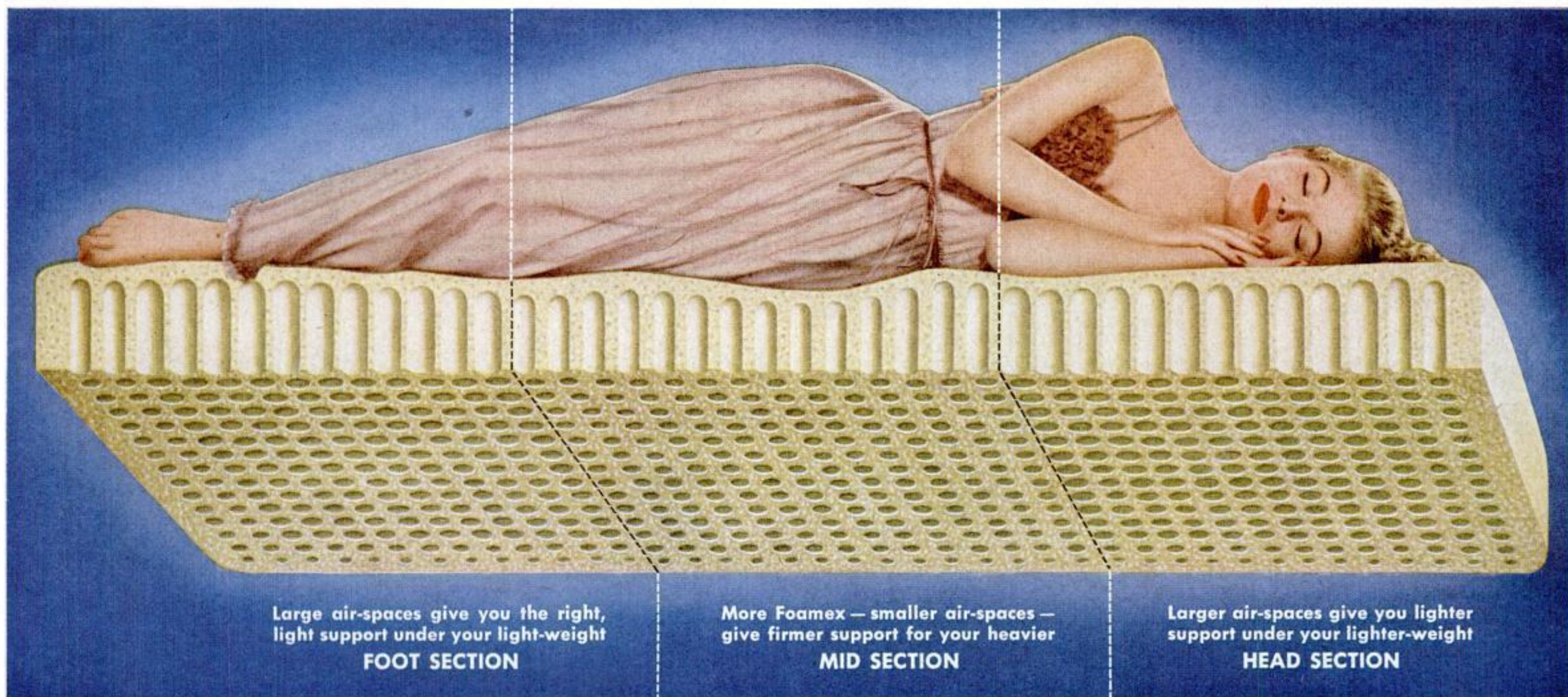
CLOUZOT, 48, is a morose, hard-working movie veteran.



SEMINUDE NATIVES being chased from fire by U.S. foreman has been interpreted—despite Clouzot's denial—as charging the U.S. with exploitation.



You shouldn't try to Sleep Like a Log!



You need a mattress that gives each different part of your body the curve-conforming, balanced support of **Form-Fitted FOAMEX®**

Unless you're built the same all over, like a log, you just can't get a good night's sleep on a same-all-over mattress that fights you every inch of the way. Or gives in completely. You need a mattress that moulds itself, naturally, to the different weights... the different curves... the different parts of *your* body.

You need a mattress of Form-Fitted Firestone Foamex. For, beneath the level surface of the Form-Fitted Mattress, there's more Foamex support beneath your heavier weight mid-section—lighter support under your lighter weight limbs.

Floating on a cloud of petal-soft Foamex, you feel your tired, tense muscles start to relax, feel drowsiness tug at your eyelids. You sleep the whole night through as you've never slept before.

Yet, you pay no more for Foamex, the most modern type of comfort. Because mattresses of Foamex are priced to fit every pocketbook. Standard, \$59.75; DeLuxe, \$69.75; Supreme, \$79.75; Imperial, \$89.75. Matching box springs available.

Ask to "Rest Test" the Form-Fitted Mattress of Firestone Foamex at your favorite bedding department.



FOAMEX FOR COMFORT IN PILLOWS
FOAMEX FOR COMFORT IN CARS
FOAMEX FOR COMFORT IN FURNITURE



Firestone FOAMEX®

ENJOY THE VOICE OF FIRESTONE ON RADIO AND TELEVISION MONDAY EVENINGS OVER ABC ©1955 FIRESTONE INDUSTRIAL PRODUCTS COMPANY

Before you buy a mattress, look for this name on the label



LOUISIANA MOONLIGHT BY NEW ORLEANS EVENING GOWN BY PAULINE TRIGERE HOLIDAY 98



BY OLDSMOBILE

Body by Fisher



who continue to offer the most advanced motorcar styling — and only in the Famous Five General Motors Cars.

CHEVROLET PONTIAC OLDSMOBILE BUICK CADILLAC



When you want a meatless meal — with hearty appeal...

One of the nice things about spaghetti is that it's just as good with *mushroom* sauce as with meat sauce. *Provided* the sauce is Chef Boy-Ar-Dee's own Italian variety.

Try this Chef Spaghetti Dinner and see. All the makings come in one carton...tender, quick-cooking spaghetti —ready-to-heat sauce, rich with tasty tomato, juicy bits of choice mushrooms—and grated Italian-style cheese.

Takes only 12 minutes to fix. Serves 3 for only about 14¢ a serving. One of the best spaghetti meals — one of the best *meals* — you can set before a hungry family!

It's Chef's special way with sauces that makes this—and all the other Chef products—so extra-specially good. And you can get the sauces *separately*, too. Look for them — enjoy having Chef do your cooking.

Quick *tasty, complete* **CHEF BOY-AR-DEE**

Spaghetti Dinner with Mushroom or Meat Sauce





BOLDLY PATTERNED TRIO wears a one-piece striped shorts outfit with covered-up top (*left*, \$11), cotton overblouse in outsized harlequin

checks (\$10, both Renee Marciel), and an off-the-shoulder polka dot bathing suit which comes with striped and dotted skirt (Alix of Miami, \$25).

Miami Moves Up in Style

BREEZY CLOTHES FOR WARM WEATHER COME FROM A LIKELY SOURCE

Newest of the Florida booms is in the field of fashion. With its fashion industry grown 10 times in size since 1945, Miami now has 125 firms manufacturing women's apparel, last year sold \$55 million worth of clothes for warm weather at any season of the year. Some 2,500 buyers from all over the U.S., Canada, Central and South America come to Miami's three showings a year, attracted by such features as out-of-season sunshine, fashion shows at luxury hotels (*p.* 72) and an on-the-spot testing ground for the clothes.

Like California, where designers are influenced by year-round tans and open-air living (*LIFE*, June 14), Miami turns out breezy, moderately priced clothes which are simple in cut, are made in bright colors and gay patterns. Buyers who tapped this year's Miami market found interesting versions of the specialty of all resorts—low-cut cocktail dresses designed to show off a tan. But they also found such new tricks as backless coveralls, form-fitting playclothes and elaborate sleeves on simple shirtwaist dresses.

Got COLD WATER Blues?



get a **DUO-THERM GAS** water heater...
glass-lined for extra years of hot water!



DUO-THERM Automatic (Glass or Zinc-Lined) Gas, (Zinc or Copper-Lined) Electric, and (Zinc-Lined) Oil Water Heaters. 12 to 120-gallon sizes. 1, 5, and 10-year Warranties.

If a lack of hot water makes your blood run cold, don't put up with it! Let it open your eyes to the fact that you've got a heater that's (a) too small, (b) rusting out, or (c) weary.

You're ready for a new water heater and so right to choose a **DUO-THERM**, Life-Lined with GLASS, to free your mind of rust problems. Glass is fused to steel under fantastic heat for extra strength. 10-year Warranty!

All types (including zinc and copper-lined), sizes, fuels. Just check these Duo-Therm features:

GAS—Non-clogging "Radial-Jet" Burner for thrifty, quick heating. Counter-Flow Spiral Baffle puts more heat into water.

ELECTRIC—Fully immersed "Hot Watt" heating elements use every watt for more efficient heating. Super-sensitive automatic "THRIFT" Controls save electricity.

OIL—"Flame-in-the-Flue" design puts maximum heat into the water, saves oil. Exclusive Dual Chamber Burner gives hot water in a hurry.

See your Duo-Therm Dealer today!

Now! A 30-gallon Triple-Treated Zinc-Lined Duo-Therm automatic GAS water heater only **\$99⁹⁵**
installed (in most areas)



NEW!
The Duo-Therm Direct Fire Automatic Gas Incinerator

is the clean, convenient, modern way to get rid of all garbage and burnable trash. See your dealer or write Duo-Therm today.



**MOM!
IT'S FREE!**

"Reminder Birds"
Toy Mobile cutout for children

The newest toy! Loads of fun. Helps teach the good habits that mean good health. See your dealer or write Duo-Therm!

DUO-THERM

Always the Leader!

Division of Motor Wheel Corp.,
Lansing 3, Michigan

Manufacturers of Duo-Therm Water Heaters,
Gas Incinerators, Home Heaters,
Duo-Trim Rotary and Reel Power Mowers
DUO-THERM is a registered trademark of the Motor Wheel Corp.

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MIAMI STYLES CONTINUED



COTTON FOR COCKTAILS is used in dress (Ruth Starling, \$35) with top cut like evening gown.

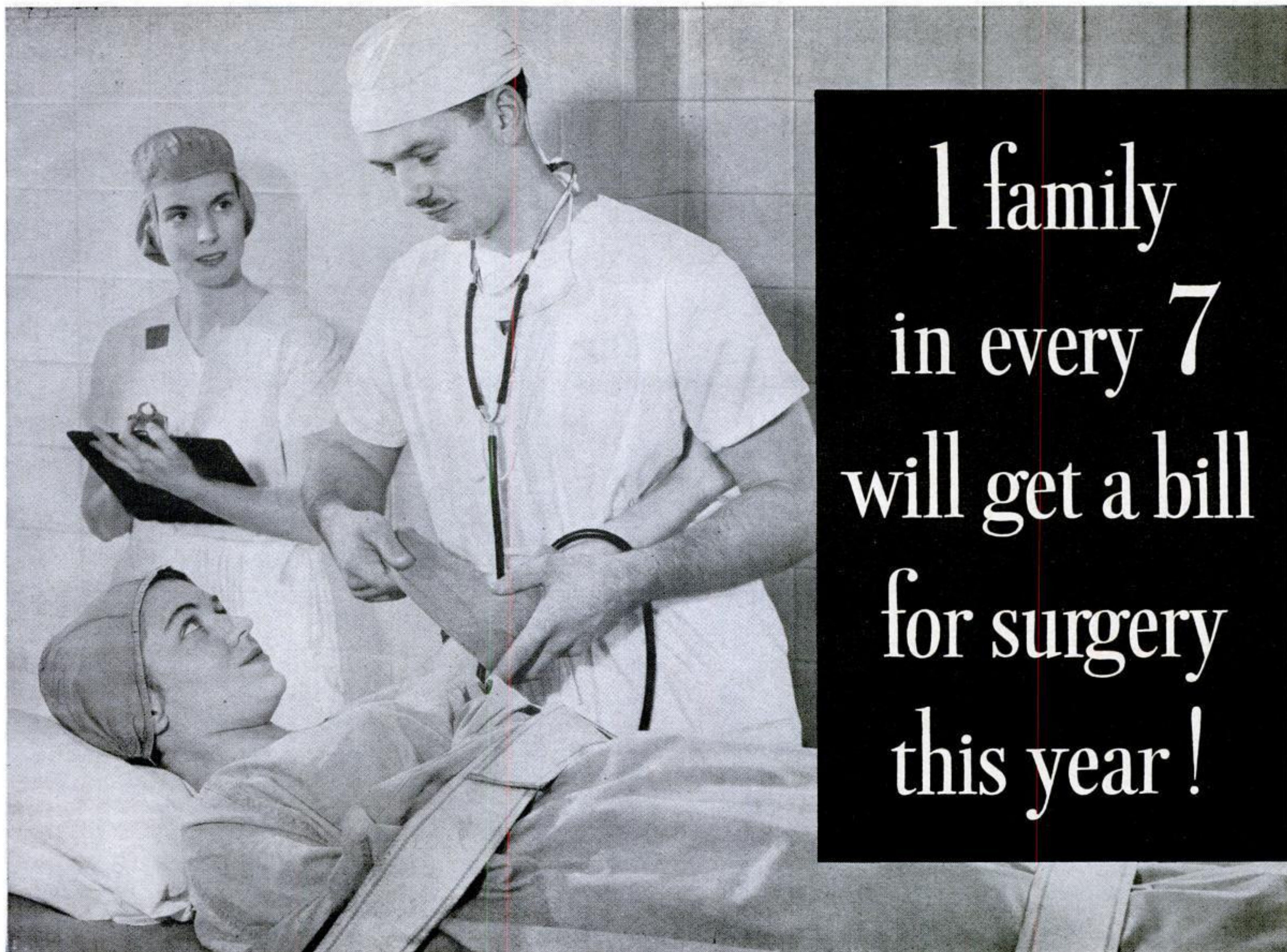


INDUCEMENT FOR BUYERS arranged by Resident Buyer Helen Rich is an outdoor showing held in the palm-lined patio of new Golden Gate Hotel.



SWITCH ON SHIRTWAISTS appears in classic dress with fancy sleeves (Jay Original, \$18).

CONTINUED ON PAGE 74



1 family
in every 7
will get a bill
for surgery
this year!

Atomic Age aid for cancer. By means of radioactive tracers produced in atomic energy plants, doctors can now locate many types of cancer with new accuracy. This makes possible earlier detection and more effective surgical treatment. The majority of admissions to general hospitals are for conditions requiring surgery.

BLUE SHIELD®



the only nonprofit, nationwide organization sponsored
by the doctors to help your family meet
surgical-medical-maternity expenses!

**30 million people belong to Blue Shield . . .
thousands more are joining every day!**

More often than not, meeting the expense of surgery is a bigger worry than the operation itself. But it needn't be! Blue Shield offers a unique way to be prepared for doctor bills.

A simple, proved idea. By joining together voluntarily in Blue Shield with neighbors or fellow-workers, and paying in a modest amount regularly, you are assured definite help with doctor expenses.

Organized solely in the public interest by doctors and other citizens of the community, Blue Shield is *not* for profit. The money you and others pay in, except for a small amount for administration, is *all* set aside to help pay bills for surgical and medical care.

Liberal, specific payments are made for hundreds of types of operations. Many non-surgical services, too, including maternity care, are covered. Often the entire bill for doctor care is taken care of.

The cost of membership is low. Your *whole family* can have Blue Shield protection for only a few cents a day. Costs and benefits are worked out locally to fit local conditions. Because Blue Shield seeks to provide at realistic cost the protection that will benefit most people *most*, it is growing daily in importance.

If you already belong to Blue Shield, you have protection you can count on. Right now, it is helping people meet doctor bills at the rate of *5 million dollars a week*. And remember, too, if you change jobs or retire, this safeguard follows you. You simply arrange it with your local Blue Shield Plan.

How to join where you live. Ask your employer about group enrollment. Or contact the local Blue Shield office listed in your phone book. Rural families, in many states, can join through their farm organizations. Ask in your area. Complete information may also be had by writing Blue Shield Commission, Dept. 212, 425 North Michigan, Chicago 11, Ill.

**For low-cost, broad protection against
hospital bills—join BLUE CROSS!**

It's effective protection because the aim of Blue Cross is to help you get *the actual hospital care you need*. You are assured all the basic hospital services, plus many of the costly extras. Sponsored by the hospitals and citizens locally as a community service, Blue Cross is *not* for profit. It is low in cost.

3 new plastic bandages... all with **SUPER-STICK**

PATENTS PENDING



1. BAND-AID Plastic Strip



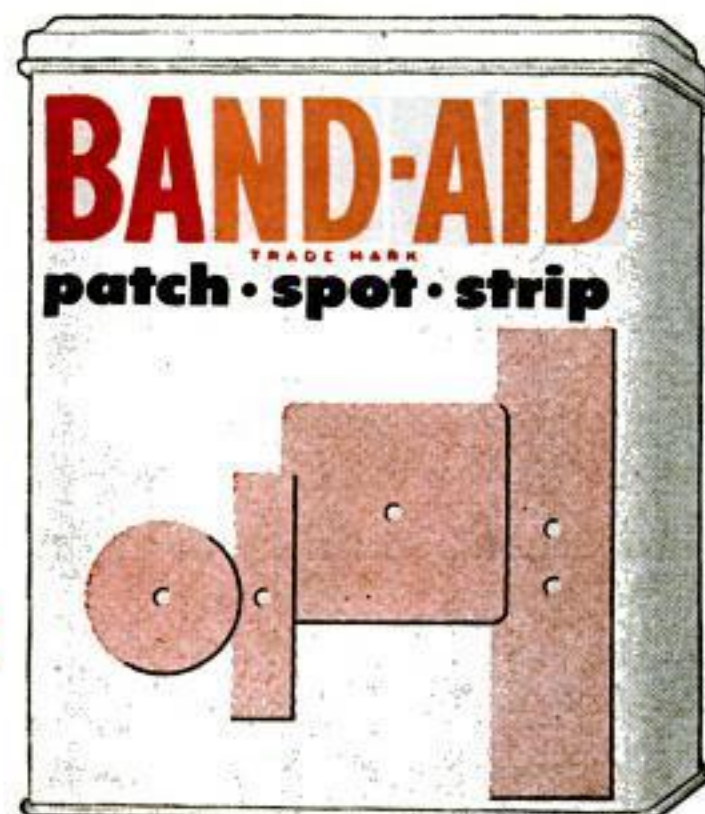
2. BAND-AID Plastic Spot



3. BAND-AID Plastic Patch

A shape for every need.
Won't loosen in water.

Johnson & Johnson



MIAMI STYLES CONTINUED



SATIN TRENCH COAT for evening (Fashions of Florida, \$55) is shown among life-sized plaster camels and Arab on the lawn of lavish Sahara Motel.



BARE-BACKED OVERALLS made in one piece of striped denim with attached halter (Two Smart Girls, \$11) are worn by well-tanned Miami blonde.

BLUE BELL WRANGLERS

are a family affair!



authentic Western wear for men

Blue Bell Wrangler jeans, with slim tapered legs, zipper closure, no-scratch rivets, 4 roomy pockets. Sanforized, extra-heavy weight, coarse-weave denim, sizes 31-42, \$3.69

Sturdy Wrangler jacket, with comfort-cut action back, Sanforized. Men's sizes 30-50, \$4.29; boys' sizes 2-12, \$2.59; 14-16, \$2.98

trim 'n slim for women and girls

Figure-flattering Wrangler jeans, true Western styling, Sanforized. Front or side zipper. Misses' sizes 10-20, in tall, medium, short lengths, \$2.98; girls' sizes 7-14, \$2.79

Pert sleeveless Jeanie blouse. Cheerful solids, stripes and plaids in fashion-right colors... Sanforized. Sizes 30-40, \$1.98

Western comfort for growing boys

Wrangler jeans of tough, Sanforized, extra-heavy, coarse-weave denim, with zipper closure, in the brand champion cowboys choose. Sizes 1-6, \$1.98; 4-12, \$2.79; 13-16, \$3.39

Wrangler shirts for Junior and Dad, too! Close-fitting, comfortable Western cut. Checks, plaids, stripes, solids, all Sanforized. Men's sizes 14-17, \$3.98 to \$4.98; boys' 2-16, \$2.98 to \$3.69. (Gals like them, too!)

long-wearing for little buckaroos

Blue Bell's brand-new Wranglers, with reinforced knees that will actually outwear the dungarees. In the heaviest denim made... Sanforized... and Western as the Rockies! Sizes 4-12, \$2.98

Maverick shirts in two-tone combinations—red and black, navy and gold, maroon and grey. Novelty snaps, fast colors and Sanforized. Sizes 2-12, about \$2.69

Long-wearing, low-priced Blue Bell casual clothes for everyone in your family

At your favorite store—or write Blue Bell, Inc., Empire State Building, New York 1, N. Y., for name of your nearest dealer.



Stunt driver takes "pile driver plunge" with 40 nails in tires!

We hammered ten nails each into four new Tubeless *De Luxe* Super-Cushions and mounted them on a Jimmie Lynch Death Dodger car. Then a stunt driver raced this car off a ramp—zoomed into space—came down with the crashing impact of a

pile driver on the landing ramp you see above! Total damage: one shaken driver! No puncture flats! No air lost!

Goodyear's exclusive 3-T Cord and Grip-Seal construction make this kind of puncture protec-

tion possible. If a nail should enter a new Tubeless *De Luxe* Super-Cushion, it's gripped like a vise—the air stays in. In ordinary driving, the air stays locked in until you remove the nail at your convenience.

MORE PEOPLE RIDE ON GOODYEAR TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND!



Tubeless DeLuxe Super-Cushion by

Look for this sign; there's a Goodyear dealer near you.

All-New Tubeless Super-Cushions

REDUCE PUNCTURE FLATS 80%

Goodyear's exclusive 3-T Cord and Grip-Seal construction make possible **the one true tubeless tire!**

Taxi fleet owners report that, in many months of all-road driving, cabs equipped with new Tubeless Super-Cushions had less than $\frac{1}{5}$ the number of puncture flats normally experienced with other tires.

What does it take to produce a tire that reduces puncture flats by 80% in 54 million merciless miles? It takes the world's most durable tire cord, 3-T Cord, plus Grip-Seal construction—and only Goodyear has it.

In its exclusive and patented 3-T process, Goodyear triple tempers tough cord sinews and integrates them with improved rubber compounds under Tension, Temperature and Time—unifies rubber and fabric with Grip-Seal construction to produce a tubeless tire body that's completely airtight—the strongest ever made!

This triple-action process makes the fabric plies stronger, livelier, more durable—effectively controls “growth” and prevents tire damage.

You get greater protection against blowouts!

Any tire will blow out if it is cut through. But naturally the tire with the strongest cord offers you the greatest protection against cuts and bruises that start fabric breaks—the most common cause of blowouts. 3-T Cord is so tough that any break grows slowly. Instead of a sudden, dangerous blowout, you get a gradual, harmless loss of air.

Bring your car up-to-date with the one true tubeless tire—the new Tubeless *De Luxe* Super-Cushion! Your Goodyear dealer will buy all the unused mileage in your present tires.

It's the choice of leading car makers... make it your choice, too!



Smooth, quiet ride! New tread design greatly reduces tire squeal and hum. Goodyear's exclusive new “Precision-Built” construction results from revolutionary new method of joining tire tread ends—eliminates heavy spots which cause annoying tire thump and extra wear.



Shorter stops and longer go! 1806 inches of non-skid edges and 880 deep-cut stop notches stand guard between you and a dangerous skid. 15% more traction lets you brake to swifter, safer stops. Lighter weight and new wear-sharing tread give up to 12% more mileage.



This great new tubeless tire is available in either 3-T Rayon or Nylon Cord. This new tread design is also available in a conventional tire that uses a tube. Goodyear, Akron 16, Ohio.

GOODYEAR

Super-Cushion, T. M., The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio



CHARLESTON SHRIMP BAKE

Saute, in 3 tbsps. butter or margarine: 3 tbsps. chopped onion. Add, blending well: 1 8-oz. package ANN PAGE Elbow Macaroni, cooked and drained • $\frac{1}{4}$ cup chopped parsley • $\frac{1}{8}$ tsp. pepper • $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. salt • $\frac{1}{4}$ tsp. nutmeg • 1 tbsp. Worcestershire Sauce

In a greased 2-qt. casserole place alternate layers of macaroni mixture and cooked shrimp (1 lb. medium shrimp... reserve 8 for top.)

Quick Tomato-Cheese Sauce: In a saucepan heat 1 $10\frac{1}{2}$ -oz. can Ann Page Tomato Soup. Add 1 cup grated Parmesan cheese, stirring until blended.

Pour a 3" border of sauce around edge of casserole. Arrange 8 remaining shrimp, fantail-fashion, around sauce. Bake in a 350°F. oven 25 minutes. Sprinkle sauce lightly with Parmesan cheese just before serving. Serves 6.

Meatless and Marvelous!
...and **Extra Thrifty**

made with *Ann Page* elbow macaroni

This zesty, mouth-watering shrimp dish serves 6 hungry eaters generously and economically! Delicious, low-cost Ann Page Macaroni takes to shrimp and seasoning perfectly, makes food go farther, taste better! Like all Ann Page foods, it's made in A&P's own Ann Page modern food kitchens, sold only in A&P stores. This eliminates unnecessary in-between expenses and you share the saving! Let Ann Page Macaroni give the "crowning touch" to your meals... and save!

ANN
PAGE

PROVES

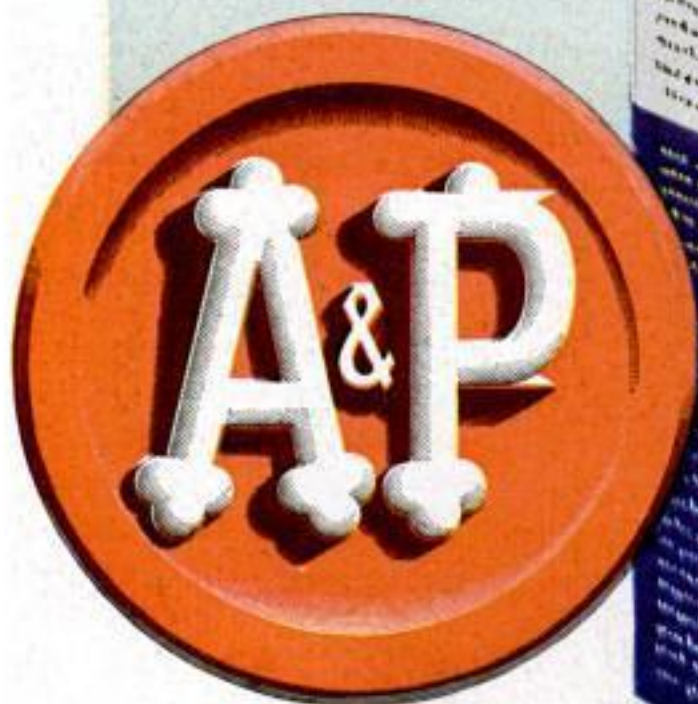
*Fine Foods
Needn't Be
Expensive*

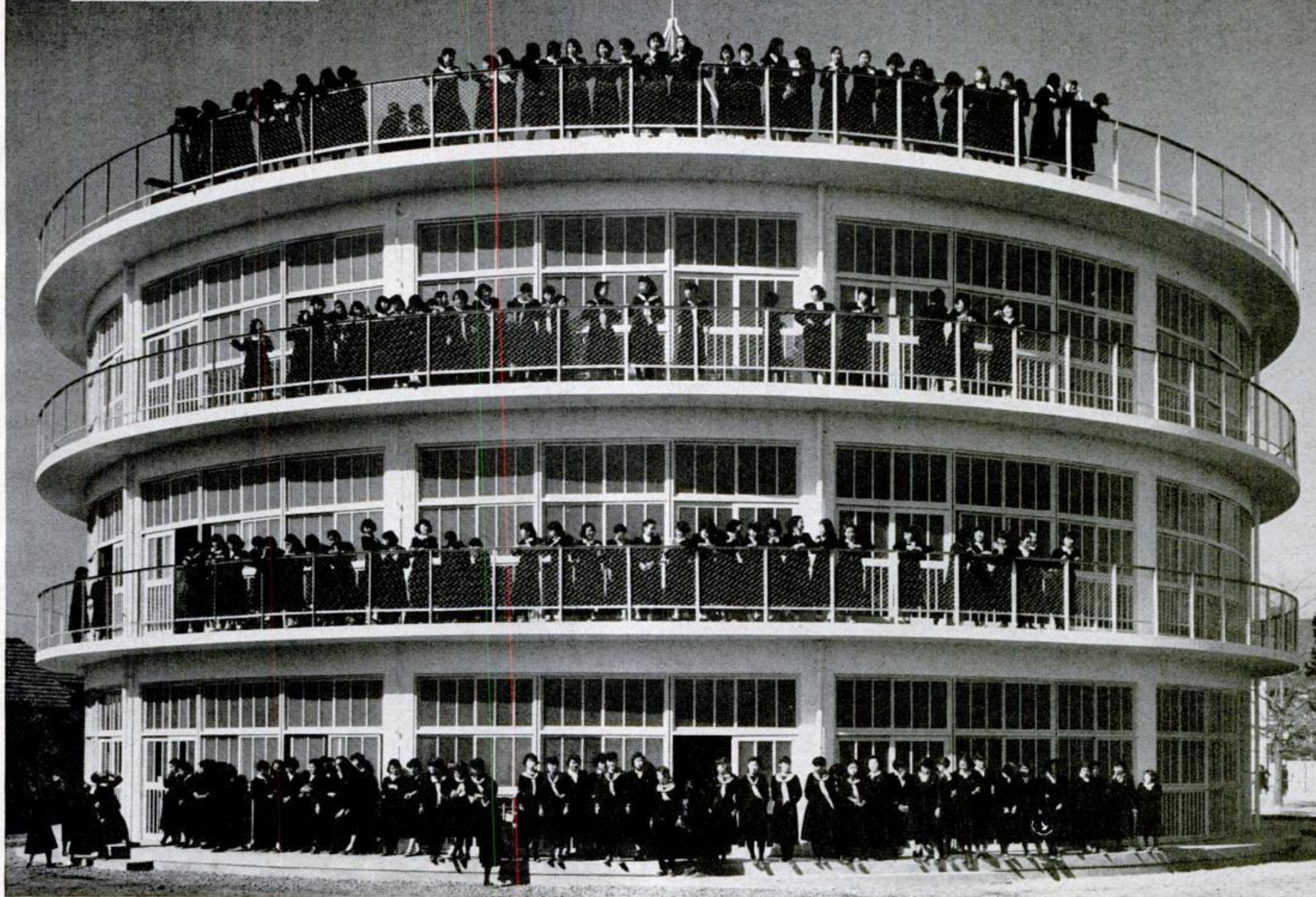
AMONG THE OTHER 33 FINE FOODS

in the famous Ann Page family are such favorites as: Preserves, Prepared Beans, Peanut Butter, Macaroni Products, Prepared Spaghetti, Sparkle Gelatin Desserts and Puddings, Tomato Soup, Ketchup, Spices, Extracts, etc.



REFUND OR A REFUND OF MONEY
Guaranteed by
Good Housekeeping
IF NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN





AT RECESS TIME FUJIMI STUDENTS SUN THEMSELVES ON VERANDAS OF NEW BUILDING EACH GLASS-WALLED SECTION FORMS REAR OF PIE-SHAPED CLASSROOM

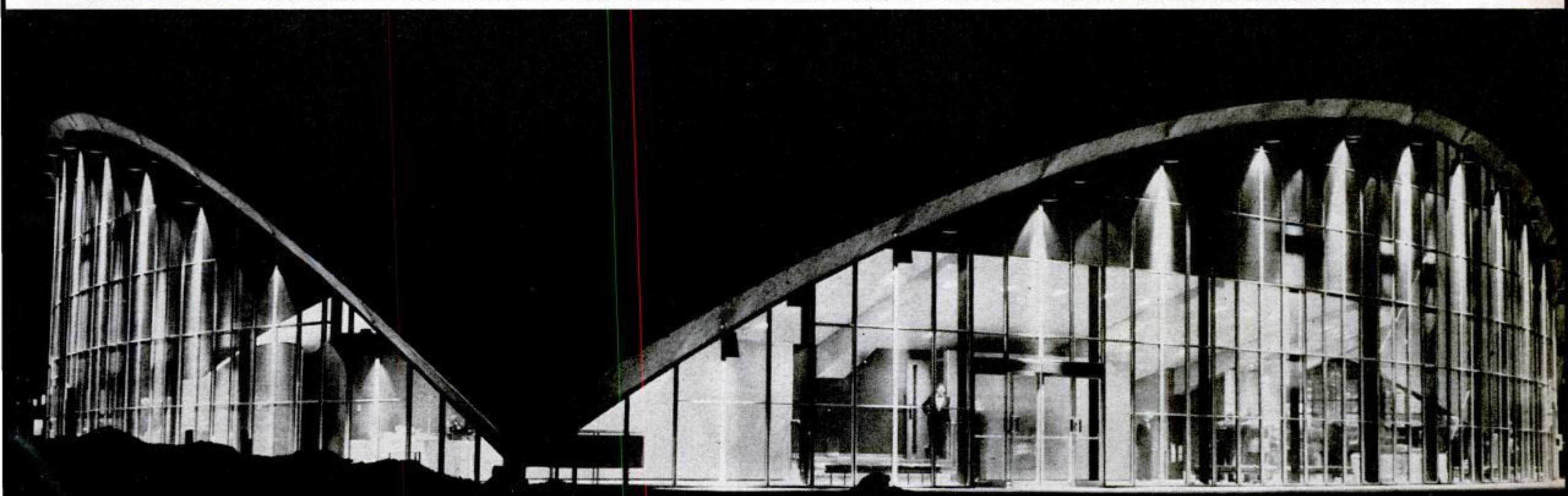
CONCRETE CURVES ON CAMPUSES

In Japan and in the U.S., schools unveil buildings of odd shape and unconventional construction

On two campuses at opposite ends of the earth, school architecture was breaking out with a bold, curvaceous look. In suburban Tokyo, the Fujimi Girls High School opened an \$85,000 classroom building in the shape of a four-story circular concrete tower. Ringed with verandas where the uniformed girls can stretch their legs between classes, the glass-walled structure manages in the view above to look incongruously like the bulbous stern of a passenger liner.

In suburban Cambridge, the Massachusetts Institute of Technology unveiled a \$1.5 million campus auditorium consisting chiefly of a vast concrete dome in the shape of a three-cornered piece of orange peeling. By night, illuminated from within, it takes on some of the looping beauty of an airplane hangar (*below*). By day, it is revealed for what it really is: a revolution in design which employs techniques more natural to bridges than buildings (*p. 82*).

AT NIGHTTIME, M.I.T. AUDITORIUM IS ILLUMINATED FOR HOUSEWARMING BY THE FACULTY. GLASS WALLS REACH UP 28 FEET TO ARCHING UNDEREDGE OF DOME





NEW MUM MIST PROTECTS EVEN THE 2 IN 5 WHO PERSPIRE FREELY

*Here's deodorant protection
you never thought possible!*

New Mum Mist spray deodorant stops perspiration instantly and for hours. Contains miracle hexachlorophene to prevent odor all day long—even if you are one of the 2 in 5 who perspire freely.

No more messy running or dripping!

Mum Mist sprays on, stays on. It dries fast—won't run, won't drip. Completely safe for normal skin—doesn't damage delicate fabrics. For protection that's fast, protection that lasts—get new Mum Mist!

At all toiletries counters **59c**



with hexachlorophene

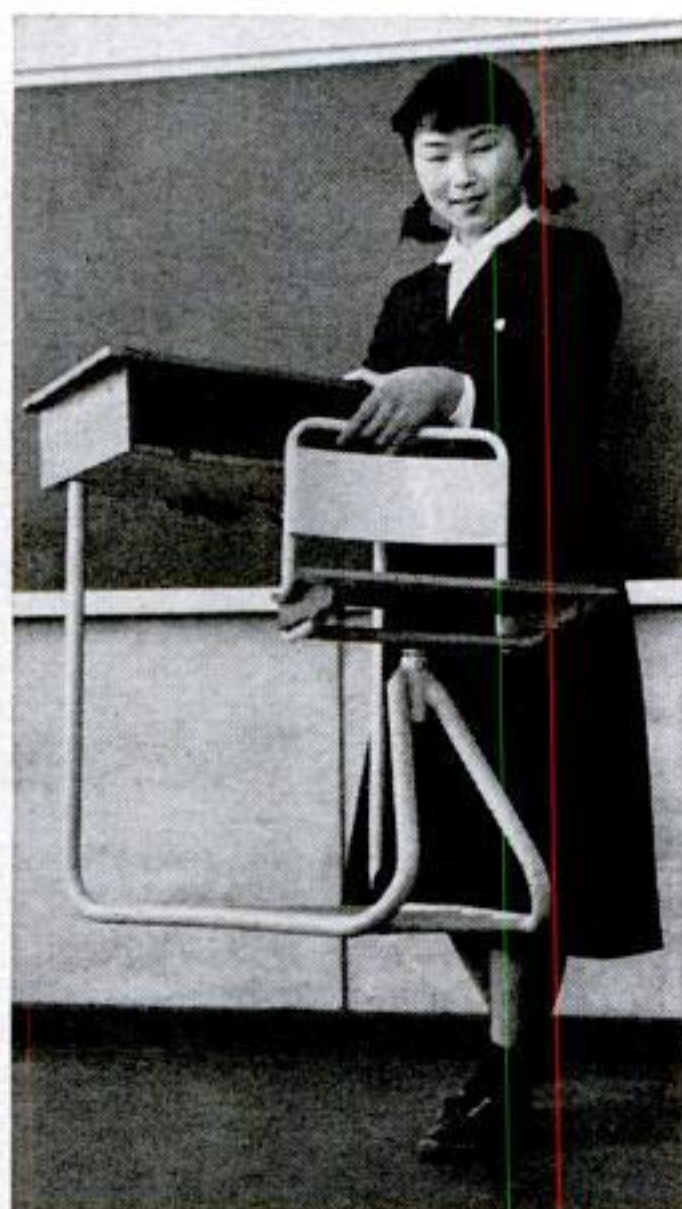
A PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS



MASSIVE BULK characterizes the underside view of the M.I.T. dome as it sweeps down to one of its three corners (right). Outside, concrete buttresses (above) support each corner of the delicately-balanced 1,500-ton shell.

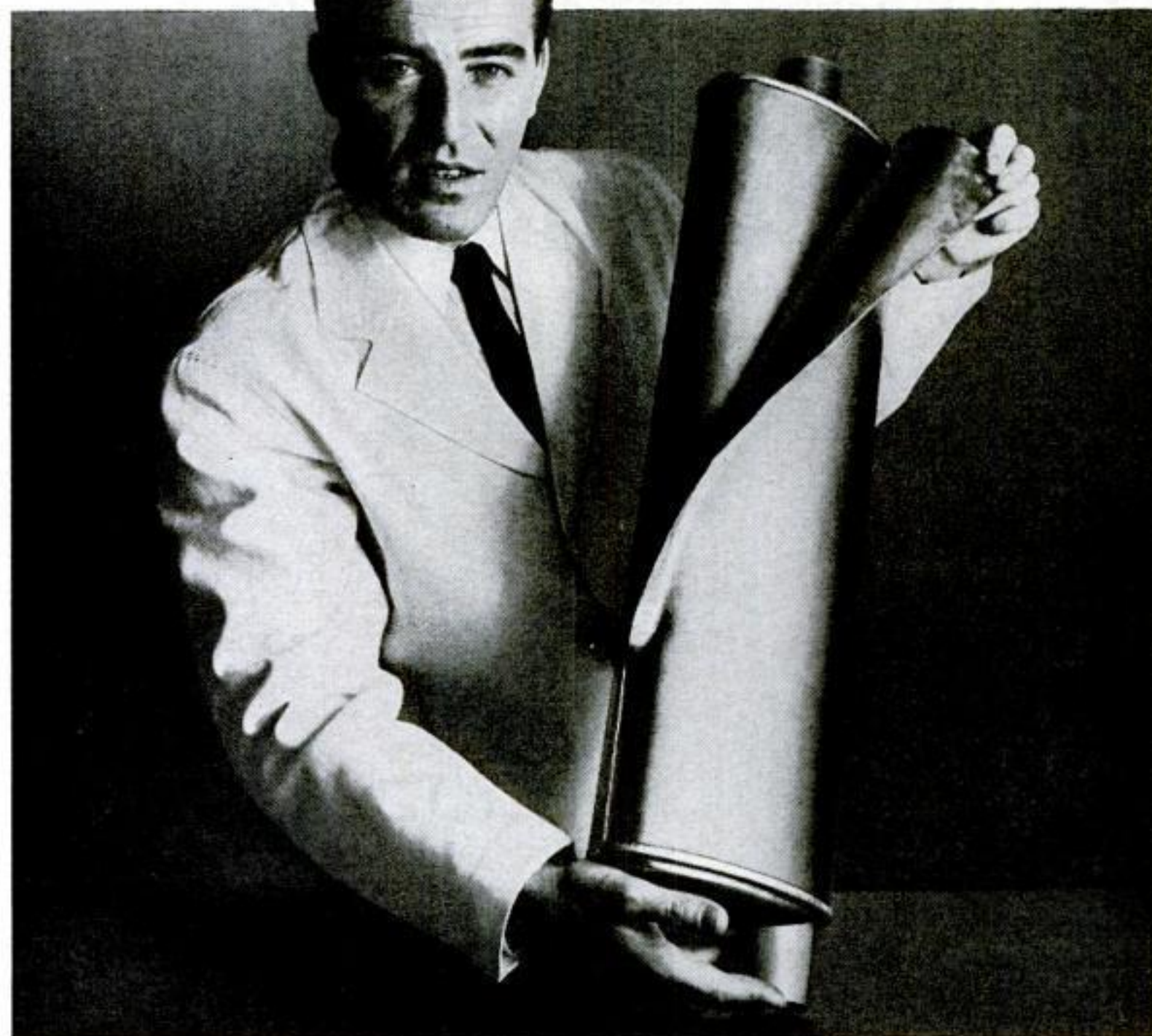


SCHOOLS CONTINUED



GRACEFUL LINES mark spiral staircase (left) in the center of the Fujimi classroom building. Above, student in a classroom changes the location of her portable chair-and-desk combination which weighs less than 20 pounds.

Get the muffler with the **TWIN SKINS**



It's easy to see why Genuine Ford Mufflers last longer and give better protection from exhaust fumes when you see how their outer shell is made up of *two layers* of 26-gauge steel.

Genuine Ford Mufflers are double-wrapped to give you greater quiet and longer life

You *know* you're doing right by your Ford when you tell your serviceman you want a *Genuine Ford Muffler*. Every one is made to the *exact* specifications set by the men who first built your Ford. In addition, before they're allowed into production, Genuine Ford Mufflers have to pass many special Ford tests. For instance, they must pass very exacting quiet tests, wear tests of thousands of miles, and they must take 50 successive backfires without failure.

When replacements will add to your Ford's performance, always specify *Genuine Ford Parts*—they're exact duplicates of your Ford's original equipment—and they're *made right to fit right to last you longer*.



Keep your Ford all Ford

Exclusive Offer!

Made to introduce you to

Dinner Time brand® Pot Pies



IN CANS—ready to open, bake, serve! Keep indefinitely with **NO REFRIGERATION**

CHICKEN—the real "Sunday dinner" kind, with choice vegetables and rich gravy—sealed between top-and-bottom crusts of tender, flaky pastry. 3 servings like this in every delicious pie!

BEEF—and plenty of it! This is famous Kansas City beef, tender and rich-flavored, mixed with vegetables and fine beef gravy, between crisp, tender crusts. Real home-baked flavor!



Dinner Time brand® Solid Copper Server and Baker



Heavy heirloom copper
Solid brass handles
Smooth aluminum lining
Complete with star hanger
Use as baker or snack server

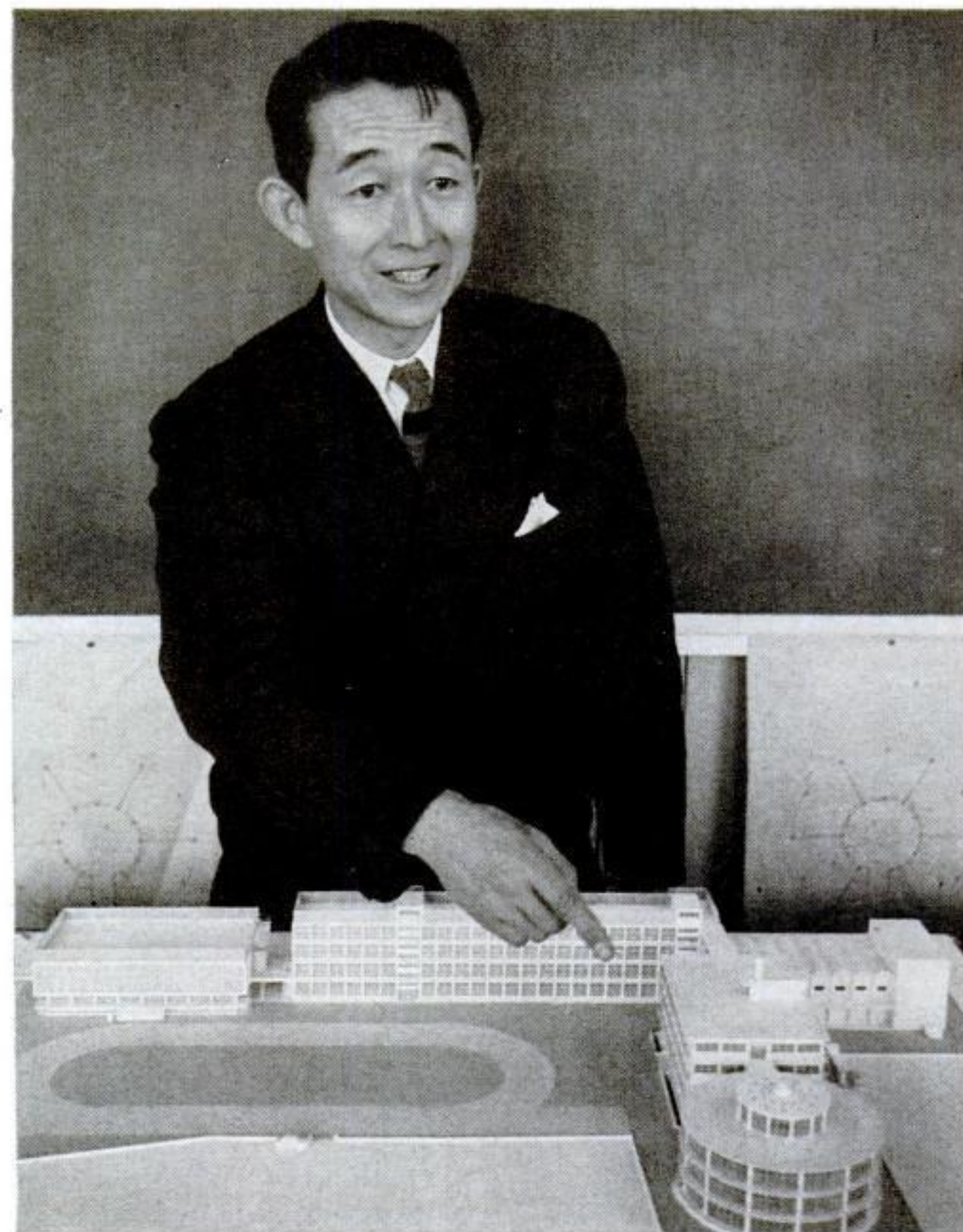
Order several! Get Dinner Time Pot Pies at your grocer's.

**\$3.00 VALUE
ONLY \$1.00**

and Paper Circle from under the lid of any Dinner Time Pie.
Mail to: Dinner Time Pies
L. A. 27, Calif.

TRENTON FOODS, INC., KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI

SCHOOLS CONTINUED

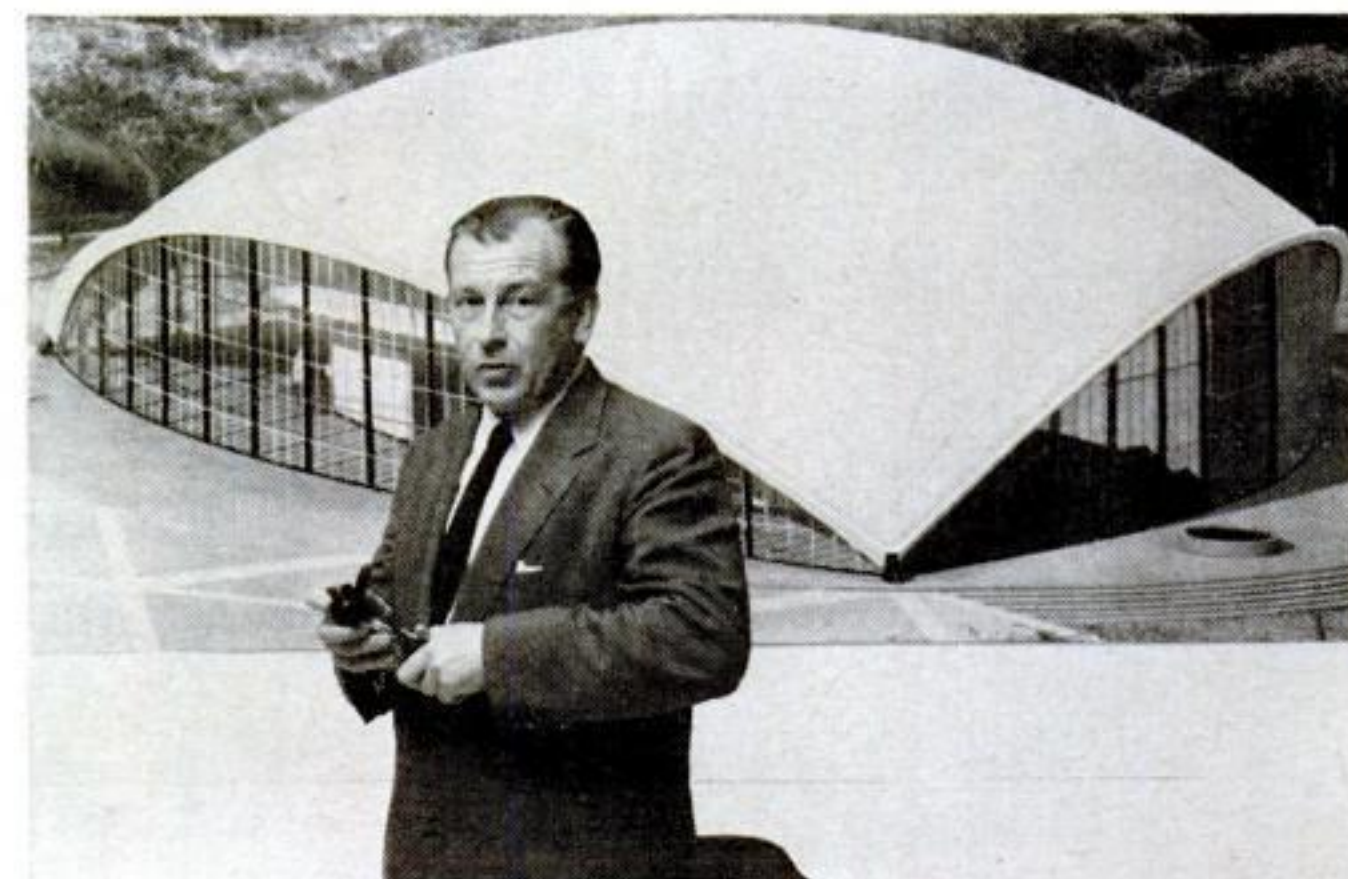


SCHOOLHOUSE ARCHITECT, Kanao Sakamoto, 42, points to model of his new building. Behind it are models of the school's conventional buildings.

OLD HANDS AT ODD SHAPES

The idea for the Fujimi schoolhouse came naturally to its Japanese architect, Kanao Sakamoto (*above*). Long fascinated by circular objects, he concluded that a round building might be an efficient approach to the special facts of school life. With a floor plan divided up into six equal pie-shaped areas, students sit facing the apex of the triangular classrooms with daylight coming in through the window walls at their backs. Between classes, with little distance to cover, students can easily move from one room to the next.

Strange shapes come naturally to Finnish-born Eero Saarinen (*below*), son of the late architect Eliel Saarinen, an architect in his own right who collaborated with Charles Eames in designing the original molded chair (*LIFE*, Nov. 15, 1948). As the head of the architectural team working on the M.I.T. auditorium, Saarinen conceived the vast dome as a departure from conventional rectangular auditoriums. Designing and constructing it presented all the stress-and-strain problems of a bridge. But like a bridge, it provides a handsomely impressive method of spanning an enormous area without intermediate support.



AUDITORIUM ARCHITECT Eero Saarinen, 44, stands before photomural of his M.I.T. model. Main theater area inside has seating capacity of 1,200.



Your Key to Hospitality...

"Kentucky Hunt"
by Robert Addison



It's old-fashioned... deliberately so.
It's slow-made and oak-ripened by
our original sour mash recipe... the
costliest known. Its flavor is unique
... its cost far less than you'd expect.
It's yours to enjoy... tonight.

OLD FITZGERALD



STITZEL-WELLER DISTILLERY

ESTABLISHED LOUISVILLE, KY., 1849

Pacific Coast Chowder Supper

CLAMS CATALINA SEA FARE CHOWDER
PATIO SALAD
GOLDEN FRUIT PIE
COFFEE



Watch your family sail into this

Pacific Coast Chowder Supper

It's a breeze to fix—with today's most-delicious-ever canned foods!

You'd expect the people who live along the shores of one of the world's greatest oceans to be lovers of sea food—and experts at preparing it.

Pacific-Coasters live up to expectations! And no matter where you live... even if it's hundreds of miles from any coast... you can share their fresh-from-the-ocean catches and their "catchy" way of cooking.

For all the major foods in this typical West Coast-style supper are available at your grocery in Canco cans... the cans made by American Can Company.

For an appetite-piquing starter—try this clam creation. No cleaning or steaming—when you "dig" the clams from cans. Yet they have real oceanic flavor.

CLAMS CATALINA

Combine 1 can (7 or 10½ oz.) minced or whole clams (or oysters), well drained; 3 anchovy fillets, chopped; 3 tablespoons chopped green pepper; and 1 pimiento, chopped. Spoon into 4 sea food shells. Top each with ½ strip bacon, if desired; broil under medium heat 3 minutes, or until bacon is crisp.

Now, for the main course, a steaming tureen of chowder—so whiffing-good, so eating-good that it's practically guaranteed to turn even a non-fish-fan into an enthusiastic chowder hound.

SEA FARE CHOWDER

1 can condensed cream of tomato soup
1 can condensed cream of mushroom soup
1½ cups milk
1 can (1 lb. 4 oz.) white potatoes, drained and cut in quarters
1 can (8 oz.; 1 cup) peas, drained
1 can (7-8 oz.) tuna or salmon, drained and flaked
1 can (6½ oz.) crab meat, drained and flaked
2 tablespoons grated onion
1 cup (½ pt.) light cream

Blend tomato soup, mushroom soup and milk. Add potatoes, peas, tuna (or salmon), crab meat and onion; heat thoroughly. Just before serving, add cream; heat well, but do not boil.

No "Far West" meal is complete without salad. It is often served as a separate course before the entree. Whether you adopt that custom—or bring it on with the chowder—here's a deliciously *different* recipe.

The canned green beans (whole, cut or French style) save time—and give you more vitamins than you often get in fresh-shipped varieties, because they're picked at prime, processed *immediately*.

PATIO SALAD

Combine ½ cup wine vinegar, ¼ cup salad or olive oil, 1½ teaspoons salt, ½ teaspoon paprika and 1 clove garlic; pour over 1 can (1 lb.) green beans, drained; cover; chill. To serve, remove garlic; drain beans, reserving dressing. Toss 3 cups shredded cabbage with part of reserved dressing. (Save remainder for another salad.) Arrange beans and cabbage on plates; garnish with ripe olives.

For dessert—try this superb chiffon pie laced with the whole *variety* of fruits that come all prepared, ready to use, in canned fruit cocktail. You can make it in the morning—or even the day before.

GOLDEN FRUIT PIE

1 envelope unflavored gelatin
¼ cup cold water
1 can (1 lb.) fruit cocktail
¼ cup sugar
1 can (6 oz.) frozen orange juice concentrate, (or orange beverage concentrate) undiluted
3 egg whites
1 baked 9-inch pastry shell
Toasted slivered almonds

Sprinkle gelatin over cold water; let stand 5 minutes. Drain fruit cocktail, reserving syrup. Measure ¾ cup syrup, adding water if necessary; bring to boil. Pour over gelatin; add sugar; stir until gelatin and sugar are dissolved. Blend in orange juice or beverage concentrate; chill until thick and syrupy. Beat egg whites until stiff but not dry, using hand or electric beater; beat in gelatin mixture thoroughly; chill until almost firm. Fold in drained fruit; turn into cooled pastry shell; chill until firm. Garnish with almonds.

Note: Whenever you do not use a full can of food, cover and keep the remainder in the refrigerator *right in the can*. It's safe—and it's sensible!

SPECIALLY GOOD COFFEE

Make it by your favorite method—but make it *especially good* by using vacuum-packed coffee in cans.

The key to good coffee is the key that comes with vacuum pack cans. If coffee is exposed to air, it loses roaster-fresh aroma and flavor. American Can scientists invented the familiar "squat" can with the easy "zipper" opening and replaceable lid that makes it possible for you to buy really *fresh*, vacuum-packed coffee.

For greatest convenience, get your cream—and milk—in Canco's disposable paper container with the flat top that opens and closes so easily.

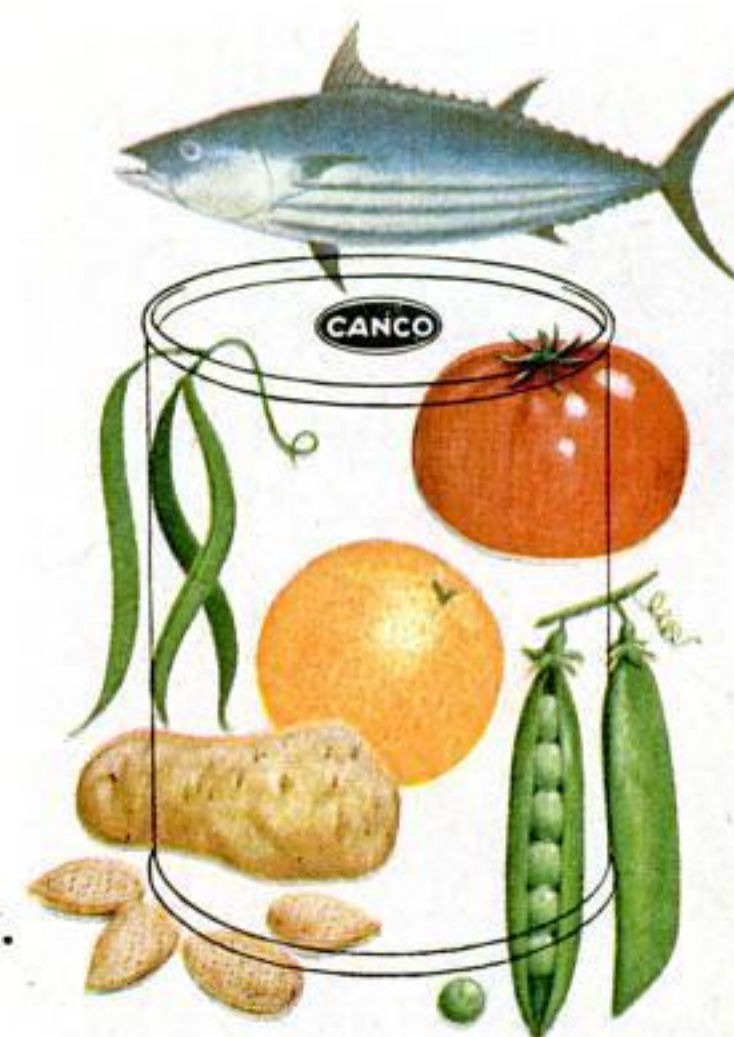
These recipes serve 4. You may use can weights that vary slightly from those given here. Recipes were developed in Test Kitchens of American Can Co.

If it comes in a Canco can—it comes to you at its best!

American Can Company



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are just around the corner . . . at the Cutex counter!

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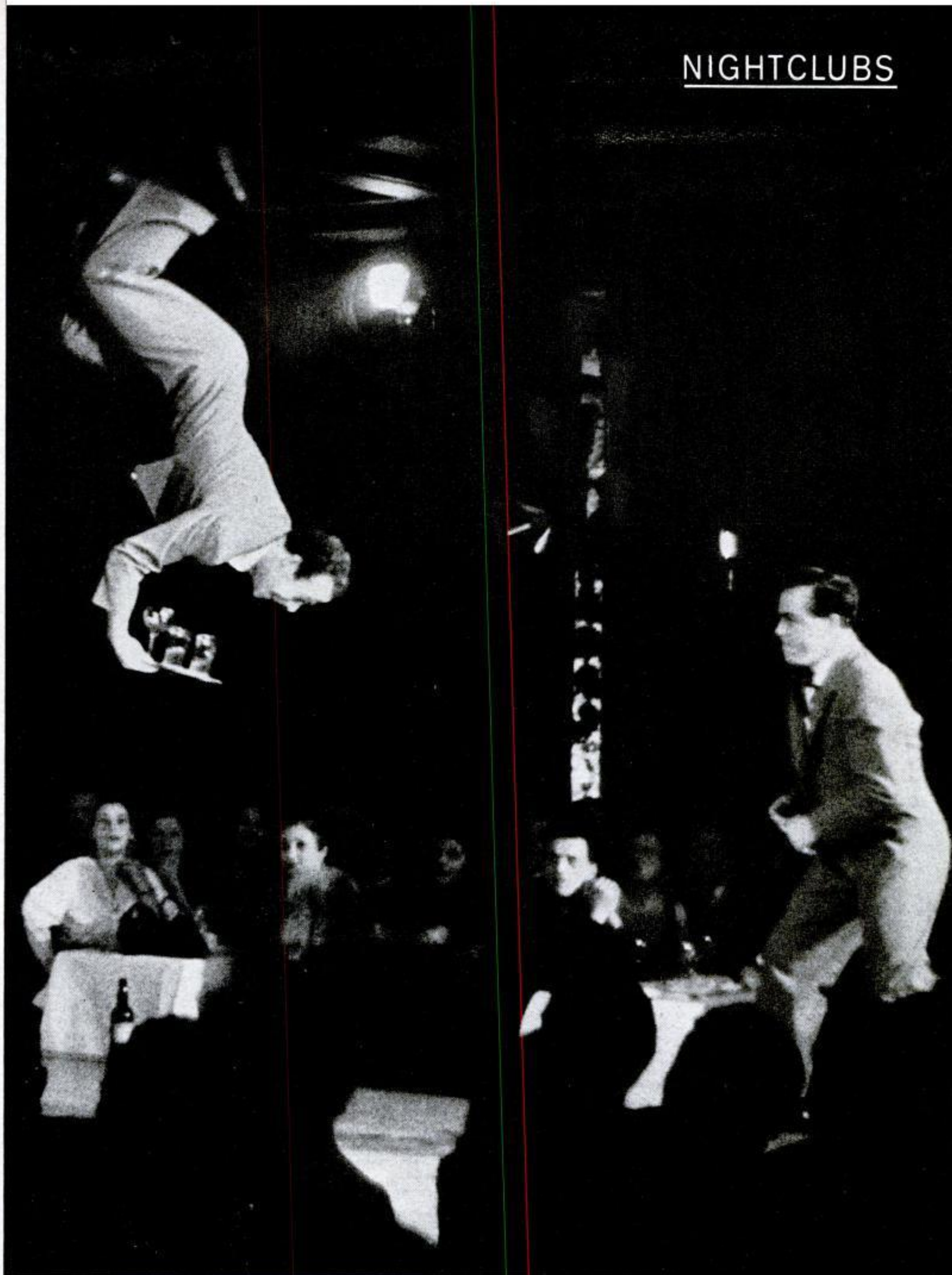


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Cutex model wears STRIKE ME PINK lipstick with ROSE PEARL polish.

CUTEX

NIGHTCLUBS



UPSIDE DOWN ACROBAT KEEPS GLASSES ON TRAY AS HE TURNS SOMERSAULT FROM HANDS OF HIS PARTNER (RIGHT)



A SAFE LANDING, with wine unspilled, is made by Walter who then proffers glasses to their owners.

A FLIP WITH NO DRIP

Even walking on level ground, most restaurant waiters are likely to slop whatever liquids they are carrying. But an astonishing young Paris acrobat, Walter Bruxellos, is doing a new act at the famous Lido nightclub which puts all waiters to shame. He is handed a tray of glasses half full of wine, some of them collected from the ringside tables. His brother Kurt kneels beside him and Walter puts one foot into Kurt's cupped hands. Balancing the tray on one hand, Walter is boosted straight up in the air, and then suddenly does a back-flip, spinning the tray faster than his body so the centrifugal force will keep the wine in the glasses and the glasses on the tray. When he lands on the ground he sags a little and the glasses wobble. But they don't fall. And what's more they don't drip.

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THE MILWAUKEE ROAD

Important



information

for everybody who is about to buy a television set

Many electronic
discoveries resulting
from our pioneering
in color TV are built
into the new Motorola
black and white sets
right now *(at no increase in price)*

Four of the color discoveries in Motorola black and white sets right now

Thermostatic Tuning—Black and white tuners only have to keep track of one signal. A color tuner must keep accurate track of three. (Stands to reason doesn't it, that the color tuner must be far more precise?) From our color research has come a great new principle for black and white television: Thermostatic Tuning.

You've probably noticed that after your present set has been turned on for a while the picture usually needs readjusting. Service men call this "drifting." Here's what causes it: as tubes and coils in your set warm up, they change just enough to make your picture unstable. In Motorola color research, we have developed new ceramic condensers that *automatically adjust* these temperature differences, much like a thermostat. Result: on the new Motorola black and white sets, your picture is perfectly "in tune" when you turn it on—and *stays* that way.

New Beam Stabilizer—The picture on your television screen is made by shooting electrons at the picture tube face. To keep these electrons perfectly controlled, a device called the "yoke" is fitted around the neck of the picture tube.



Controlling these electrons for *one* color is complicated enough—but developing a picture tube yoke precise enough to handle *three colors* called for new techniques and materials. Research produced three important improvements: a new design, a new type of wiring, and brand-new metal compound for use in the yoke. These color extras are now at work in Motorola black and white sets, giving you a better defined picture in sharper focus.

New Signal Sealed Circuits—Color television requires uncommonly precise controls throughout the set, in order to gain what the experts call "horizontal stability." (When this stability is lost, your picture tears away from the sides of the screen.) Our research in developing color television has pointed the way to new techniques and circuits for increasing horizontal stability—giving you a much clearer, steadier black and white picture.

Humidity Proof Insulation—A color set operates at almost twice the voltage of black and white. This tremendously increased voltage demanded better insulation. Working with the country's leading insulation experts, Motorola developed completely new kinds of insulating materials.



These shield against interference from high voltage, and protect the set against severe humidity changes which high voltage causes. These new materials are now in use in Motorola black and white TV. They eliminate voltage leaks which cause streaking and collapsing of the picture, and protect against damaging humidity variations.

These new discoveries won't bring you color on your black and white set, but they are a big extra in black and white reception, and they're yours in Motorola alone!

How can Motorola deliver these color extras—and still cost less than other leading brands?

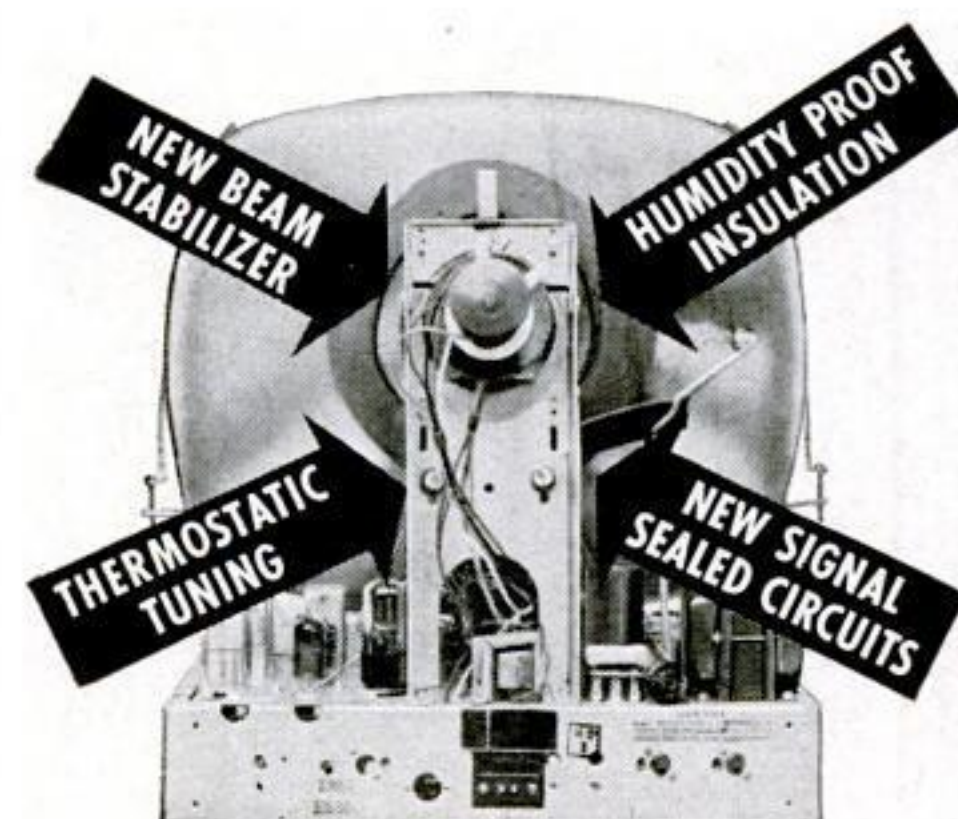
To find the answer, step behind the scenes for a moment. Motorola, you will find, is the only one of television's Big Four that specializes in electronics alone. No other has so high a percentage of scientists and engineers. From these experts have come the first big-screen color TV, the famous handie-talkie, industrial microwave. Brains such as theirs find even so complex a mechanism as TV relatively simple to make better. Doesn't it seem logical that the maker who has become the leader in other forms of electronic communication should also be able to deliver the most efficient TV set at a lower price? Tomorrow see Motorola TV—the best value in sight (and sound).



The powerful chassis in this handsome Motorola 21-inch console strengthens weak signals, gives the sharpest, steadiest picture *anywhere*—even where some sets won't work at all! Model 21K32, in Mahogany, only \$299.95. Other consoles from \$199.95.*



This compact table model has the most nearly automatic tuning in television. Brilliance and contrast remain at the same comfortable viewing level as you switch from channel to channel. Model 21T23, in Mahogany, only \$199.95. Other table models from \$139.95.*



*Federal Excise Tax and Parts Warranty included. UHF optional, extra. Prices slightly higher South and West and subject to change without notice.

Motorola TV

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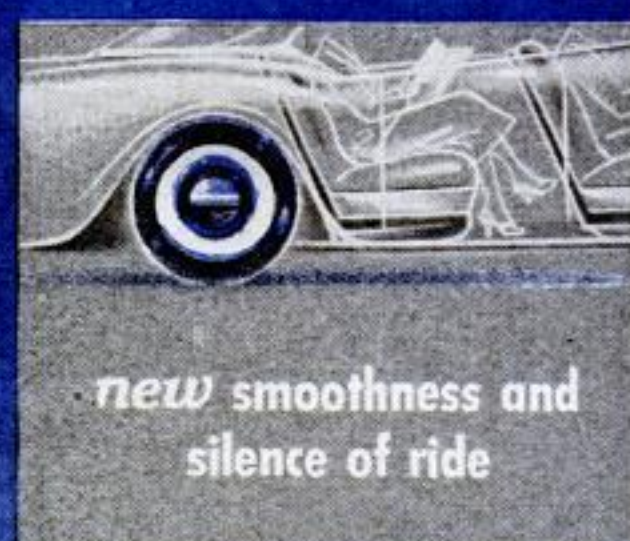
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higher speeds*



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for your car*



*new freedom from
punctures and blowouts*



*new smoothness and
silence of ride*



*new instant, automatic
stopping action*



*new mileage you'll
measure in years*

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Advancing even the leadership established by previous U. S. Royal Masters, here beyond question is the *safest* nylon tubeless tire you can ride on today—regardless of the speeds at which you may drive your car.

Its nylon cords are specially treated with an exclusive material called "Pyrafin" to stabilize them against heat, friction and wear. And its unique tubeless construction is the result of advanced methods developed by U. S. Rubber engineers.

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Yes, and the exclusive, high-speed, Inst-o-matic tread of the New U. S. Royal Master gives you instant,

automatic traction and stopping action such as you've never known before—coupled with the world's smoothest, quietest, easiest-steering ride!

Beyond all that, the exclusive High-Light styling of this distinguished tire brings to your car a new elegance of beauty-in-motion.

And its built-in stamina brings you *far longer mileage than you ever hoped to get from any tire!*

For your new car, or the one you now drive, take care of your tire needs for a long time to come with new U. S. Royal Masters that fit all standard rims.

Why not visit your car dealer, or your U. S. Royal Tire dealer, right away?



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Tomorrow's Fossils

MANY RARE ANIMALS FACE EXTINCTION AS CIVILIZATION EXPANDS

PAINTINGS FOR LIFE BY WALTER FERGUSON

In the long history of life, thousands of animals have arisen to walk the earth, only to disappear as others take their place. So leisurely is evolution that barely once in thousands of years does a new species appear or vanish. But a rapidly expanding civilization is disrupting

the animal world so severely that hardly a year goes by without some disappearing.

Alarmed at this destruction, the International Union for the Protection of Nature, in Brussels, has published a selected list of mammals and birds which are nearest extinction.

This year the union is sending an ecologist to cooperate with the countries which are trying to conserve them. For unless protective measures are quickly taken, the animals shown on these pages—like the Dodo and the passenger pigeon—will vanish forever from the earth.



THE BANDED ANTEATER OF AUSTRALIA

The animals of Australia have suffered more from civilization than those of any other continent. Isolated for millions of years from the world, a majority are marsupials who carry their young in pouches. Australia's marsupials have proved a poor match for aggressive mammals like the cat, dog and fox, which civilization brought to the continent. One close to extinction is the banded anteater, once abundant in the eucalyptus

forests. The size of a large rat, it is abroad day and night in search of ants and termites. Encountering another anteater, it may stop for a bit of playful wrestling. Because it is slow and defenseless, the anteater is an easy mark for predators, mainly wild dogs. To preserve the animals, the Australian government is considering establishing a colony on Kangaroo Island, which so far is free of this anteater's mammalian enemies.

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THE ASIATIC OR INDIAN LION

Twenty-five centuries ago in the days of the Assyrian and Persian empires the Asiatic lion roamed freely across Asia Minor and Greece, Arabia and India. Its terrifying images, embellished with wings, decorated the cities of Darius and Xerxes. Smaller than its African counterpart, the Asiatic lion has a heavier coat of hair but a less prominent mane. Though its natural prey is boar and antelope, the proximity of man has offered

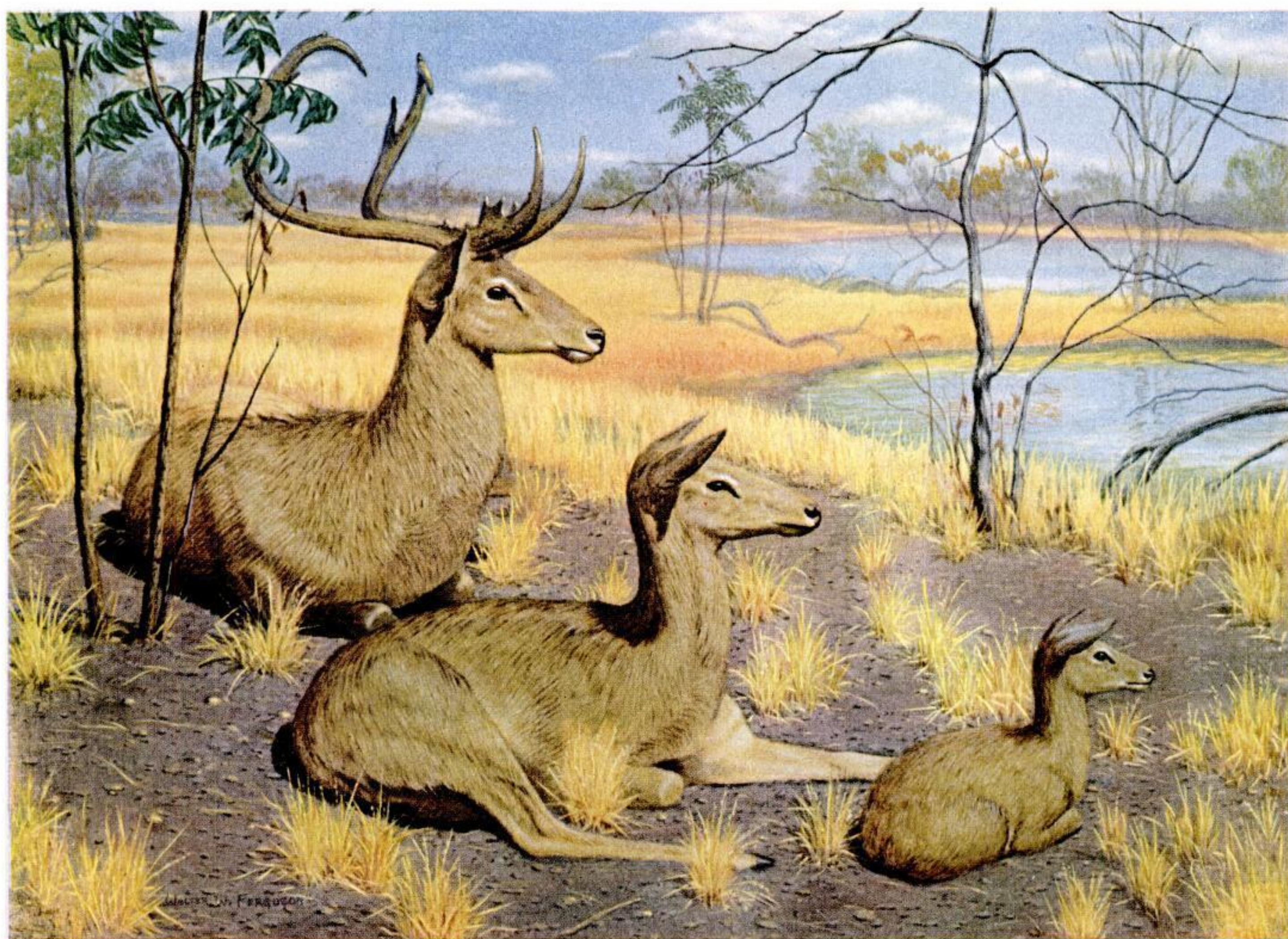
cattle, horses and camels as well and led to its ruthless extermination. Today probably no more than 100 lions survive, all confined to the Gir Forest in northwestern India where they have been protected. But even here extinction threatens as an ever-increasing leopard population reduces their food supply. To preserve the lions the Indian government plans to move them to a larger, less competitive refuge in central India.

TASMANIAN WOLF

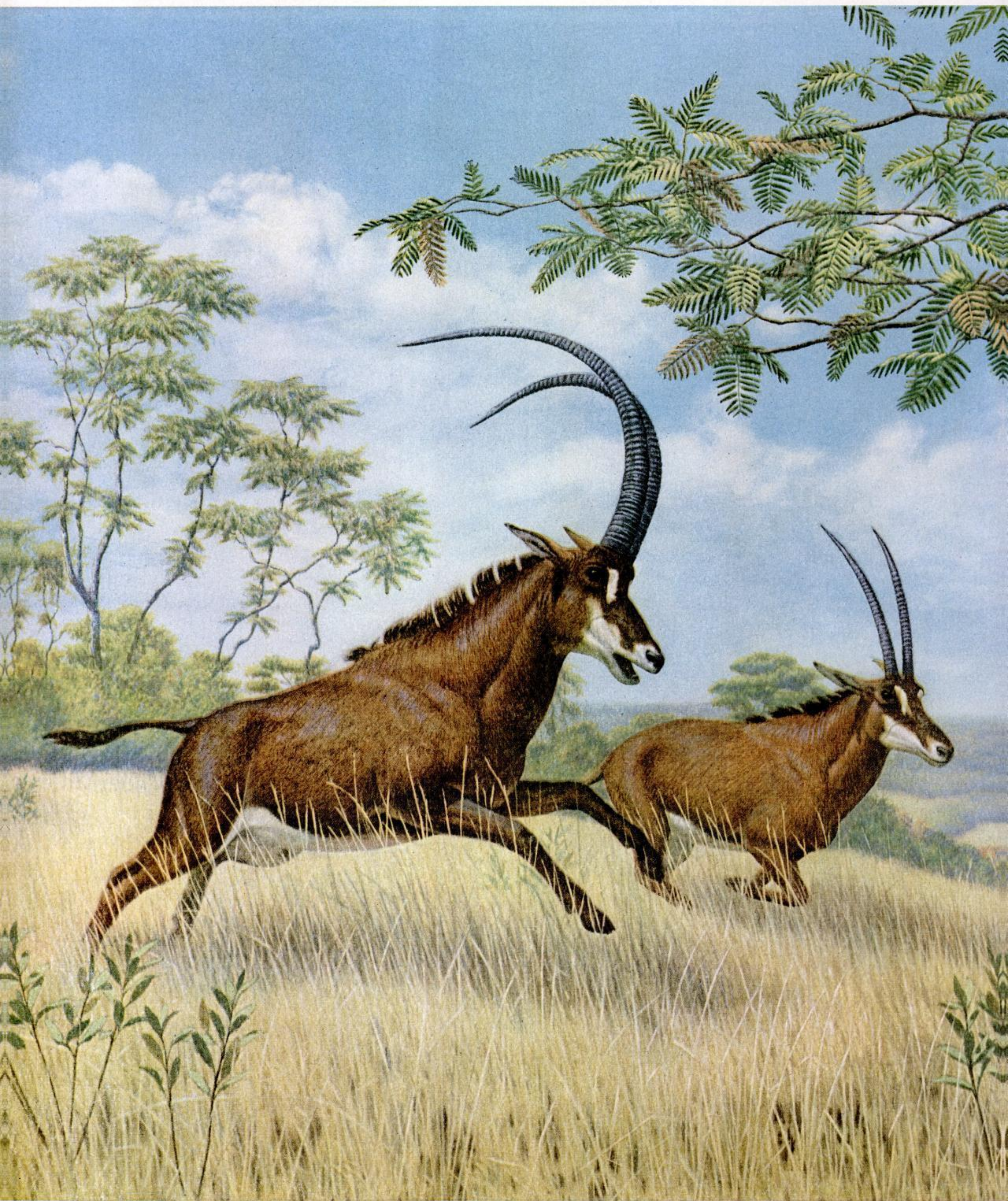
Despite its name and appearance, the Tasmanian wolf is actually a marsupial, carrying its young in a pouch like a kangaroo. The largest of Australia's flesh-eating marsupials, it once freely roamed the continent and the nearby island of Tasmania. But with the introduction of the wild dog by the ancestors of the aborigines and then the advent of the white man, the wolf population was quickly reduced. Settlers, anxious for their domestic animals, eliminated those left on the continent, and the few surviving in Tasmania have retreated to the mountains. Leaving their lairs at dusk, they search for wallabies, smaller marsupials and rats. Occasionally they encounter another antique animal, the echidna (*right*), an egg-laying mammal like the platypus which roots for termites, ants and grubs. Chasing more fleet-footed animals, the wolf prefers to trot tirelessly after them until they are exhausted. But if pursued himself he can canter and, in an extremity, will hop on his hind legs like a kangaroo.

BURMESE BROW-ANTLERED DEER

Along the marshy lands between the rivers and hills of central Burma live some 200 brow-antlered deer, all that remain of the vast herds which once populated the region. Lying in the shade of the forest fringe during the heat of day, they emerge at evening to graze on the short grasses, wild rice, fruit and flowers growing by the water. The stags stand about four feet high at the shoulder, their antlers sometimes reaching a length of 40 inches. When disturbed, the hinds give a barking grunt, the stags a long, loud cry. Though the deer sometimes form in herds for protection, they depend primarily on their keen eyesight and speed for survival. Yet they are an easy mark for evening poachers, who carry flashlights which fascinate the animals into immobility. With their habitat now almost completely settled, the deer are fast becoming extinct. The survivors were once protected by the British Game Department. Burma has continued the game laws, but unsettled conditions have made enforcement difficult.



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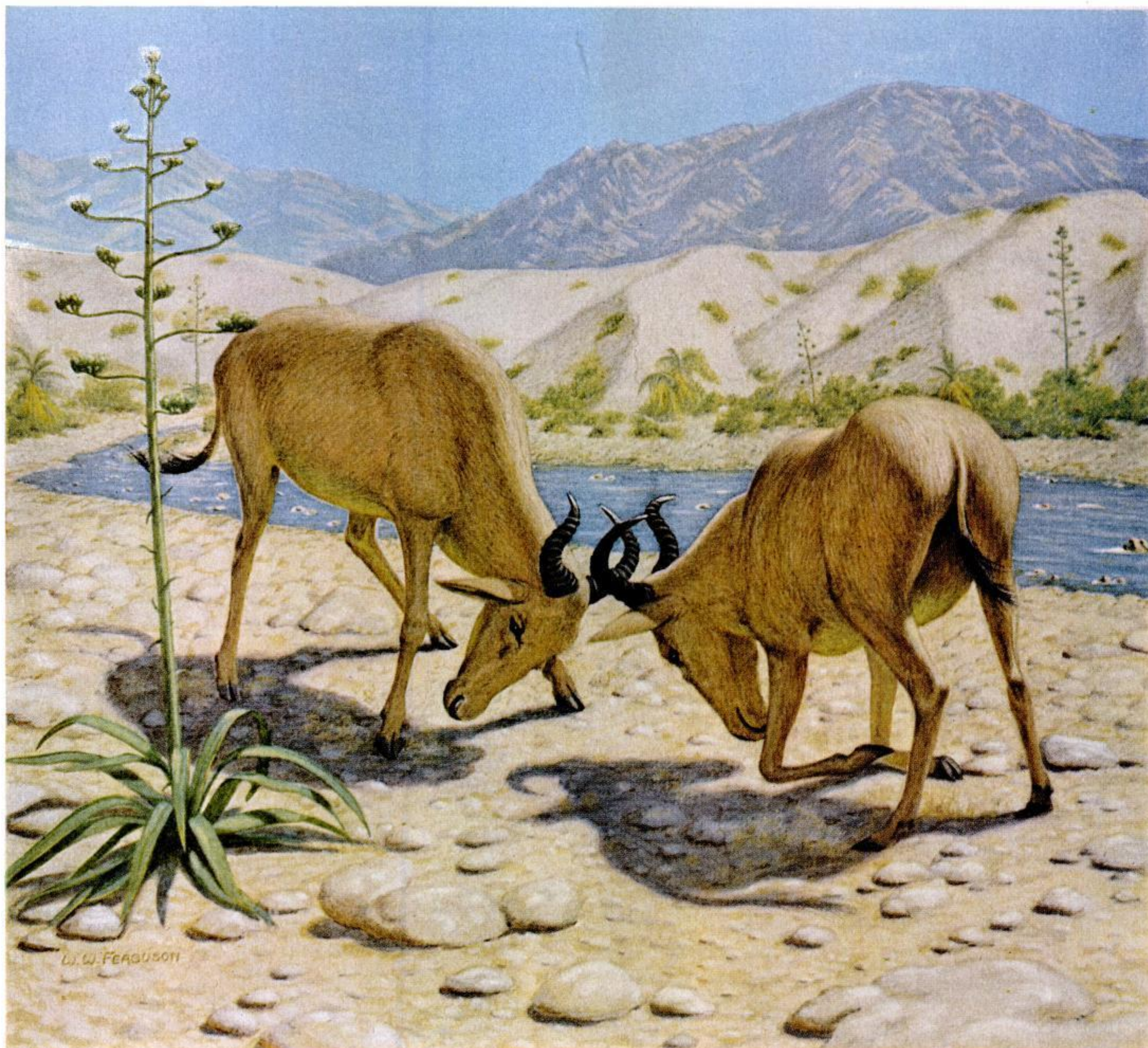
JAVAN ONE-HORNED RHINOCEROS

All that remain of the great herds of Javanese rhinos which once roamed southeast Asia, Sumatra and Java live now on a small, carefully policed government reserve in western Java. There are about 40 of them today. Unlike African rhinos they have only a single horn and their thick skin falls in three folds on their backs instead of in a continuous sheath. They are about five and a half feet high at the shoulder. Though the rhino's hearing and smell are acute, its eyesight is poor and its precipitous charge is sometimes attributed to aggressive nearsightedness. Pestered by ticks, rhinos wallow in the mud to rub them off. Like the Indian rhinos those of Java are vanishing because natives have hunted them relentlessly for centuries, believing that the horn, skin and other parts of the animal have magical properties. Pulverized horn and skin are used to cure nearly every kind of disease and to restore youth and vitality. And cups made from the horn supposedly render a poisonous drink completely harmless.

AFRICAN GIANT SABLE ANTELOPE

In southwestern Africa, on the 300-square-mile Luando-Quanza preserve of Portuguese Angola, live the last few hundred of the continent's finest antelopes—the giant sables. Roaming the bush forests and the narrow plains which border the preserve's three rivers, they feed during the cool morning and evening hours on plants and herbs and rest in the forests through midday. Distinguished by their immense curving horns, which have reached a length of 65 inches, the males are glossy black and white, while the females and young are a brilliant chestnut. So acute are their hearing and sense of smell that they are extremely difficult to approach and have rarely been photographed. Because their horns bring a high price on the market, they have been consistently hunted by the natives and thus their number has been reduced. And though the preserve was created by the Portuguese government in 1926, it lies in an outlying district which is difficult to police thoroughly enough to discourage poaching.

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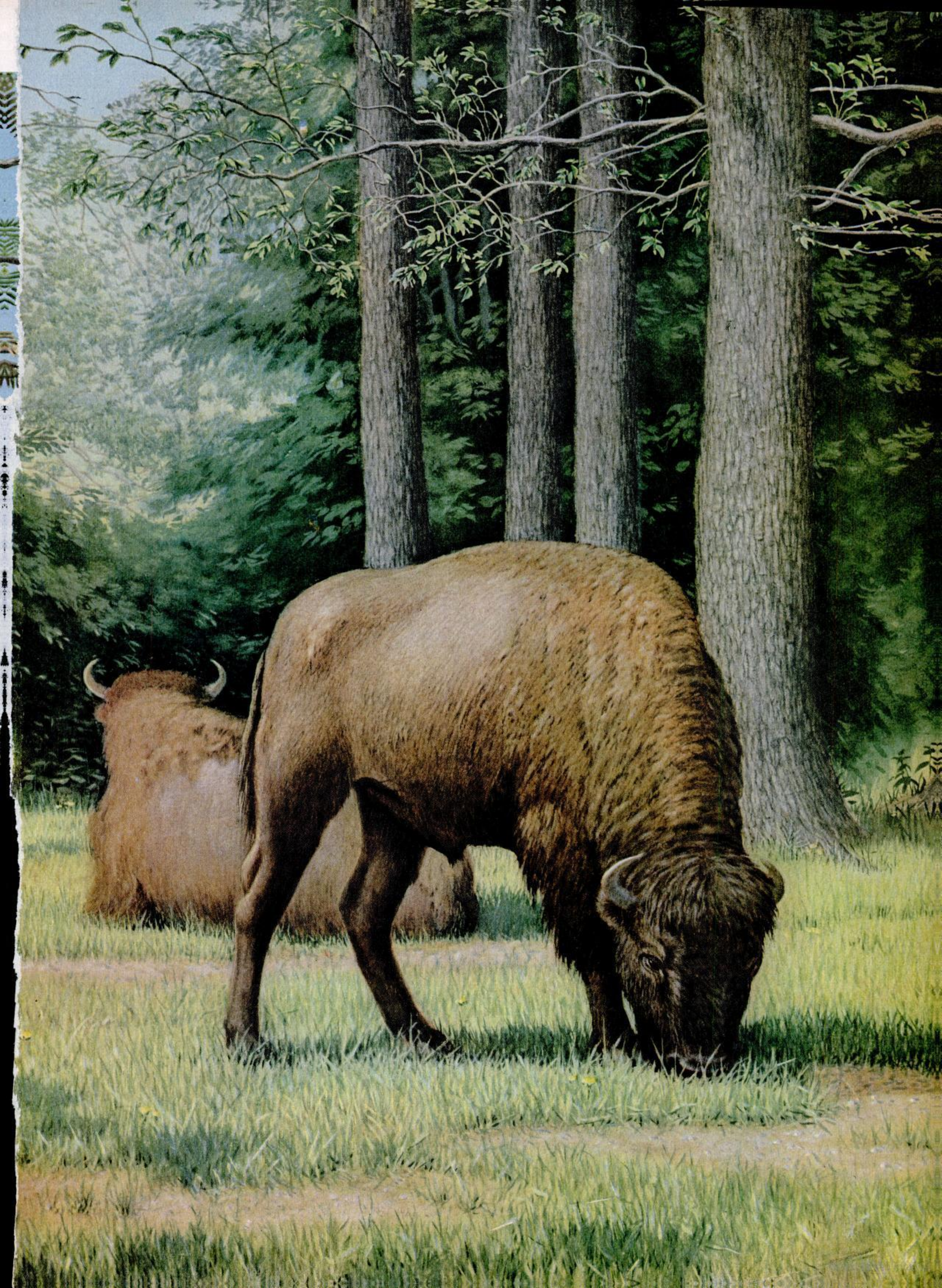


NORTH AFRICAN BUBAL

Described by Herodotus in his *History*, written in the Fifth Century B.C., the bubal was one of the few antelopes known to Greek historians. Ranging along the coastal plains of North Africa, the only part of the continent familiar to the Greeks, it could once be found from Morocco to Egypt and possibly as far east as Arabia. The smallest of the hartebeests, it stands about 43 inches high at the shoulder and has foot-long curving horns. The bubal is gentle and easily tamed but when provoked it attacks with its head lowered, throwing it upward just as it strikes its opponent. One of the fastest and strongest of antelopes, it is capable of outrunning a pack of dogs. The bubal prefers the scantily foliated desert regions along the coast and can exist for long periods of time on little or no water. The North African tribesmen consider its meat a delicacy and with the introduction of modern firearms have hunted it so relentlessly that none have been reported in recent years and only a handful may now survive.

EUROPEAN BISON

The largest of living European mammals, the bison weighs nearly a ton and eats voraciously. More timid than the American bison, or buffalo, it also has less hair and lives in the forests instead of the plains. The bison roamed abundantly through the forests of Europe at the time Caesar's legions were conquering Gaul, but as civilization spread, their numbers dwindled. During the Middle Ages they were captured in pitfalls for food and in Germany, from 1550 to 1750, were brought to public arenas to fight wolves and bears. The huge animals were particularly numerous in Poland, where their flesh was thought a delicacy, their hides were used for laces and their horns and hooves were carved into objects used in superstitious rituals. Fewer than 100 are living today, saved only by zoos and sanctuaries, the largest of which is in the Białowieża Forest in Poland. To preserve the few that do remain, the International Society for Protection of Bison keeps a careful record of their location and breeding.





THE SOLENODON OF CUBA AND HISPANIOLA

The long-nosed solenodon, 20 inches in length, was discovered in Cuba and nearby Hispaniola and has proved a scientific mystery because of the fact that its only near relatives, the tenrec of Madagascar and the African water shrew, live thousands of miles away. A nocturnal creature, it spends its days in caves or tree holes, emerging at night to root for ants, grubs, vegetables and reptiles. The solenodon walks with a waddling gait

and if pursued inevitably trips itself up. To hide, it merely thrusts its head into a convenient hole and, if caught, secretes a reddish liquid with a repulsive odor. Otherwise it offers no resistance, though capable of biting severely. Once widespread, the solenodon's decline began in the 1800s when the Burmese mongoose was imported to control rats. Finding the insect-eaters a more handy prey, the mongooses have decimated them.

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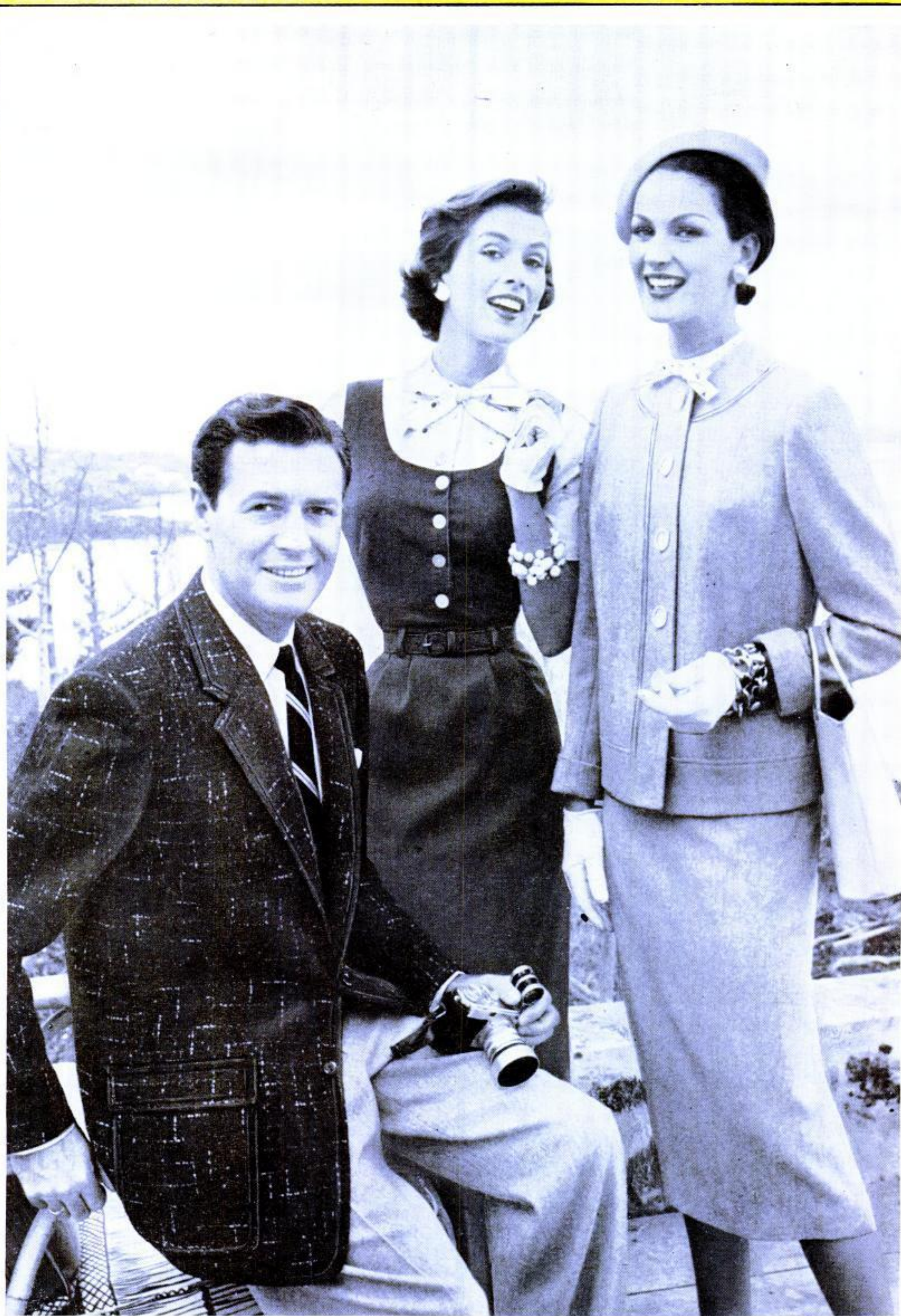
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Photographed at the Castle Harbour Hotel, Bermuda

Men's 100% Wool Sportcoats. Favorite Spring patterns in dark, light or medium shades! Many expensive tailoring details, center vent back, flapped patch pockets. Sizes 35 to 46.
18.95, usually \$25

Men's 100% Wool Flannel Slacks. Popular continuous-rise waistband. Charcoal; medium and light greys. 28 to 42.
8.95, usually 12.95

100% Wool Flannel 5-Pc. Ensemble Suits—our terrific mix-match group, shown here two ways. *Right:* Boxy cardigan flannel jacket, matching side-pocket skirt. **AND** a cotton blouse to match the jacket lining! *Left:* Contrasting scoop-neck jumper top, plus belted skirt in "linen-look" rayon and acetate. Charcoal grey, heather tan, heather blue. Misses' sizes 8 to 18.
19.95, usually 29.95

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Men's 100% Wool Flannel Suits.
Charcoal, medium, light greys. 2 or 3 button models with flap or patch pockets.
34.95, usually \$50

Men's 100% Worsted Suits superbly tailored of luxurious new hard-finish sharkskins and twists.
34.95, usually \$50



2-Tone Gabardine Jackets. Fully-lined water-repellent splash print, rayon. 34 to 46.
7.95, usually \$12
Gabardine Slacks. Rayon-acetate-dacron blend.
4.95, usually \$6.95



All-Wool Fleece Flare Coat. Double yoke, gored back. Milium all-weather lining. Pastels. Misses', brief sizes.
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Misses' Cashmere and Fleece Toppers. (10% cashmere, 90% wool). High fashion ballerina back. Rayon taffeta lined.
14.95, usually \$19.95



100% Nylon Washable Topper. Versatile, go anywhere fashion. White and pastels. 8 to 18. Plastic bag included!
11.95, usually 15.95



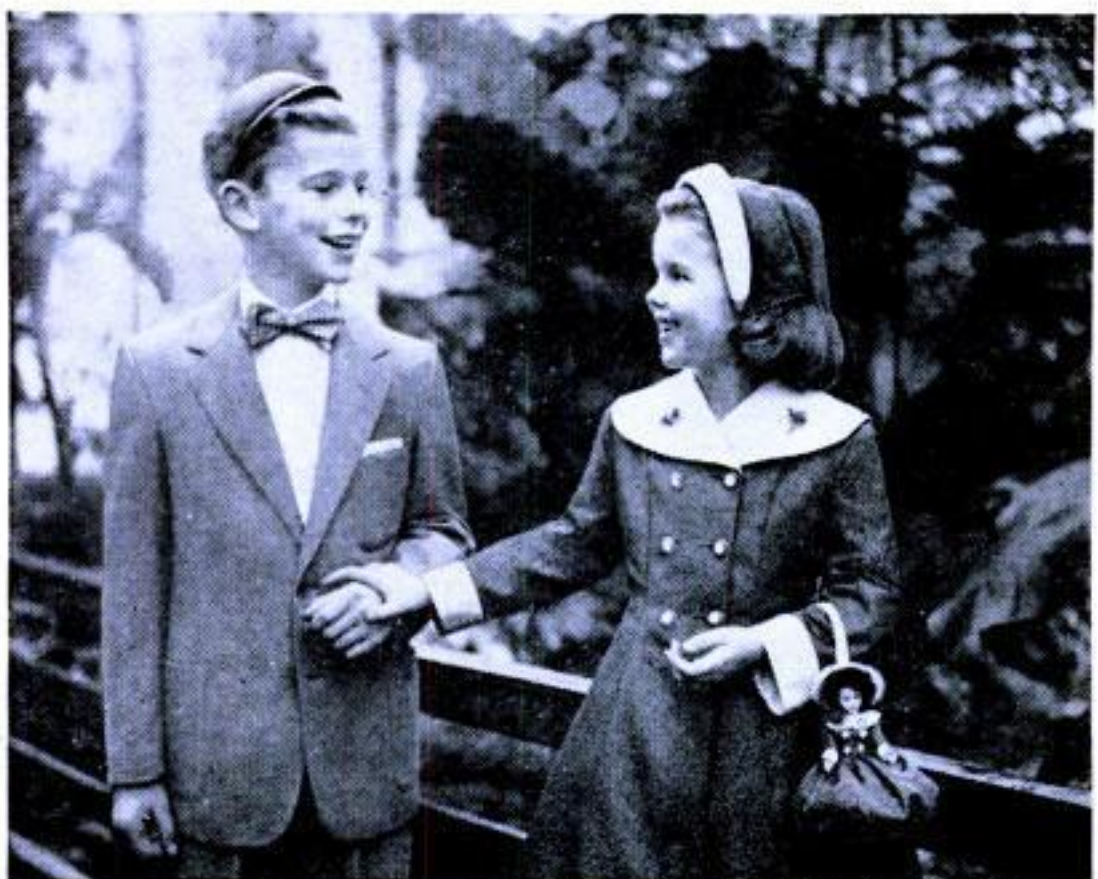
Fine Imported Raincoat. Natural color long-staple Egyptian cotton woven in Switzerland. 34 to 46.
10.95, usually \$20

100% Wool Topcoats in tweeds, saxonomies or worsted gabardine. Raglan or set-in sleeves. Bal or notch collar. 34 to 46.
29.95, usually \$40



Empire Waistline Casual in "linen-look" rayon or satin-back faille. Misses', women's sizes.
5.69, usually 8.95

2-Pc. Jumper Dress Bolero jacket, crinoline petticoat. Burlington's Sereda "linen-look" rayon. 7 to 15.
7.89, usually 10.95



Photographed at B'klyn. Botanic Gardens

Gabardine Suit tailored like Dad's of rayon with nylon added; also tear-drop weave rayon. Sizes 6 to 16.
13.95, usually \$18

Girl's 3-Pc. Coat Ensemble. Princess coat of moire-faille rayon-cotton. Doll-face bag; plus clip hat! 4 to 6x.
11.95, usually \$16



Tab Back, Yoke Blouse of lustrous "Dazzle" broadcloth. Sizes 32 to 38.
1.89, usually 2.89
Cotton Print Skirt of Bates Disciplined fabric. 22 to 30.
3.89, usually 4.98



Reversible Gabardine Jackets. Rayon and Nylon. 6 to 18.
4.49, usually \$6
Gabardine Hollywood Slacks. Sizes 8 to 18.
3.99, usually \$5

Girl's Dress and Bag Set in washable "linen-look" viscose and chromespun. Matching tote bag. Blue or pink. 7 to 14.
2.89, usually 3.98



FAST CHANGE of costumes on TV show was made by wearing three at a time, doffing outer layer.

Shirley On Way Up

**She fills in for Grable,
moves to movie role**

Lithe dancer Shirley MacLaine thrives on other dancers' misfortunes. Early last summer she came out of the chorus line of the Broadway musical *Pajama Game* and filled in for its indisposed star, hooper Carol Haney. Three weeks ago bouncy Betty Grable went lame a week before a TV *Shower of Stars* spectacular, and Miss MacLaine was again lifted out of the show's chorus line to take over. In three big numbers designed for Grable, MacLaine was a last-minute marvel as she changed her dancing pace and pulled on costumes like a veteran.

After that unpremeditated triumph Shirley got back to the most important business at hand, honing up routines for her dancing-girl lead in a Martin and Lewis film, *Artists and Models*. That starring job came her way because Producer Hal Wallis went to see *Pajama Game* when MacLaine was going on for Haney.

BEST DANCE for subbing Shirley was windup TV routine in which she wore her least costume.





IN BOSTON IT'S THE **SHERATON PLAZA**



IN THE U.S.A.

ALBANY Sheraton-Ten Eyck	PASADENA—LOS ANGELES Huntington-Sheraton
BALTIMORE Sheraton-Belvedere	PITTSBURGH Sheraton Hotel
BOSTON Sheraton Plaza	PROVIDENCE Sheraton-Biltmore
BROOKLINE, MASS. Beaconsfield	ROCHESTER Sheraton Hotel
BUFFALO Sheraton Hotel	SAN FRANCISCO Sheraton-Palace
CHICAGO Sheraton-Blackstone Sheraton Hotel	SPRINGFIELD, MASS. Sheraton-Kimball
CINCINNATI Sheraton-Gibson	ST. LOUIS Sheraton Hotel
DETROIT Sheraton-Cadillac	WASHINGTON Sheraton-Carlton Sheraton-Park
NEW YORK Park Sheraton Sheraton-Astor Sheraton-Russell	

IN CANADA

MONTREAL Sheraton-Mt. Royal The Laurentien	NIAGARA FALLS Sheraton-Brock
TORONTO King Edward	HAMILTON Royal Connaught

BRAHMIN: The Sheraton Plaza Hotel is as "Boston" as beans and swan boats and Waltz Evenings. One step from fabled Copley Square takes you into this lighthearted Brahmin of Boston hotels. You'll have fun in the fanciful Merry-Go-Round Bar. You'll find quiet and comfort (and television and air conditioning) in its gracious bedrooms. You'll be part of Boston's happiest tradition. Come soon . . . fast, free Teletype reservations. Call your nearest Sheraton. No room charge for children under 14 in any Sheraton except New York.

Sheraton Hall—Washington's largest ballroom—opens May 1st at the Sheraton-Park Hotel.

SHERATON *the proudest name in* **HOTELS**



Ceiling, back wall—SPRED SATIN, Budda (D96); Side Wall—SPRED SATIN, Dusty Turquoise (D138); Storage cabinets—SPRED-WALL Alkyd Semi-Gloss White Enamel; Chairs—JAPALAC Alkyd Enamel Intermix (I3); Floor—FLORENAMAL Alkyd Tile Green (Tinted 1 part to 2 parts JAPALAC Enamel Delphinium); Tables—JAPALAC Ultra-White Enamel



ARLENE FRANCIS,
Star of NBC-TV HOME

"They're Ready for You!"

Gorgeous new array of **SPRED SATIN** colors
...new, easy way to make the right choice!

NEW GIANT 4"x4" COLOR CHIPS make it easy for you to be sure of perfect paint harmony with your room fabrics and floor coverings. You'll be color right, every time. Choose from a complete range of 174 modern Dramatone colors at your Glidden SPRED dealer's store.

IN HALF A DAY WITH SPRED SATIN, you can transform an entire room, walls, ceiling, woodwork and give it washable satin beauty. There's never a sag, lap or brushmark. Nothing extra to buy. No thinners or cleaners needed. Brushes and rollers wash out in seconds in soapy water.

THE LATEX WONDER PAINT THAT OUTPERFORMS ALL OTHERS!



Paint Your Rooms Twice as Fast!
See how much larger an area you paint—in the same time—with SPRED SATIN than you can with ordinary wall paint.



Soil and Stains Wash Away Instantly!
Light washing with soap and water leaves SPRED SATIN (right panel) spotlessly clean—no sign of "shiny" areas—no streaks!



So Free of Fumes and Odors!
No irritating odors when you paint with SPRED SATIN, and it dries in 20 minutes; rooms are back in use immediately!



Glidden

Pacemaker in Paints

THE GLIDDEN COMPANY, Cleveland 2, Ohio
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SPRED SATIN is also sold by dealers for the following paints:
HEATH & MILLIGAN • CLIMATIC • ROYAL • T. L. BLOOD

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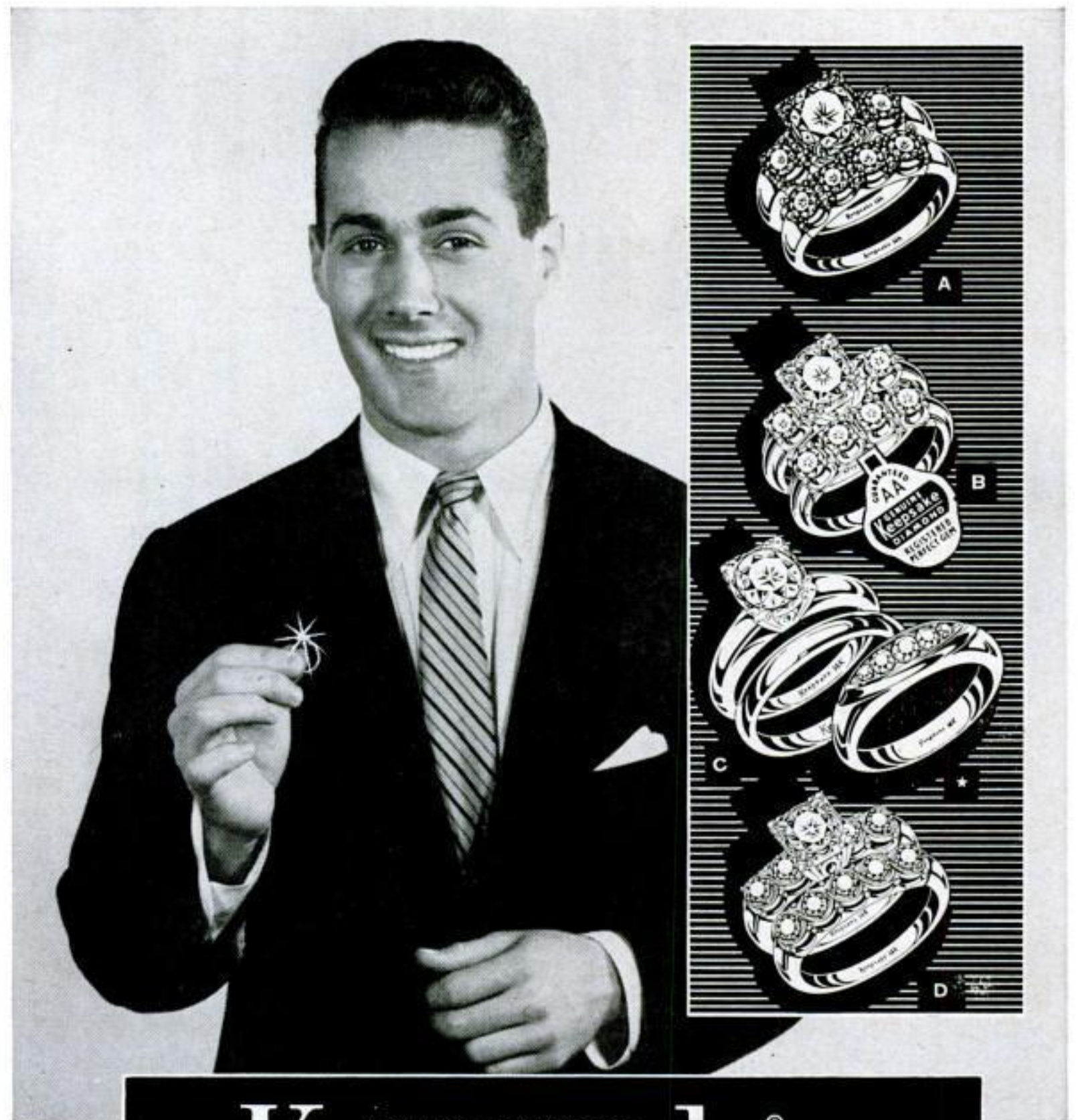
FLAPPER DANCE with Kelly Brown as her partner was part of TV routine in which Shirley lampooned shift of styles in history of courtship manners.



FATIGUED FLAPPER with a mink coat over her shoulder turned to her husband-manager Steve Parker (center), heard his candid appraisal of her work.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

I've found the finest!



Yes, I'm marrying the finest girl in the world. That's why I want to *know* that the diamond ring she'll wear forever is also the *finest*. For more than half a century, this kind of reasoning has inspired men everywhere to choose Keepsake Diamond Engagement Rings.

Now, how can you *know* that a Keepsake Diamond is the finest quality? Simple! . . . because the famous Keepsake Certificate, signed by your jeweler, permanently registers and *guarantees* a perfect diamond . . . regardless of price or carat weight. The name "Keepsake" is in the ring and on the tag.

So . . . when you choose *her* diamond ring, make it a Keepsake. She will remember always that you gave her the finest . . . that you gave her *perfection*.

- A. HARTFIELD**
Ring \$675.00
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Ring \$450.00
Wedding Ring . 200.00
- C. VISTA** Ring . . \$250.00
Also 100 to 2475
Wedding Ring . 12.50
- *Man's Diamond**
Ring \$125.00
Available at 75 to 250 to
match all engagement
rings.
- D. LANSDALE**
Ring \$150.00
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All rings available in either natural or white gold. Prices include Federal Tax. Rings enlarged to show details.

®Trade-mark registered.



The center diamond of every Keepsake engagement ring is a *perfect* gem, superb in color, cut and clarity, regardless of carat weight or price. Ask for the Keepsake Certificate, which guarantees perfect quality and permanently registers your diamond ring, and look for the name "Keepsake" in the ring.

KEEPSAKE DIAMOND RINGS
SYRACUSE 2, NEW YORK

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Please send free booklets, "The Etiquette of the Engagement and Wedding" and "Choosing Your Diamond Ring." Also 44-page "Bride's Keepsake Book" gift offer and the name of nearest Keepsake Jeweler.

Name _____

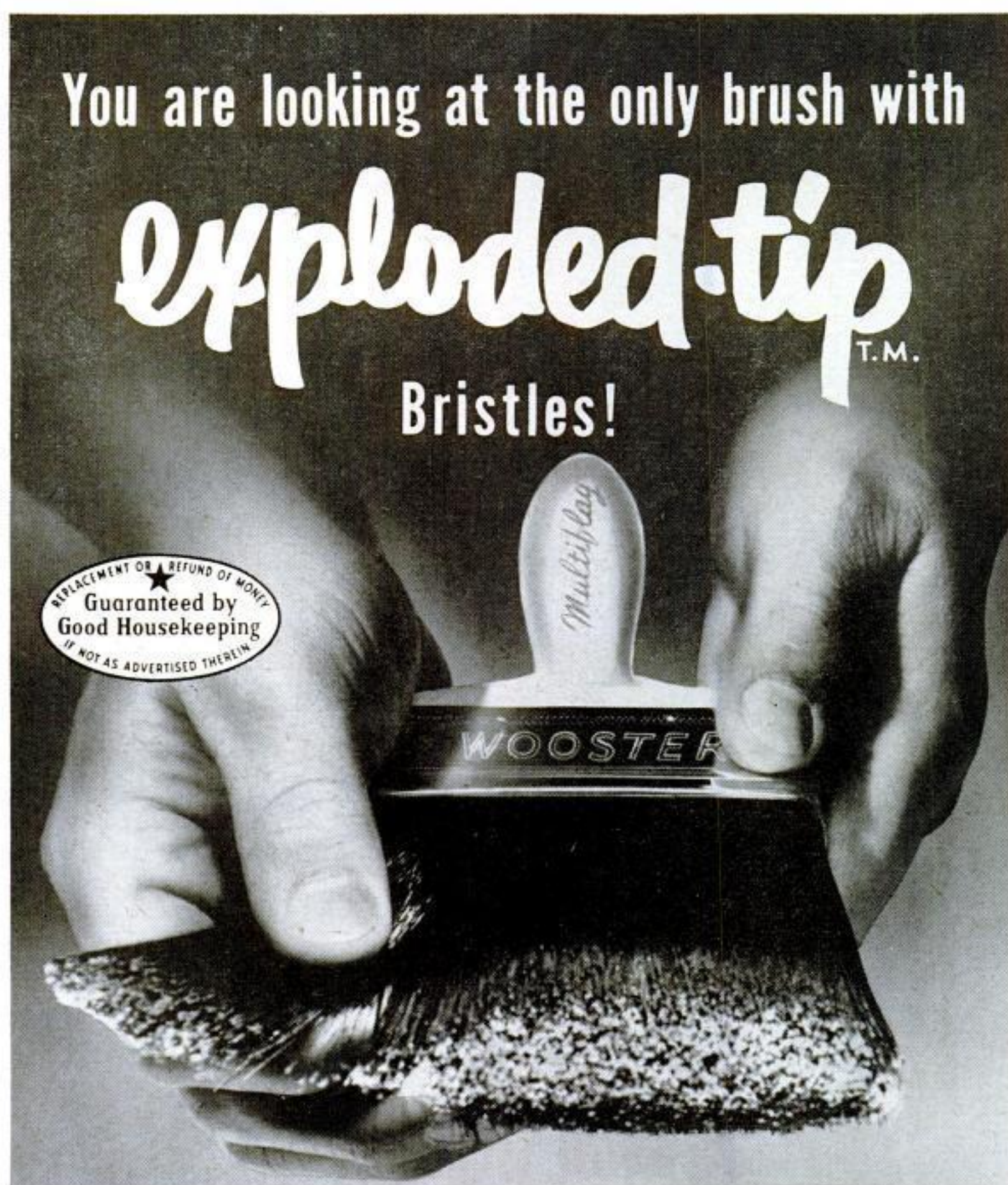
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PHONE WESTERN UNION'S "OPERATOR 25" FOR YOUR KEEPSAKE JEWELER'S NAME



Thousands of soft, silky bristle contact points make these amazing, new Wooster Multiflag® Tynex Brushes paint faster, smoother, give perfect finishes

Take a look at the most sensational paint brush ever made. See how bristle ends have been processed, burst into an almost countless number of working ends. Try one, and discover how this *exploded-tip* bristle, used *only* in Wooster Multiflag Brushes, gives you professional painting results in less time, with less effort than ever before.

That's because your Wooster Multiflag Brush, compared with ordinary brushes of equal size, picks up more paint with each dip, releases more with each stroke, spreads so smoothly you use many less strokes. Ask for Wooster Multiflag Brushes at better paint, hardware and building supply stores. *They're the best!*



WHEN YOU BUY, make sure you get genuine Wooster Multiflag Brushes with *exploded-tip* bristle. Watch for displays like this on dealer counters. Look for the registered Multiflag name on the brush handle.

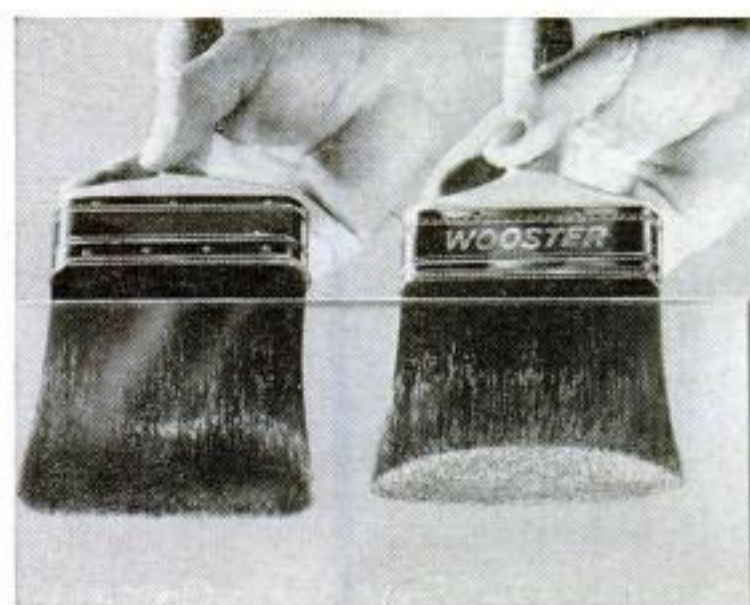


PLATE GLASS TEST shows how the new Wooster Multiflag Brush (right) gives much greater coverage than ordinary brush (left). *Exploded-tip* bristle ends form mass contact to lay paint smoother.

WOOSTER *Fine brushes and painting tools for over 100 years*

The Wooster Brush Company, Wooster, Ohio

Manufacturers of Multiflag Tynex and Pure Bristle Brushes; Fabric "X" and MagiKoter® Rollers



SHIRLEY CONTINUED



BIG MOVIE ROLE AS A BAT GIRL

In her *Artists and Models* movie role Miss MacLaine will dance about as a bat girl in the garb she is trying on above. In her one other film, an unreleased Alfred Hitchcock thriller titled *The Trouble With Harry*, Shirley takes a small dramatic part. Hitchcock, like Hal Wallis, first saw her in *Pajama Game* one night on Broadway, but, unlike Wallis, he was more impressed by her acting talent than by her skills as a dancer.



Is there an air of freshness
about you...always?



...are you really lovely to love?

A sweet, appealing air of freshness . . . is yours, always . . . when you use Fresh Cream Deodorant.

Not a worry . . . not a care when you're with him. Fresh keeps you free from embarrassing underarm odor and stains. Underarms are *dry*. Fresh contains the most effective perspiration-checking ingredient known to science.

When you open the Fresh jar you'll discover

. . . its delicate fragrance . . . its whiteness . . . its whipped cream smoothness. Not a trace of stickiness, not a trace of greasiness. And Fresh is so gentle to skin, too.

For an air of freshness use Fresh Cream Deodorant every day—be sure you are lovely to love, always.

FRESH is a registered trademark of Pharma-Craft Corporation. Also manufactured and distributed in Canada.



a "**FRESH**" girl is always lovely to love

Super Lanolin Shampoo

LEAVES

YOUR

HAIR

MANAGEABLE

INSTANTLY-

Not
3 to 5 Days Later!

Does your hair stay unmanageable for days after you wash it? That proves your present shampoo is washing the life out of your hair!

But now there's a shampoo that washes life into your hair—not out of it. Yes — that's why Charles Antell's new Super Lanolin Shampoo (with its unique hair-conditioning action) leaves your hair manageable instantly—not 3 to 5 days later!

Even in hardest water, your hair rinses shining-clean and fresh. And even hair that's been dried out by ordinary shampoos is softer... lovelier... instantly manageable after one washing! So don't wash the life out of your hair. Wash life into it with Charles Antell's new Super Lanolin Shampoo. From 59c, everywhere.



NEW!

Charles Antell
SUPER LANOLIN
SHAMPOO



A 15TH CENTURY BASTION, THIS ARCH BLOCKED SQUARE-ROOFED BUSES

A HISTORIC SQUEEZE

Tudor-topped buses preserve British landmark

A British bus company has completed a reconversion job forced on it by the Percy rebellion against Henry IV. In 1408, to strengthen its defenses, Beverley town rebuilt the arch over the North Bar gate. But when modern double-decked buses tried to get through they found it could not be done. Obvious alternatives were: widen the old arch (absolutely unthinkable), or send the buses on a 30-mile detour (completely unprofitable). Taking a less obvious course, the company converted to double-deckers with Tudor-arched roofs which just make it.

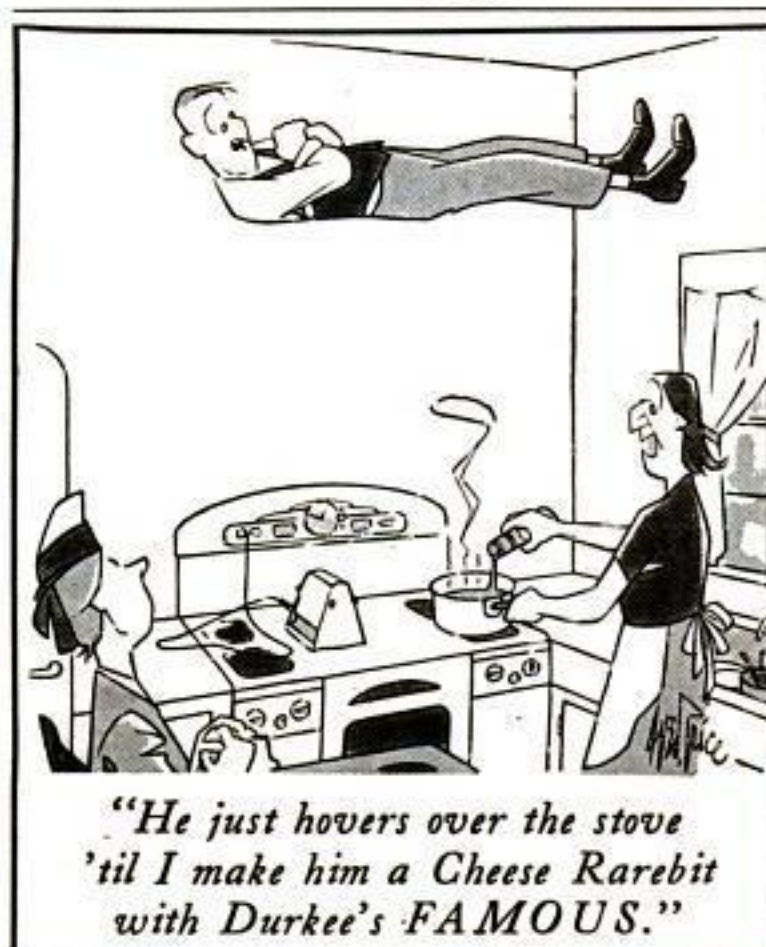
BUSES DESIGNED FOR THE MOLDED ARCH FIT WITH A LITTLE TOLERANCE



Fill your cup with flavor!

Three great IGA blends to satisfy all tastes: IGA DeLuxe, Royal Guest and Sunny Morn Coffees.

Shop at your sparkling clean completely stocked — IGA Food Market. See what a pleasure it is to trade with a food merchant who takes a friendly personal interest in saving you money every day.



DURKEE'S FAMOUS SAUCE

People who just like to eat, and people who like to eat well—all enjoy the unique delicious flavor of Durkee's FAMOUS. Serve it at the table with sea food, meats and poultry — or follow the lead of famous dining places and use it in the preparation of your favorite casseroles, salad dressings and sandwiches.



One of Durkee's Famous Foods



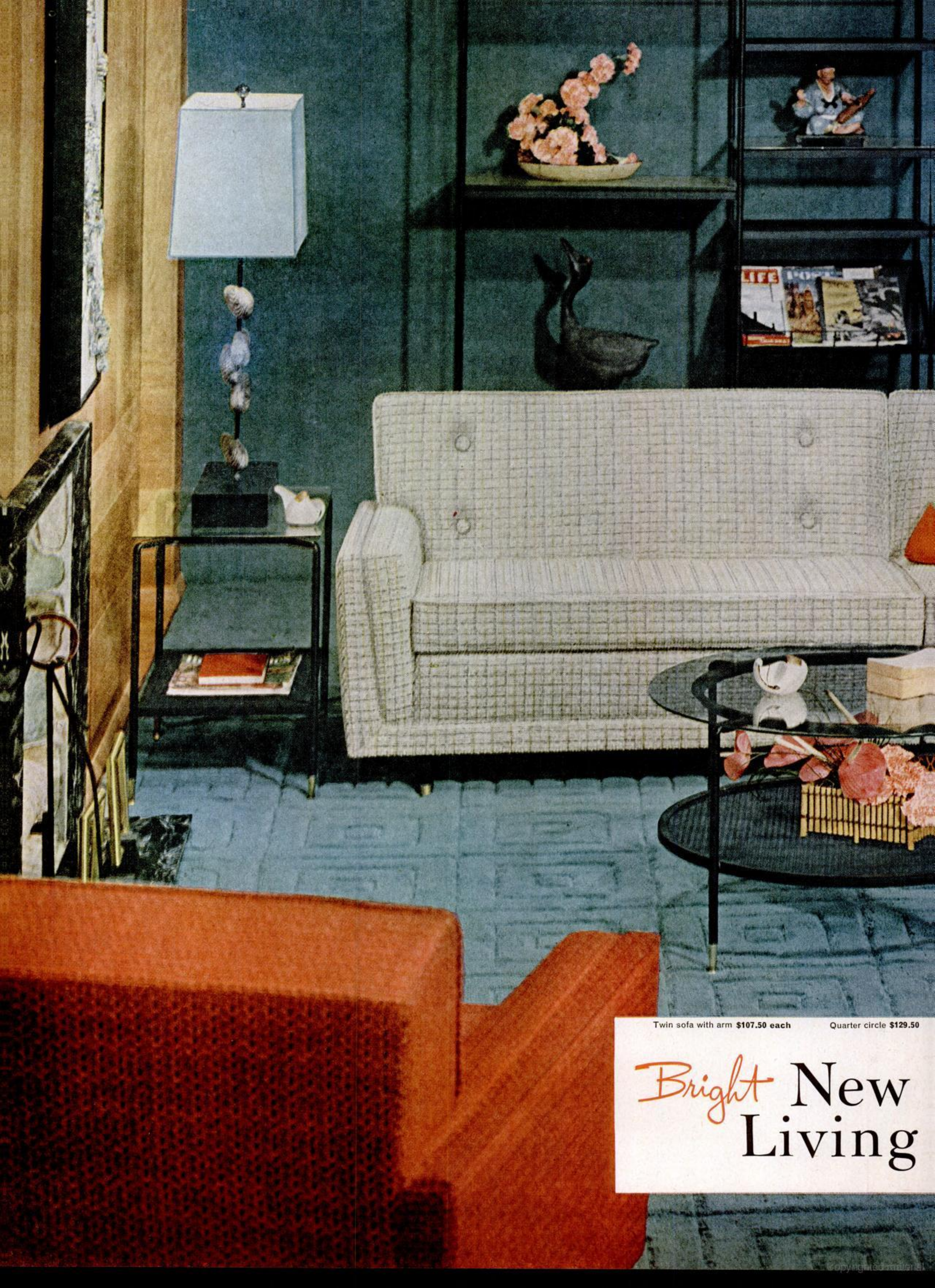
2 hurry-up meals (AND HEARTY!)

Quick crusty "omelet" of pan-browned Mary Kitchen Roast Beef Hash! This is the exciting new hash that's company-dinner good, because it's made from oven-roasted beef . . . including the savory beef juices! . . . Firm white potatoes, tasty seasonings too, in new **MARY KITCHEN ROAST BEEF HASH.**

Expect compliments for a heat-and-serve meal when you ladle out bubbling-hot bowlfuls of fragrant Hormel Chili! It's America's best-loved chili . . . preferred for its abundance of good beef, its rich and zesty sauce. **HORMEL CHILI.**



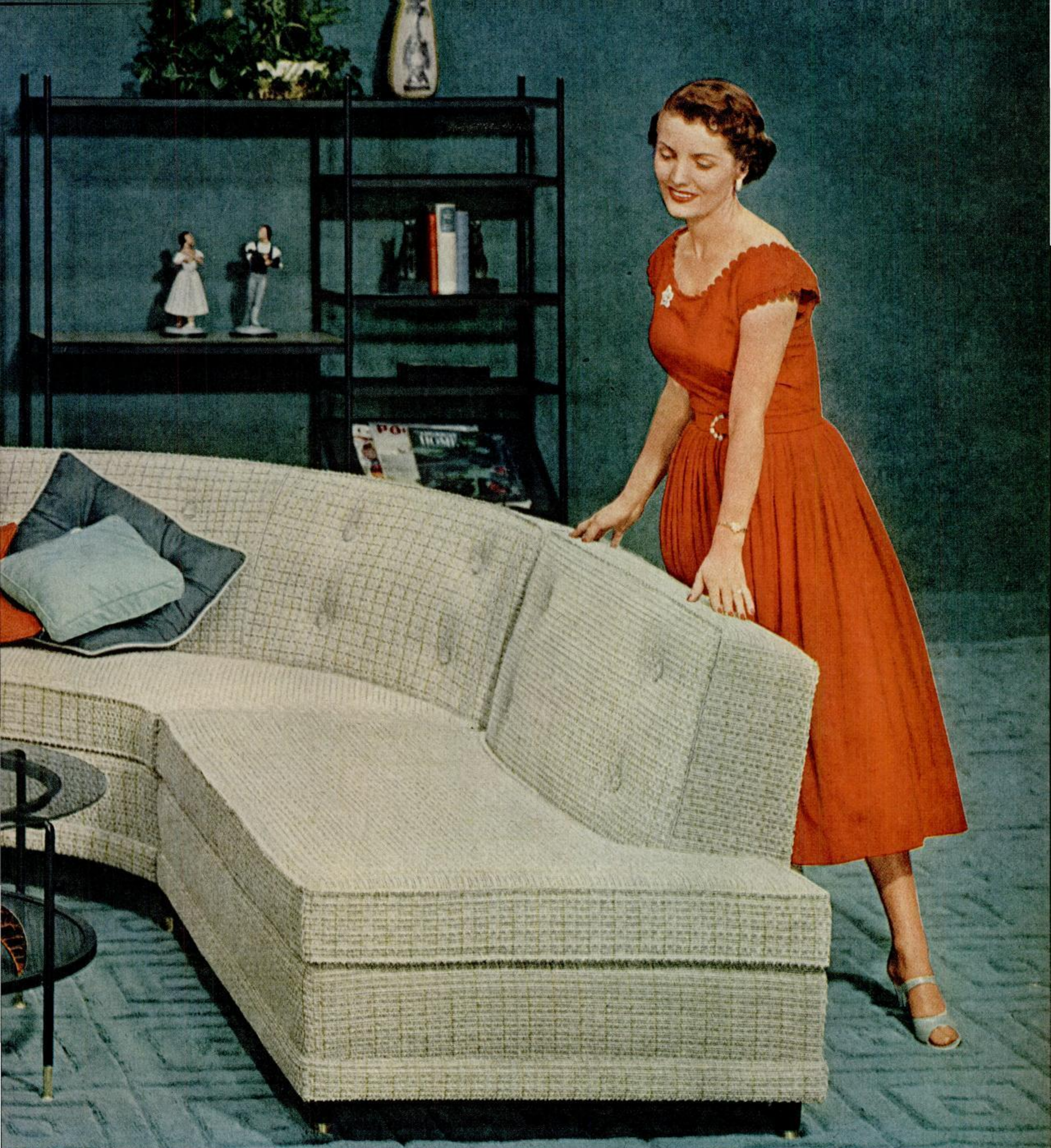
HORMEL
GOOD FOOD



Twin sofa with arm \$107.50 each

Quarter circle \$129.50

Bright New
Living



Open-end twin sofa \$112.50 each Chair \$79.50 Also available: Sofa \$149.50 Center section seat \$69.50 Super Sleep-or-Lounge \$259.50 Sofa-Bed \$129.50 Prices slightly higher in some areas

begins
with this
fashionable
new furniture

- Superb new styling!
- Metallic nylon fabrics in exciting new colors!
- Durable Cushionized* construction!
- New arrangeability for modern living!

Available with foam rubber cushions (on all except Sofa-Bed) at slightly higher prices.

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

The new "Boulevard" Group by
KROYHLER

(Say KRAY-LEH)

WORLD'S LARGEST FURNITURE MANUFACTURER

General Offices: Chicago 11, Ill. • In Canada: Stratford, Ontario

fresh as this mornings' milk!



T.B.C.



**Make it the heart of your
"meatless meals"!**

When you're not serving meat, plan on Borden's Cottage Cheese—and you've got a head start on a nourishing (and delicious!) main dish salad! Use this DAISY-FRESH dairy product for your *hot* meatless dishes, too.

For Borden's Cottage Cheese gives you all the important protein nourishment of an equal amount of finest beef! Get Borden's Cottage Cheese at your food store, or from your Borden Man.

Try Elsie's HOT DISH RECIPES starring Borden's Cottage Cheese



*If it's Borden's—
it's got to be good!*



ELSIE'S TUNA-NOODLE CASSEROLE

3 cups cooked medium-wide noodles
1 7-oz. can tuna, drained and flaked
1 8-oz. pkg. Borden's Cottage Cheese
4 tablespoons fat • 3 tablespoons flour • 1 teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon pepper • 2½ cups milk • paprika

Place half the noodles in buttered, 2-quart baking dish. Cover with layer of half the tuna and Borden's Cottage Cheese. Repeat layers. Melt fat. Remove from heat. Blend in flour and seasonings. Gradually stir in milk, mixing until well blended. Return to heat and cook, stirring constantly until mixture thickens. Pour over noodle mixture. Sprinkle top with paprika. Bake in moderate oven (375°F.) for 25 minutes or until heated through. Makes 4 to 6 servings.



ELSIE'S SUPER SPAGHETTI SAUCE

3 tablespoons butter • 1 cup chopped green pepper
1 cup chopped onion
½ cup sliced mushrooms, if desired
1 clove garlic, if desired
1 cup or (8-oz.) canned tomato sauce
¾ cup or (6 oz.) canned tomato paste
¼ cup water • 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
1 teaspoon salt • ½ teaspoon pepper
1 cup (8-oz. pkg.) Borden's Cottage Cheese

Melt butter. Add green pepper, onion, mushrooms and garlic. Cook till lightly browned. Add tomato sauce, tomato paste, water, and seasonings. Cover and simmer 20 minutes. Add Borden's Cottage Cheese. Mix well. Serve over one 8-oz. package spaghetti, cooked.



COTTAGE CHEESE VEGETABLE RING

1 cup (8-oz.) Borden's Cottage Cheese • 1 teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
2 tablespoons minced onion • 3 eggs • 1 cup milk
1 cup cooked mixed vegetables (carrots, celery, string beans, peas, corn, etc.)

Blend Borden's Cottage Cheese with salt, Worcestershire sauce and onion. Beat eggs slightly. Add milk. Combine with cottage cheese mixture. Fold in vegetables. Pour into greased and waxed-paper lined 8-inch ring mold. Place in pan of hot water. Bake in moderate oven (375°F.) 45 to 50 minutes or until knife inserted in the center comes out clean. Let stand about 5 minutes before removing from ring. Makes 4 to 6 servings.

ALL ABOARD! ALL A-BORDEN'S! Get Borden's Cottage Cheese on Elsie's Good Food Line!



Copyright, The Borden Company



OVERFLOW CROWD ATTENDED OPENING SESSION OF CONFERENCE. RACK ABOVE HELD EARPHONES TO RECEIVE SIMULTANEOUS TRANSLATION OF SPEECHES

CAPITAL LOOKS SOUTHWARD

U.S., Latin America have their biggest private business meeting

In New Orleans last week history's biggest inter-American private business conference met to tackle a problem common to the Americas. The problem: Latin America, though her population is undergoing a world record increase and she offers an unparalleled market, is short of capital. But so far the U.S., with a capital surplus, is taking a mere 9.5% of all Latin American investment.

To increase the flow of capital from North to South America, the city of New Orleans and TIME-LIFE International jointly sponsored the

Inter-American Investment Conference. Some 400 delegates were invited but nearly 1,000 turned up. The businessmen of the hemisphere quickly got down to the discussion of actual business deals (*next page*). But more important than these day-to-day transactions was the fact that the conference created an entirely new climate of confidence. The enthusiastic delegates voted to form a continuing organization and the completion of an Inter-American Investment Trust to make loans to business ventures in Latin America was announced.



CHILEAN MANIKIN on exhibit invited businessmen to listen to a recording of Chilean history.

PRESIDENT'S BROTHER, Milton Eisenhower, reports on progress of U.S. aid to the Americas. Listening, left to right, are Edgar Baker, managing director of TIME-LIFE International and conference co-chairman; Harold McClellan,

chairman of the board of the National Association of Manufacturers; Henry R. Luce, editor-in-chief of Time Inc.; Eric Johnston, chairman of the International Development Advisory Board, and Rudolf S. Hecht, conference co-chairman.

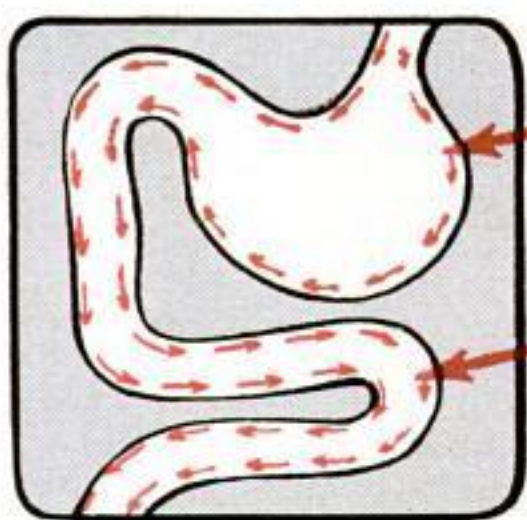




Stomach **UPSET?**

Indigestion? Nausea? Diarrhea?

**Hospital Tests prove Pepto-Bismol works
where Soda and Alkalizers fail!**



1. Pepto-Bismol helps soothe in the stomach...where overdoses of soda and alkalizers may actually prolong the upset!

2. Pepto-Bismol also helps calm distress in the intestinal tract... where soda and alkalizers never help!

Pepto-Bismol's special medicinal formula soothes *both* the irritated stomach *and* intestinal walls with a gentle coating action. It helps retard gas formation; calm heartburn, nausea. Hospital tests also prove it controls simple diarrhea —without constipating. No wonder Pepto-Bismol is America's leading family remedy for upset stomach!

P.S. MOTHERS! Pepto-Bismol is effective, mild, safe for children, too. They love its wonderful flavor!



A NORWICH PRODUCT

Take Hospital Tested

Pepto-Bismol®



...and feel good again!



REINVESTMENT in Latin America of U.S. profits there was urged by Brazil industrialist Luis Roberto C. Vidigal.



GUATEMALAN BAND was flown into New Orleans for conference, is led by Eric Johnston at party for conference delegates on the ship S.S. *Del Norte*.

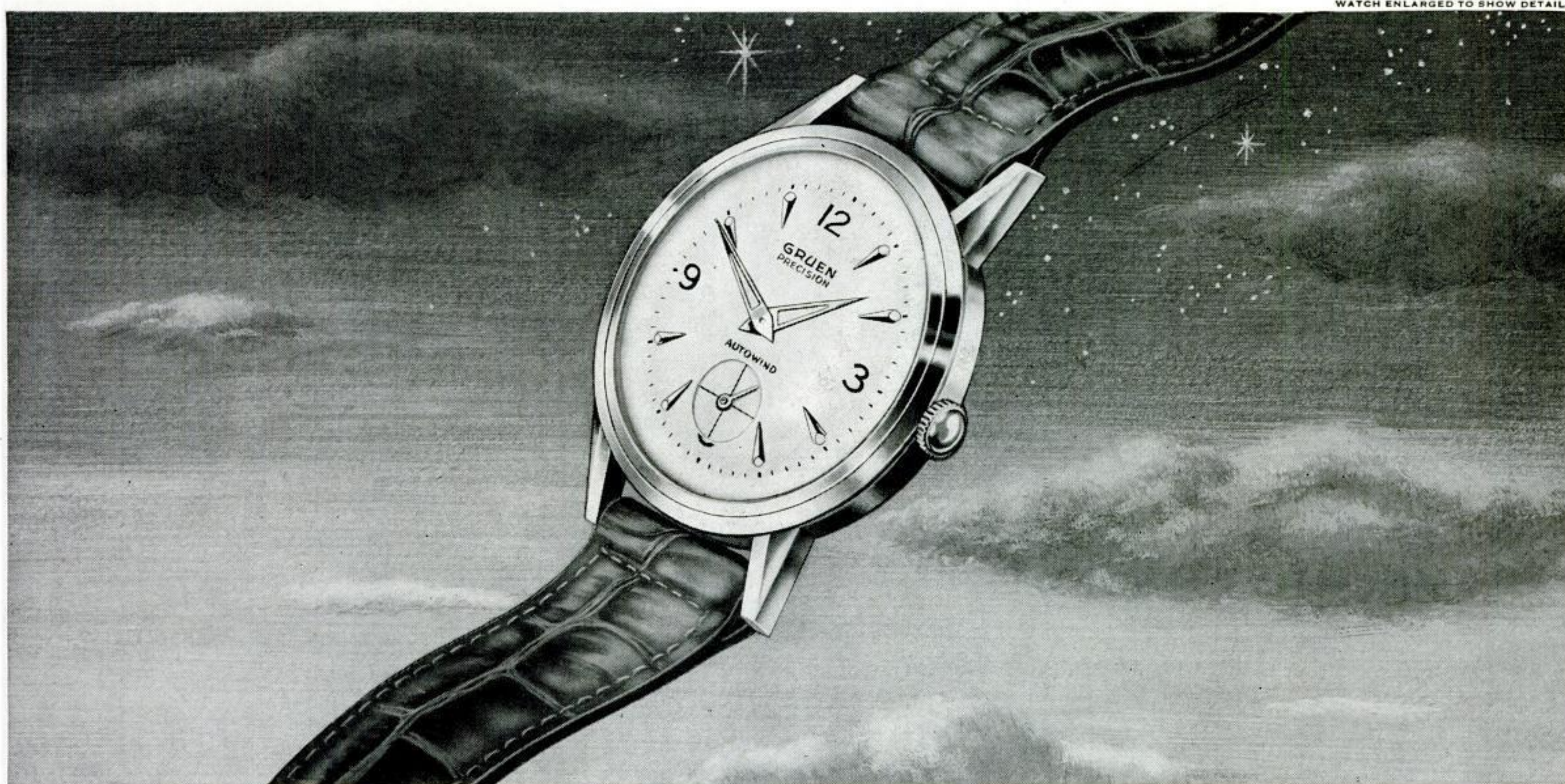


ELOQUENT PLEA for faith in Latin America was made by Alberto Lleras Camargo, former president of Colombia.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 116

WIN THIS WORLD FAMOUS GRUEN AUTOWIND

...most popular of all automatic watches!



Nothing to buy in this Gruen "Mystery Moment" Contest!

A WINNER IN EVERY STORE!

IT'S THE EASIEST, most exciting contest ever — as simple as guessing the time. And you can win a thrilling Gruen Autowind, the world's most popular self-winding watch!

It's resistant to water, shock, dust, magnetism and the mainspring is guaranteed unbreakable! From its superbly styled case to its completely automatic movement, the Autowind is truly new . . . and will be for years to come.

To acquaint everyone with this watch of tomorrow, Gruen is sponsoring a mammoth "Mystery Moment" contest in virtually every jewelry store in the nation. Literally *thousands* of wonderful new Autowinds will be given away! See your Gruen jeweler and enter the "Mystery Moment" contest today.

GRUEN

Autowind

OFFICIAL WATCH OF TRANS WORLD AIRLINES

The Gruen Watch Co., Time Hill, Cincinnati 6, O., Canada, Toronto, Ont.

Here's all you do to win!

Look for the "Mystery Moment" display in your jeweler's window...
and guess the exact time on the Gruen Autowind Watch.



Go to your own Gruen jeweler. In his window, you will see a "Mystery Moment" display that holds a brand new Gruen Autowind inside a specially sealed Gruen gift box.

All you have to do is guess the exact hour, minute and second shown on the Gruen Autowind Watch when it is opened. The person whose guess is closest wins the watch absolutely FREE.

Just go to your Gruen jeweler . . . get an official entry blank and fill in the "Mystery Moment". That's all there is to it! You do the guessing . . . and the closest guess wins the \$49.75 Gruen Autowind Leader or a Gruen ladies' watch of comparable value.

"Mystery Moment" day—April 30. Don't delay, enter today!*

*Contest limited to the Continental United States



*The thriftier
oil filter
for your car!*

You'll like the Scotch treatment WIX gives your pocketbook. When you join the WIX Clan, you save oil—save engine life—save repairs—with

wix
ENGINEERED FILTRATION

There's a WIX HEVI-DUTY Oil Filter Cartridge designed especially for your car, to keep your oil *clean*—and your engine sweet-running. WIX Cartridges more than meet automotive engineers' specifications and do not disturb the detergents in today's heavy-duty oils. Ask your Serviceman for a WIX Cartridge the next time he changes your oil. It's the thrifty way to save your engine.



POROSITE—the modern, pleated paper WIX Cartridge for Full Flow Filtration Systems.



WIX CARTRIDGES
are priced
as low as **\$1.50**

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OIL FILTERS CARTRIDGES
automotive • industrial • railroad
WIX CORPORATION • GASTONIA, N. C.
IN CANADA: WIX ACCESSORIES CORP. LTD., TORONTO

WIXITE—the outstanding depth-type WIX Cartridge for Partial Flow Systems.

Conference CONTINUED

BANANA CHIPS, HOTEL, RANCHES



BANANA CHIPS are demonstrated by Guatemalan Adolfo Braun Valle (right), who wanted Oklahoman William Whiteman to put up money to make them.



NEW HOTEL for Managua, Nicaragua, was proposed by Ernesto Salazar (right) as investment to Thomas Sutherland, representing Texas investors.



RANCH INVESTMENTS in Colombia are discussed by California rancher (left) and Texas investor with Colombian (center) who holds map of country.

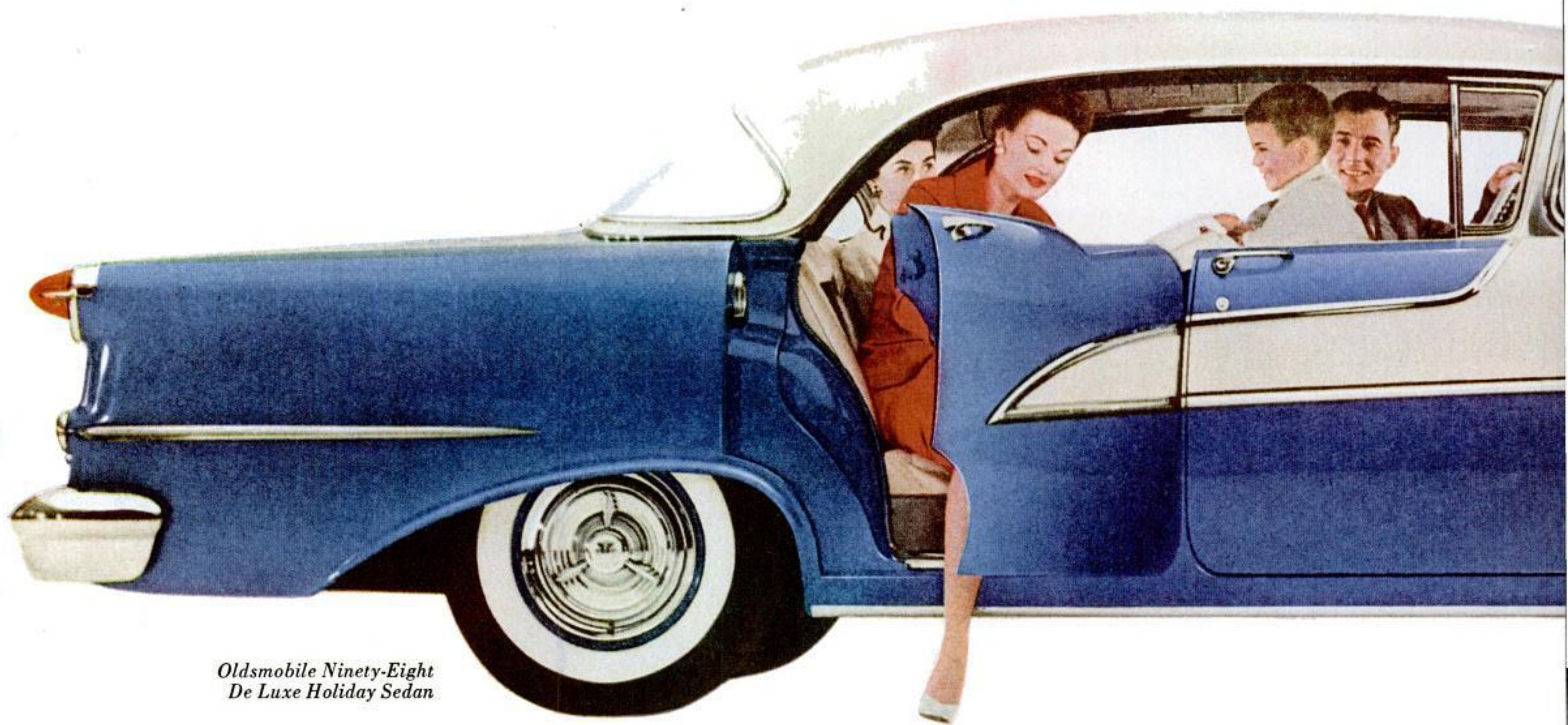


When I'm eating Jell-O I wish I were a yak

I'd yak, yak, yak
about those six delicious flavors!

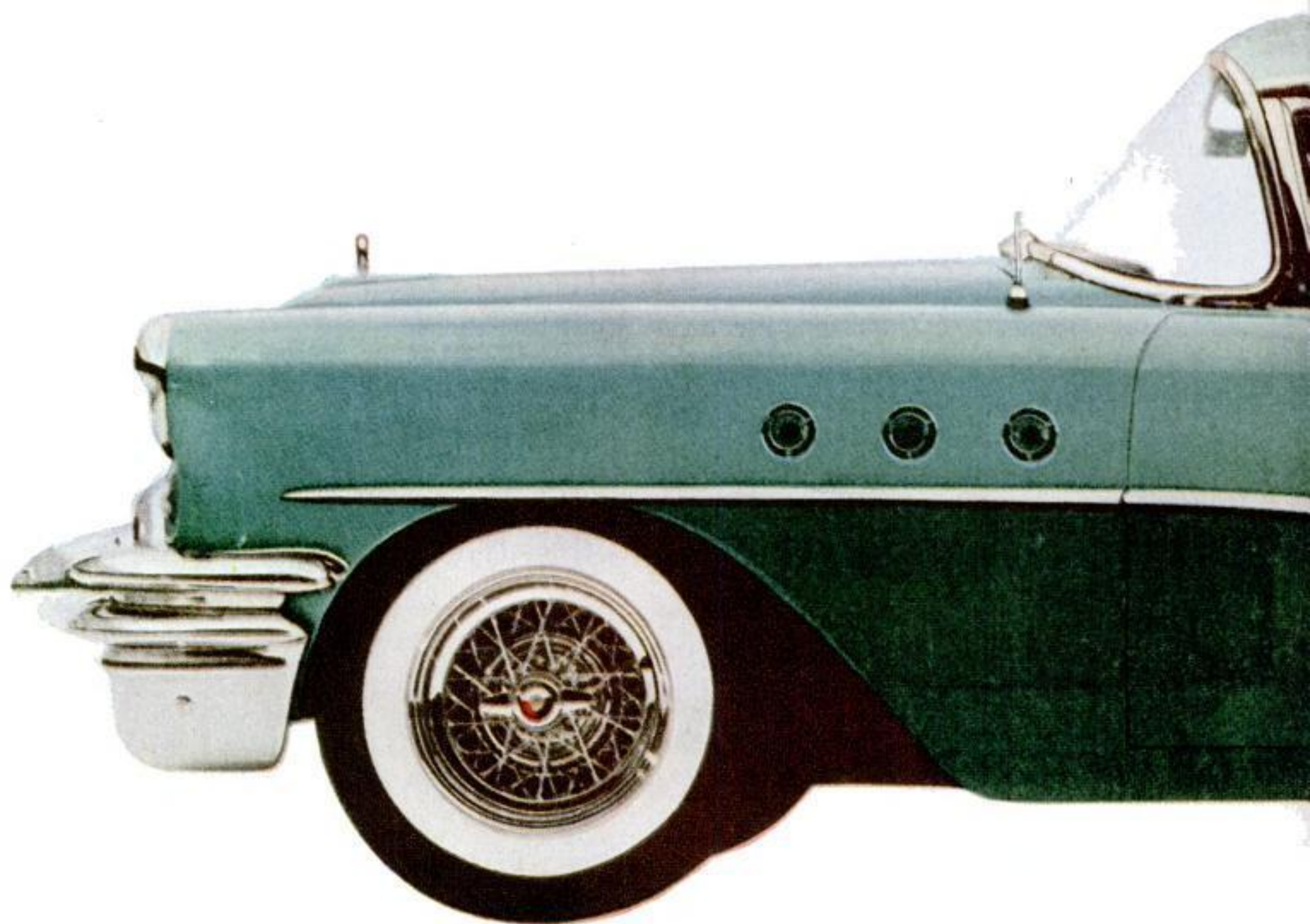
Now's the time for





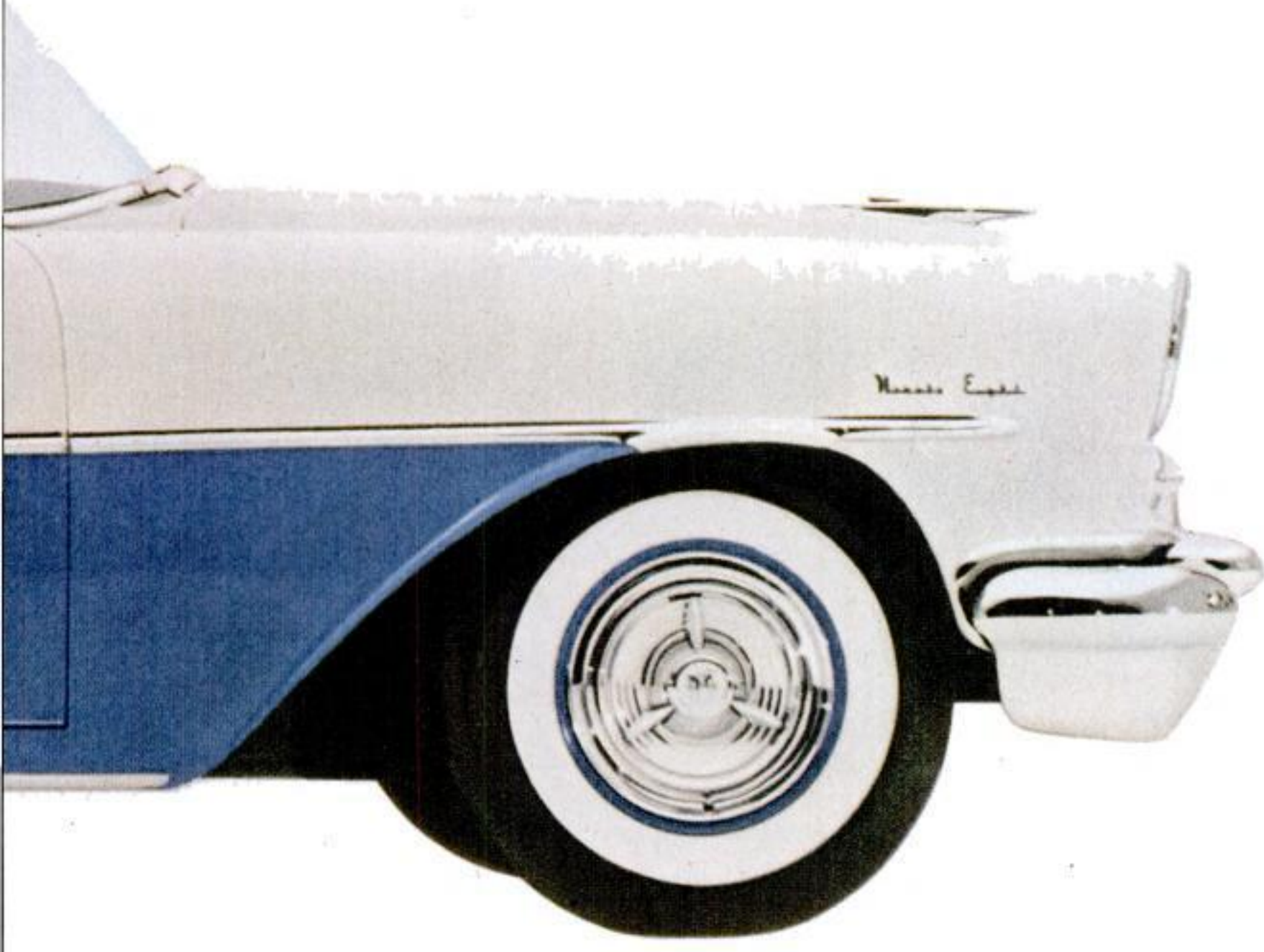
*Oldsmobile Ninety-Eight
De Luxe Holiday Sedan*

four doors to new



GENERAL

CHEVROLET • PONTIAC

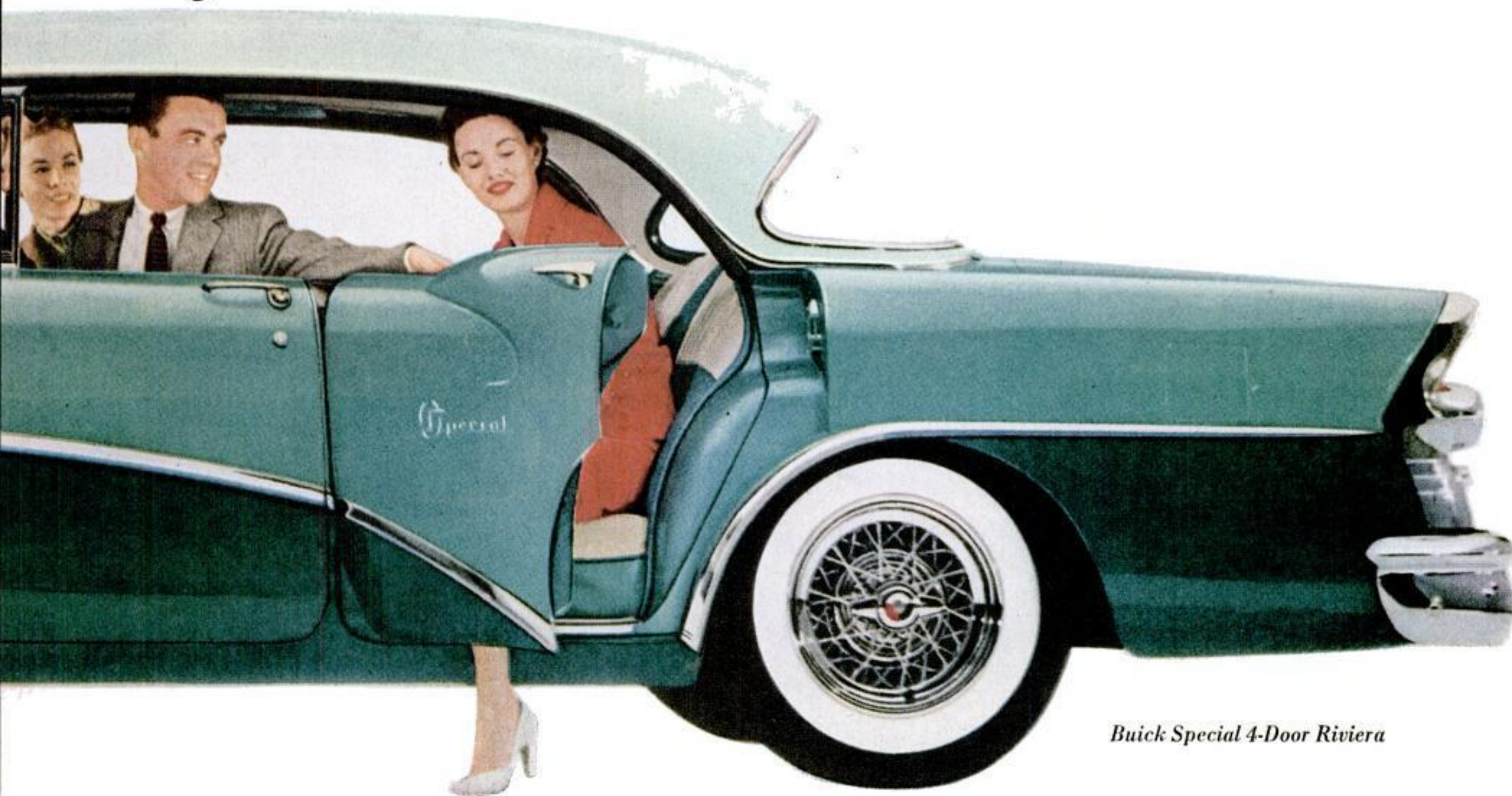


WHEN General Motors first introduced the two-door hardtop—its bold, sports-flair styling started a completely fresh—and immensely popular—trend in automotive design.

Now—our GM stylists again prove their leadership by pioneering the new four-door version of this famous body style you see pictured here.

With no door posts to block your view—it offers the comfort, roominess and easy access of typical four-door design. And—like all the other GM style advances—it shows that in design—as, of course, in engineering—your key to greater value is the key to a General Motors car.

style horizons



Buick Special 4-Door Riviera

MOTORS *leads the way*

OLDSMOBILE • BUICK • CADILLAC • *All with Body by Fisher* • GMC TRUCK & COACH

AMERICA'S NEW RAILROAD



"Turquoise Room," Santa Fe Super Chief

Smartest place to eat between Chicago and Los Angeles

For its size, this is the most famous restaurant in all the world. It's the Turquoise Room on the *Super Chief*.

Transcontinental commuters, of whom the Santa Fe has quite a number, love the feeling of a private club enroute that the Turquoise Room gives them.

For example, one of our recent passengers happened to have a birthday aboard, and his wife engaged the room for a surprise party (you can do that). Where else but on the Santa Fe

would you find such unexpected extra services?

It's America's new railroad, and new things are coming fast. If you haven't traveled with us recently, you have some pleasant surprises in store. Enjoy them soon, won't you?

The Super Chief—all-room streamlined train daily between Chicago and Los Angeles.

Also daily: *The Chief and El Capitan* (between Chicago and Los Angeles) . . . *San Francisco Chief* (between Chicago and San Francisco).



THE VANISHING TABLE

From chests and desks slide answers to dining problems

The formal dining room with a big table smack in its middle is almost extinct. But the dining tables are still necessary pieces of furniture and furniture makers are putting them out in odd disguises. Newest, most ingenious and most convenient of them are the variation dining tables made by Saginaw Furniture Shops. The tables come hidden in a number of useful storage pieces, designed in modern or traditional styles and appropriate for the living room, library,

the television room or wherever the family eats.

The cabinet, chest and desk really work as such and look like conventional furniture. But in each case the top drawer is a false one; it pulls out and with one little tug a table that extends to 63 inches rolls out. At full length it seats six. For fewer people it can be pulled out part way. Its legs are attached to it, do not have to be let down or fussed with. The laminated top rests on strong steel supports.



DINING TABLES to seat six roll out of each of these pieces. At the top, the table is in a traditional desk. Middle row, left, table is in a modern chest which can

be used for storing linens, silver. Middle right, the cabinet holds four folding chairs in a compartment. At bottom, table is shown fully extended from a modern desk.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

Your hair
won't go wild
when it's washed
with Halo!



Have lustrous, sparkling
easy-to-manage hair
right after shampooing!

When you "just can't do anything" with your hair, use Halo! Whether it's dry, oily, or normal, your hair will be softer, springier, look pretty as a picture—*right after shampooing!*

■ The secret is Halo's exclusive ingredient that leaves hair silkier, faster to set, easier to comb and manage. What's more, Halo's own special glorifier whisks away loose dandruff . . . removes the dullness that hides the natural beauty of your hair . . . lets it shine with *far brighter* sparkle! So, when your hair is hard to manage or simply won't "stay put" . . . you'll find it just loves to behave after a Halo Shampoo!

** Halo **
the shampoo
that glorifies
your hair!

for dry, oily, normal hair



Smoke Odor Sufferers!

air-wick

kills
stale smoke
odors fast!



air-wick works like nothing else possibly can...to kill disagreeable odors from smoking, cooking, bathroom and other sources...and to make the air in your home seem fresh and clean-smelling in a jiffy. It's the only household deodorizer with chlorophyll. And, test after test by scientific laboratories prove air-wick three times as effective as imitations. Don't waste money on imitations! Insist on genuine air-wick!



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Vanishing Table CONTINUED

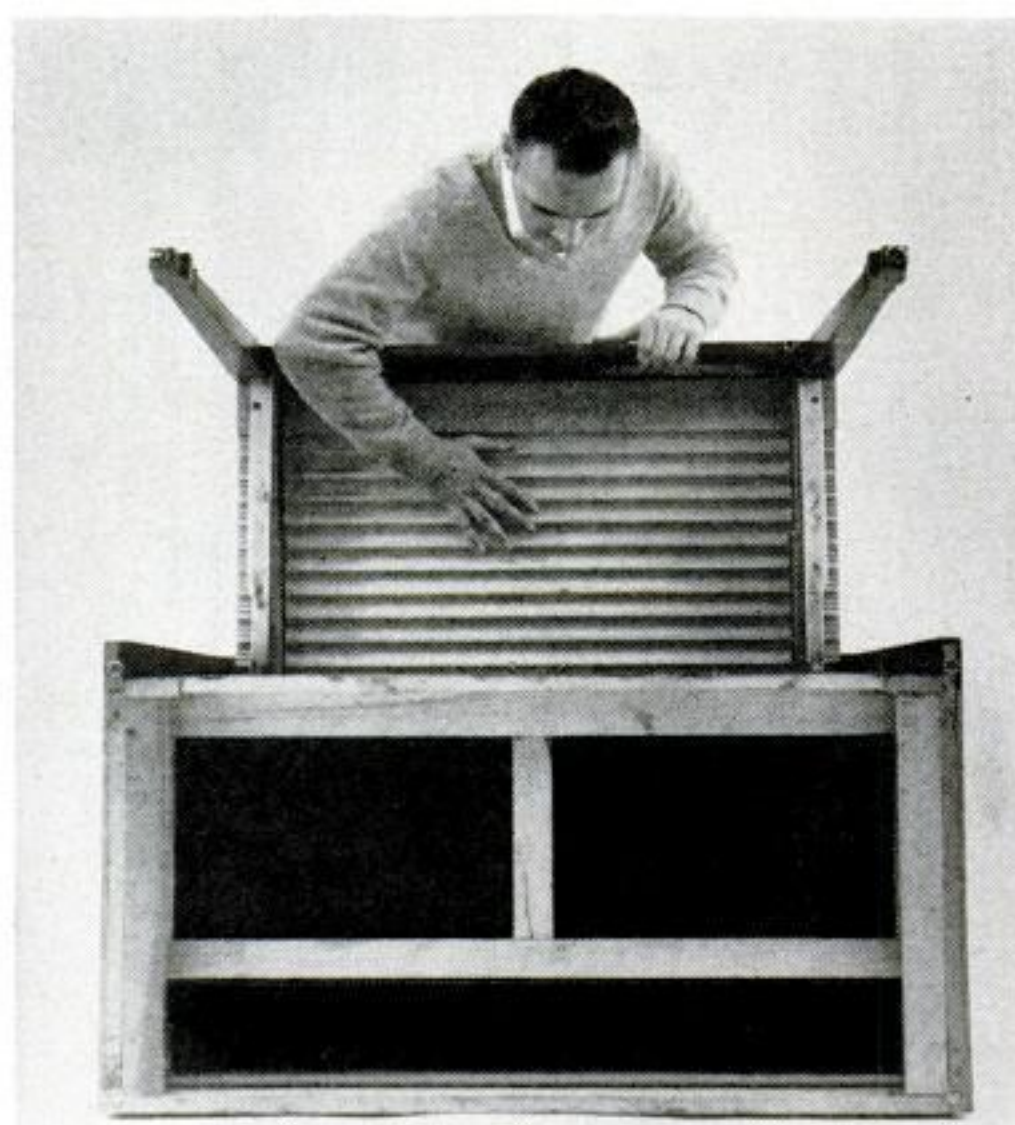


TABLE DISAPPEARS in cabinet as it slides like a roll-top desk into rear area and fits inside top, back, bottom.



EXTENDED TABLE, reinforced underneath by wood lath, can withstand force of man jumping on it. Steel supports on sides telescope into cabinet top.



TOP OF TABLE is made of a Bakelite vinyl-coated fiber. It is not easily marred and resists heat, spilled coffee.



"VIKING"

Underwater hero of a watch! 32.5% more accurate than old-fashioned winding watches because it is self-winding. 17 jewels. Perfect precision.

39⁹⁵

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For name of your friendly neighbor—the jeweler, write: Croton Nivada Grenchen, 404 Fourth Ave., N. Y. 16, N. Y.



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ILLUSTRATED
Tells how you can have Fertile, Prolific Seed Beds,
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"There's a man in County Kerry.."



"There's a man in County Kerry," said Tim Mulaney to his crony Flannagan, "who can stand with his feet flat on the ground and leap twelve feet straight in the air."

"Twelve feet in the air? You're daft, Tim," countered Flannagan. "There's no man in the world who could do such a thing. Not a man."

"There is too. And you know him yourself."

"I do? Who is he?"

"He's your own Cousin Dennis."

"Ahh... Dennis," mused Flannagan. "Yes, Dinny could do it."

* * *

This, my favorite Irish story, seems to make a point about LIFE. Several weeks ago, I previewed for LIFE readers some of the ambitious and challenging editorial features LIFE was planning for 1955. And I must admit that my enthusiasm for the proposed program might have made LIFE sound a little like the man who could leap 12 feet in the air. But apparently a lot of people felt that LIFE, like Cousin Dinny, could do it.

For in response to the announcement of our '55 program a record number of casual LIFE readers decided to become regular subscribers. Our Chicago service department reported that more new subscriptions were entered for the February 7 issue than for any single issue in LIFE's history. Newsdealers all over the country are calling for more copies. One Detroit dealer, Sam Greenberg, complained recently that his "draw" had been cut. When told that he was actually receiving more copies than last year, he replied, "LIFE sells so fast these days, it just seems that I have fewer copies to sell."



LIFE has always given you big color features, important articles, adventures, personalities. Yet readers are acting like the man who was perfectly content with his 1954 car, but who suddenly feels a new surge of excitement when he climbs behind the wheel of his '55 model. You can sense this reader enthusiasm in fervent letters to the editor and in circulation figures.

Perhaps it is the profusion of "extras" that accounts for the new surge to LIFE: "The Good Shepherd," "The Great Garbo," Cartier-Bresson's "People of Russia," Eliot Elisofon's "Romantic South Seas" and "The World's Great Religions."

But these "extras" are just *extra* reasons for reading LIFE. The core of any week's issue is still to be found in news pictures; exciting reports that let you eyewitness the great events which can only be reported in pictures. This news-reporting is sometimes presented in a single photograph, sometimes in ten. But it is the heart of LIFE magazine.



We're profoundly grateful to you who are responsible for LIFE's new heights of readership. And along with our thanks you have our guarantee that future issues will more than justify your enthusiasm. Look for the new series on "America's Arts and Skills," depicting in color the great tradition of American design and taste, the Truman Memoirs and the "Story of Man." Some of these features are so promising that you might think LIFE is getting ready to leap 13 feet in the air.

Andrew Heiskell, *Publisher*

The way to save

Easy to carry! Easy to store!
Saves shopping trips!



New convenience... new economy...
when you buy the original "controlled suds" detergent
that automatic washer makers prescribe

MILLIONS of automatic washer owners now know what laboratory tests have proved over and over again... *no thick-suds detergent can wash so clean yet rinse as free as all.*

In fact, piles of suds actually *hinder* the washing action of your machine. But *all's* "controlled suds" let the clothes slosh and tumble freely through the water just the way the maker of your washer intended.

Suds *on top* of the water don't help wash the clothes underneath, and they can get trapped in the clothes when your automatic switches to "Rinse." But *all* makes *almost no suds*, so all its washing power goes to work under water, and there's no dull suds film left to spoil the beauty of your fresh-washed clothes.

all users are such loyal users that food stores now offer it in economical 25-lb. boxes and pails for your convenience.

Actual photos of transparent plastic washers prove:
No thick-suds detergent can rinse as clean as ***all***



Dull film left by excess suds. See how suds are clinging stubbornly to fresh-washed clothes when wash water's drained off. That's what happens with thick-suds detergents. They can stick to clothes, redeposit dirt. That's why colored clothes can turn out so dull... white clothes so grey.

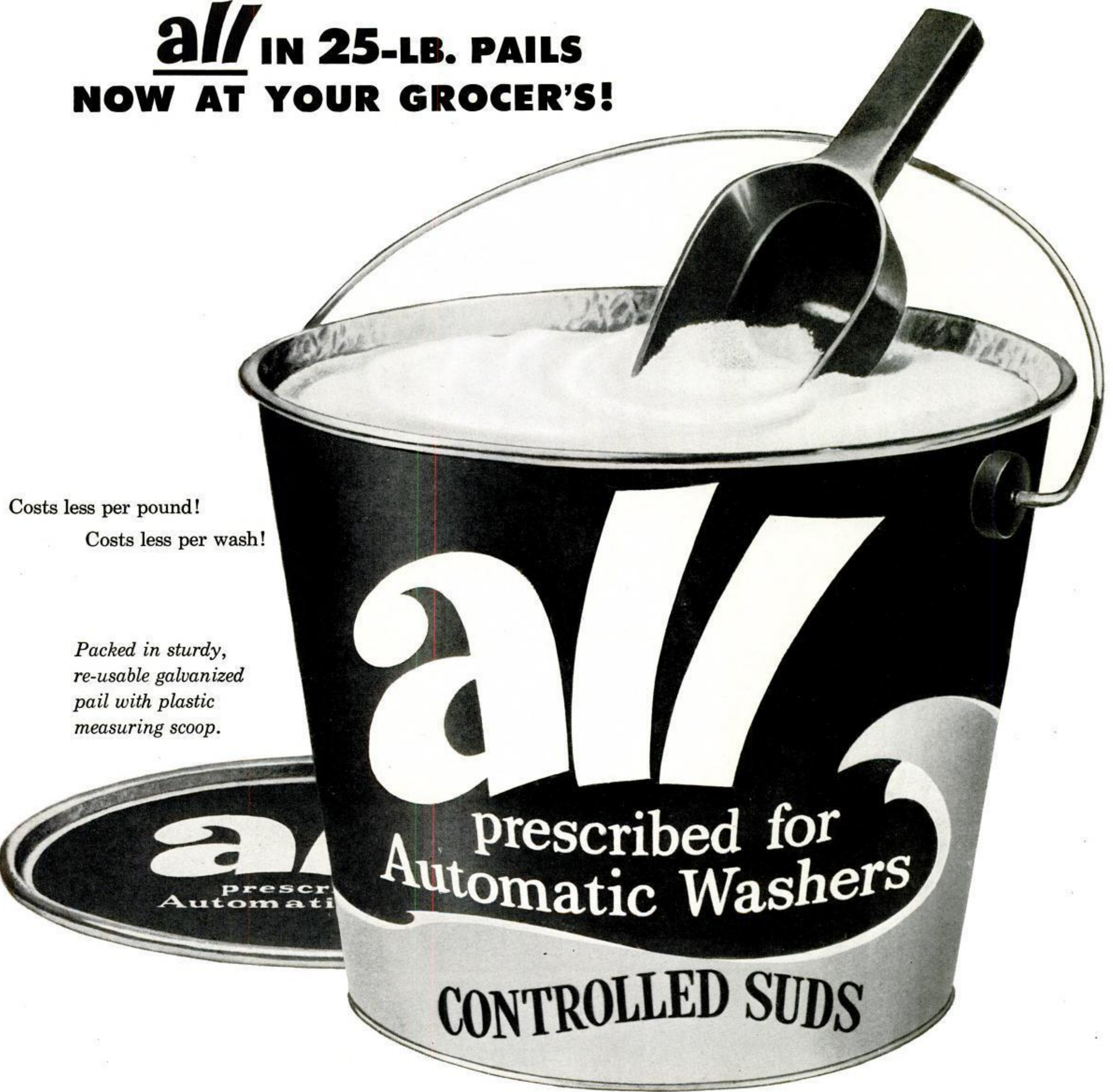
***all's* "controlled suds" rinse out completely.** Now look at the difference with *all* after draining. No gummy suds... for *all's* "controlled suds" can't stick to fabrics. This means your automatic washer will have an easy time rinsing your clothes completely, scrupulously clean.

all is made by **MONSANTO** where creative chemistry works wonders for you



is buy the bucket!

all IN 25-LB. PAILS
NOW AT YOUR GROCER'S!



Costs less per pound!

Costs less per wash!

*Packed in sturdy,
re-usable galvanized
pail with plastic
measuring scoop.*



Howard Wilson

THE GOOD SHEPHERD

by C. S. FORESTER

Long admired as a master storyteller as well as an authority on naval and sea lore, C. S. Forester is one of the most widely read novelists of our time—author of *The African Queen*, *Payment Deferred* and the world-famous Hornblower historical series. On these pages

LIFE begins the first publication of his latest book, *The Good Shepherd*, in a two-part condensation. The complete novel will be published in book form by Little, Brown and Company March 28 and will also be distributed as a Book-of-the-Month Club selection for April.

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WEDNESDAY. FORENOON WATCH: 0800–1200

THERE were nearly 2,000 men in the eastbound convoy of 37 ships; there were over 800 in the four destroyers and escort vessels that guarded it. Expressing uselessly values quite immeasurable, 3,000 lives and property worth \$50 million were in the charge of Commander George Krause of the United States Navy, age 42, height 5 feet 9, weight 155 pounds, complexion medium, color of eyes gray; and he was not only escort commander but captain of the destroyer *Keeling* of 1,500 tons displacement.

Back in the center of the convoy was the tanker *Hendrikson*; it was of no importance that in the books of the company that owned her she was valued at a quarter of a million dollars and the oil that she carried at another quarter of a million. That meant literally nothing; but the fact that if she should arrive in England her cargo would provide an hour's steaming for the entire British navy meant something too important to be measured at all.

The fact that Commander Krause tipped the scale at 155 could be of appreciable importance; it could be a measure of the speed with which he could reach the bridge in an emergency, and, once on the bridge, it might give some faint indication of his ability to withstand the physical strain of remaining there. That was something of far more importance than the book value of the *Hendrikson*; it was of more importance even to the men who owned her, although they might not believe it, never having heard of Commander George Krause of the United States Navy. And they would not have been in the least interested to hear that he was the son of a Lutheran minister, that he had been devoutly brought up, and that he was a man very familiar with the Bible.

He was in his cabin, having come out from under the shower, and he had towed himself dry. It was the first opportunity he had had in 36 hours to take a bath, and he did not expect to have another for a long time. This was the blessed moment after securing from General Quarters with the coming of full daylight. He had put on his thick woolen underclothes, his shirt and his trousers, his socks and his shoes. Krause had already been on his feet for three hours. He had gone to the bridge in the darkness before General Quarters had sounded, ready for the crises that dawn might bring. With full daylight—if that melancholy grayness merited the term—the ship had secured from General Quarters, and Krause could briefly retire. He could offer up his prayers on his knees. He could take his breakfast. And then he could bathe and change.

He turned away from the stranger in the mirror, satisfied that he was properly shaved. "Yesterday, and today, and forever," he said to himself, as he always did when he had passed his own inspection. That was a passage

from Hebrews XIII; it marked the fact that he was starting out on a fresh stage of his journey through the temporary world, to the grave and to immortality beyond it. And while his mind was so occupied his body automatically retained its balance, for the ship was rolling and pitching as only a destroyer can roll and pitch—as she had rolled and pitched without ceasing for the past several days.

Krause raised his eyes and reached for the sweater that was the next garment he had planned to put on. Before his hand touched it there came a loud note from the bell on the bulkhead, and from the voice tube issued the voice of Lieutenant Carling, officer of the deck: "Captain to the bridge, sir."

There was urgency in the voice. Krause's hand snatched, not the sweater, but the uniform coat dangling on its hanger. In his shirt sleeves, still holding the coat, he plunged for the bridge. Seven seconds elapsed between the time when the bell sounded its note to the time when Krause entered the pilothouse.

"Harry's made a contact, sir," said Carling.

Krause sprang to the radio telephone—the T.B.S., the "talk between ships."

"George to Harry. George to Harry. Go ahead."

He swung to his left as he spoke, staring out over the heaving sea. Three and a half miles to port was the Polish destroyer *Viktor*; three and a half miles beyond her was H.M.S. *James*; she was off her course, heading northward away from the convoy, presumably following up her contact. It was the *James* who called herself Harry in the T.B.S. code. As Krause's eyes focused on her the telephone bleated. No amount of distortion could disguise the peculiar English intonation of the voice.

"Distant contact, sir. Bearing three five five. Request permission to attack."

Eleven words, one of which might possibly be omitted; but they presented a problem of enormous complexity—and to which a solution had to be found in as few seconds as possible. A well-accustomed mind simplified one factor in a moment. A contact bearing three five five lay, on the present leg of the zigzag, just forward of the port beam. *James* was three miles to port of the convoy. The U-boat—if indeed the contact indicated the presence of a U-boat,

which was by no means certain—then must lie several miles from the convoy and not far forward of the convoy's port beam. A glance at the clock; in 14 minutes another change of course was due, turning the convoy definitely away from the U-boat. That was a point in favor of leaving the U-boat alone.

There were other factors favoring the same decision. There were only four fighting ships for the whole convoy. Detach one—or two—and there would be



As Commander Krause watched,
a star shell lit a slinking U-boat

Still in his shirt sleeves, he
plunged for the bridge

THE GOOD SHEPHERD

practically no screen, only gaps through which other U-boats might well slip. There was a factor more weighty still, the question of fuel consumption. *James* would have to work up to full speed; she might be searching for hours, and the convoy most likely would be heading away from her during the whole search. That would mean an hour, or two, or three, at high speed, with an extra consumption of some tons of fuel.

But then on the other hand a contact had been made. It was possible that a U-boat might be killed. The killing of a U-boat would be a substantial success in itself. And the consequences might be more important still. If that U-boat were allowed to depart unharmed, she could surface, and by radio could inform German U-boat headquarters of the presence of Allied shipping at this point in the Atlantic.

It was 24 seconds since Krause had arrived on the bridge. He was an American officer whom chance had tossed into the command of an Allied convoy. What would the captain of the *James* think of him if he refused permission to attack? What would the seamen in the convoy think of him if other U-boats got in through the screen so dangerously attenuated by that permission? When the reports started to come in would one government querulously complain to another that he had been too rash? Or too cautious? Krause had envisaged these aspects of his problem, but in the present case they could not affect his decision. They merely made his decision more important.

"Permission granted," he said.

"Aye aye, sir," said the telephone.

The telephone squawked again instantly. "Eagle to George," it said. "Request permission to assist Harry."

Eagle was the Polish destroyer *Viktor* and the voice was that of a young British officer who rode in her to transmit T.B.S. messages.

"Permission granted," said Krause.

Krause saw the *Viktor* wheel about as soon as the words were spoken. *James* had developed a system of coaching *Viktor* in to make the kill. The two ships were buddies; Krause had known from the moment the contact was reported to him that if he detached one it would be better to detach both.

It was now 59 seconds since the summons to Krause in his cabin. Now it was necessary to dispose his two remaining escort ships, *Keeling* and H.M.C.S. *Dodge*, out on his starboard quarter, to the best advantage; to attempt with two ships to screen 37. Krause spoke into the telephone again. "George to Dicky."

"Sir!" squawked the telephone back to him instantly. *Dodge* must have been expecting orders.

"Take station three miles ahead of the leading ship of the starboard column of the convoy."

"Three miles ahead of the leading ship of the starboard column," said the telephone back to him. "Aye aye, sir."

That was a Canadian voice, with a pitch and a rhythm more natural than the British. Krause turned to the officer of the deck.

"Course zero zero five, Mr. Carling."

"Aye aye, sir," answered Carling, and then to the quartermaster, "Left standard rudder. Steer course zero zero five."

"Mr. Carling, take station three miles ahead of the leading ship of the port column of the convoy."

Krause's orders had already set *Keeling* on an economical course toward that station, and now that she was crossing ahead of the convoy would be a good moment to check on it. But he could spare a moment to put on his coat; until now he had been in his shirt sleeves with his coat in his hand.

Carling had his hand on the lever that sounded the general alarm, and was looking to his captain for orders.

"No," said Krause.

Calling the ship to General Quarters would bring every single man on board to his post of duty. No one would sleep and hardly anyone would eat; the ordinary routine of the ship would cease entirely. *Keeling* was already in Condition Two, with battle stations largely manned. Condition Two meant a strain, but the length of time during which Condition Two could be endured was measurable in days, compared with the hours that battle stations could be endured.

Krause picked up his binoculars, hung them round his neck and trained them towards the convoy. In the crowded pilothouse it was impossible to get a clear sight, and he stepped out onto the port wing of the bridge. The transition was instant and prodigious. The northeast wind shrieked round him. As he raised the glasses to his eyes his right armpit felt the bitter cold strike into it. He should be wearing his sweater and his overcoat.

They were passing the convoy flagship, an ancient passenger vessel with upper works lofty in comparison with the rest of the convoy. The convoy commodore whose pennant flew in her was an elderly British admiral back from retirement, undertaking a difficult, monotonous, dangerous and inglorious duty of his own free will, even though that meant being under the orders of a young commander of another nation. His duty was to keep the ships of the convoy as nearly in order as possible.

Beyond the convoy flagship the rest of the convoy spread itself in irregular lines; Krause swept his binoculars round to examine them. The lines were certainly irregular, but not nearly as irregular as they had been when he examined them in the first light of dawn. Then the third column from starboard had been revealed

in two halves, with the last three ships trailing far astern. Now the gap had been nearly closed.

There was time for a rapid glance round the *Keeling*. Aloft, the "bed-spring" of the radar antenna was making its methodical gyrations. The lookouts were at their posts, seven of them, their eyes at the binoculars in the rests in front of them, traversing slowly to left and to right, each sweeping his own special sector, but with each having to pause every few seconds to wipe from the glasses the spray flying back from the bows.

Krause went back into the pilothouse. The comparative warmth of it reminded him that in that brief time outside he had been chilled through. The telephone was bleating and gurgling. He was overhearing the conversations between the British officers in *James* and *Viktor*.

"Can't you get the range, old boy?"

"No, damn it. Contact's too indistinct. Haven't you picked it up yet?"

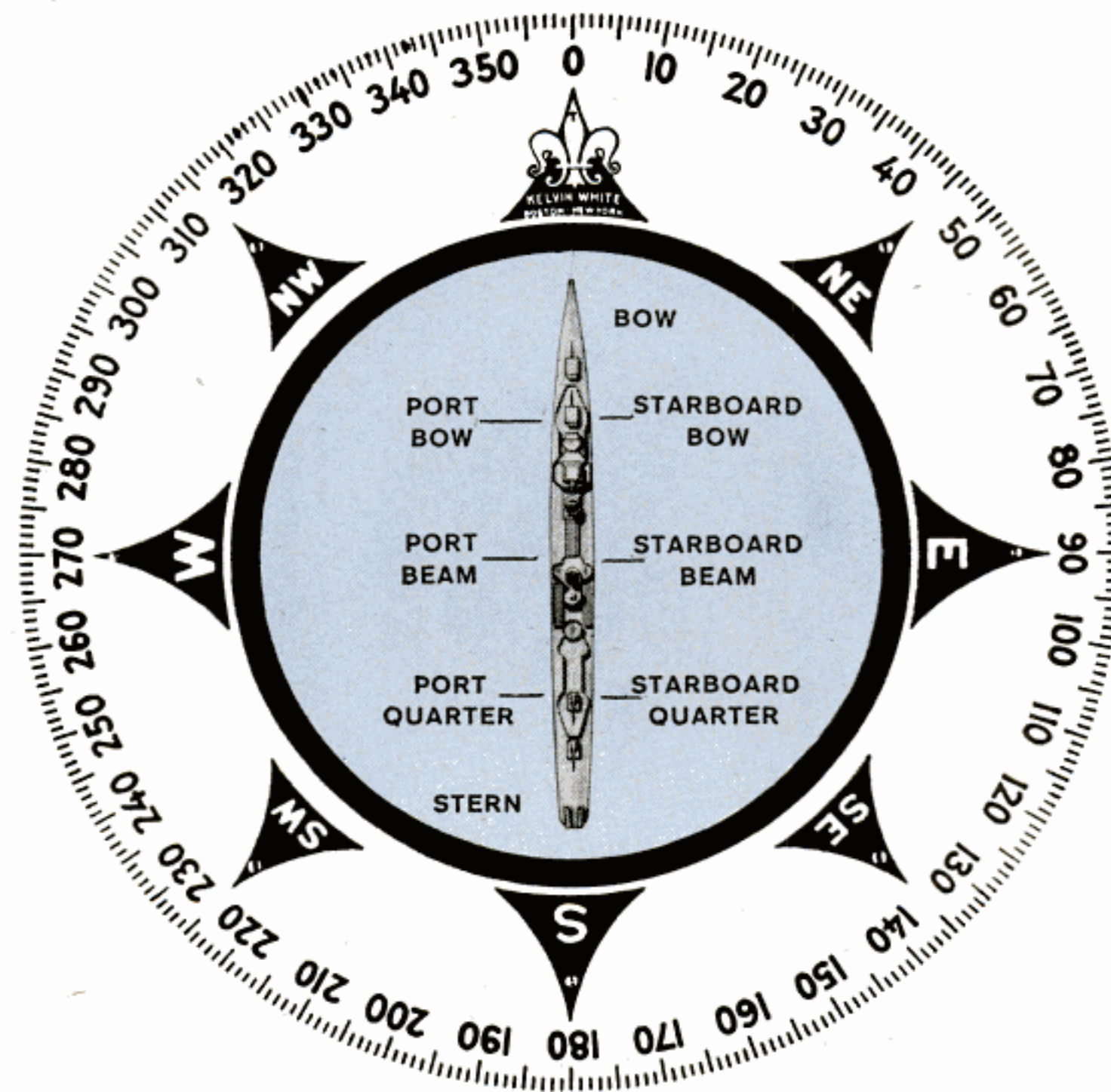
From where Krause stood *James* was indistinguishable in the murk of the near horizon. She was only a little ship and her upper works were not lofty. *Viktor* was bigger and higher and nearer; he could still see her.

Keeling was at her new station now. She swung round, turning her stern almost directly towards *Viktor*. The distance between the two ships would now be widening more rapidly than before. *Keeling* rolled deeply to starboard, unexpectedly; she lay over for a long second, leveled herself abruptly, and equally abruptly lay over to port as the roller passed under her keel, so that feet slipped and Carling came sliding down upon Krause.

"Sorry, sir," said Carling.

"All right."

"Next zigzag is due in five minutes, sir."



COURSE AND BEARING EXPLAINED

Above is shown a standard Navy compass card, such as *Keeling* of *The Good Shepherd* would carry. A drawing of a destroyer is superimposed in center to explain terms used in locating areas of the ship. Both *course*, or *heading* (direction of the ship itself), and *bearing* (direction in which an object or target lies from the ship) are called out in degrees. U.S. Navy practice is to use three digits, adding zero or zeros in front where necessary. In this drawing the ship is headed north or "zero zero zero." An order for "course zero four five" would turn her to northeast. Bearings, like course directions, are normally given as "true," i.e., with reference to true north. Thus a target "bearing two seven zero" would be off port beam of destroyer in present heading. If destroyer turned to "course zero nine zero," the same target would be off her stern.

THE GOOD SHEPHERD

The turn would bring the convoy's sterns exactly towards *Viktor* and *James*. *James* must be more than three miles from her station now, and the distance would be increasing every minute. It would take her half an hour of maximum fuel consumption to regain her station if he recalled her now. And every minute that he postponed doing so meant she would spend five extra minutes overtaking the convoy. Another decision to be made.

"George to Harry," he said into the telephone.

"I hear you, George."

"How's that contact of yours?"

"Not very good, sir."

"Is it worth following it up?"

"Well, sir. I think so, sir."

If there really was a U-boat there the German captain would be well aware that contact had been made; he would have changed course radically, and would now be fishtailing and varying his depth; that would account at least in large part for the unsatisfactory contact. There was a new German device for leaving a *pillenwerfer*, or a big bubble, behind, producing a transient sonar effect baffling to the sonar operator. There might be some new unknown device more baffling still. There might be no U-boat there.

On the other hand, if there was, and if *James* and *Viktor* were recalled, it would be some minutes before the U-boat would venture to surface; she would be doubtful as to the bearing of the convoy, which would be heading directly away from her. The risk involved in leaving her to her own devices had been considerably diminished by those few minutes of pursuit.

"You'd better call it off, Harry," said Krause in his flat impersonal voice.

"Aye aye, sir."

There was no guessing whether the decision had caused resentment or not.

"Commodore's signaling for the change of course, sir," reported Carling.

This slow convoy did not zigzag in the fashion of fast convoys; the passage would be prolonged inordinately if it did. The alterations were made at long intervals. Every change of course meant a ponderous wheel to left or to right. In this wheeling movement of the whole mass, it was necessary for the ships in the outer flank to move faster than those in the inner flank, which actually meant—seeing that those on the outer flank were already steaming as hard as they could go—that the ships in the inner columns must reduce speed. Every wheel the convoy made was in consequence followed by a period of confusion. Lines and columns tended to open out, vastly increasing the area the escort had to guard; there were always likely to be stragglers, and experience had long proved that a ship straggling from the formation would almost certainly be sent to the bottom. Krause went out onto the starboard wing of the bridge and leveled his binoculars at the convoy. He saw the string of flags at the commodore's halyard come down.

There was confusion almost instantly. The convoy changed into a muddle of ships dotted haphazard, ships sheering out of line, ships trying to regain station, columns doubling up with the tail crowding on the head. The seconds, the minutes were passing. The front of the convoy was an indented line. To all appearances there were not the 9 columns that there should have been, but 10, 11, no, 12. As Krause watched he saw one of the most distant ships turning until her stern was presented to him. Someone out there of necessity or from recklessness was turning in a full circle; squeezed out from his position, he was about to try to nose his way into it again. And out there on that heaving expanse of water could be a U-boat hanging on the skirts of the convoy. An outlying ship like that would be

a choice victim. Be sober, be vigilant; because your adversary the devil, as a roaring lion, walketh about, seeking whom he may devour.

"Signal for you, sir," called the signalman, stepping forward, pad in hand.

"Read it."

"Comconvoy to Comeskort. Will you please direct your corvette on the starboard side to assist in getting convoy into order question would be grateful."

Comconvoy had to word his signal like that, presumably; he was making requests of an associate, not giving orders to a subordinate. Let thy words be few, said Ecclesiastes; the officer drafting an order had to bear that recommendation in mind, but a retread admiral addressing an escort commander had to remember the Psalms and make his words smoother than butter.

Krause went to the T.B.S. "George to Dicky," he said in that flat distinct voice. The reply was instant; *Dodge* was alert enough.

"Leave your station," he ordered. "Go and—" he checked himself for a moment; then he remembered that it was a Canadian ship he was addressing, so that the phrase he had in mind would not be misunderstood as it might be by the *James* or the *Viktor*, and he continued, "go and ride herd on the convoy on the starboard side."

"Ride herd on the convoy. Aye aye, sir."

NOW there were more orders to give, orders to set *Keeling* patrolling along the whole five-mile front of the convoy, her sonar sweeping first on one side and then on the other as she steamed back and forth in a stouthearted attempt to detect possible enemies. I was eyes to the blind and feet was I to the lame.

Krause walked from the starboard wing of the bridge to the port side as *Keeling* made her second turn about. Even on the wing of the bridge, with the wind blowing, he was conscious of the monotonous ping-ping-ping of the ship's sonar as it sent out its impulses. That noise went on ceaselessly, day and night.

"Signal for you, sir."

"Read it."

The signalman was a little hesitant.

"Comconvoy to Comeskort, sir. 'Huff Duff'—"

There was an inquiring note in the signalman's voice there, and a second's pause.

"Yes, Huff Duff," said Krause, testily. That was HFDF, high frequency direction finding; his signalman had not met the expression before.

"Huff Duff reports foreign transmission bearing zero eight seven range from one five to two zero miles, sir."

Bearing zero eight seven. That was nearly in the path of the convoy. Foreign transmission; that could mean only one thing here in the Atlantic; a U-boat 15 to 20 miles away. This was something far more certain than *James's* possible contact.

"Reply. Comeskort to Comconvoy. Will run it down."

"Comeskort to Comconvoy. Will run it down." Aye aye, sir.

"Wait. Will run it down. Thank you."

"Will run it down. Thank you." Aye aye, sir.

Two strides took Krause into the pilothouse.

"I'll take the conn, Mr. Carling."

"Aye aye, sir."

"Right smartly to course zero eight seven. All engines flank speed. Make turns for 22 knots. Sound General Quarters, Mr. Carling."

"General Quarters. Aye aye, sir."

Warning horns blared through the ship as Carling pressed down on the handle, starting a torrent of men up the ladders.

Krause went to the T.B.S. "Eagle, I am running down a Huff Duff indication bearing



Feet slipped and Carling came sliding down



New RCA Radar "Weather Eye" Sees Through Storms

In our time, man has won round after round in the century-old contest against the elements. For thousands of years, caravan leaders, ship captains, and now airplane pilots—men responsible for the safe transport of travelers and merchandise—have studied the skies. What unseen far-distant dangers lurked there? Fog? Storm? Hurricane?

The most recent scientific victory is something new in Radar—an electronic "Weather Eye" developed by RCA.

In airplanes, this supersensitive instrument

peers miles ahead. It gives advance warning of weather disturbances. The signals on its radar screen point the way to a safe course *around* storm areas, or even *through* them.

The leadership in electronic research that made the "Weather Eye" possible is inherent in all RCA products and services. And at the David Sarnoff Research Center of RCA, Princeton, N. J., scientists are continually at work to extend the frontiers of "Electronics for Living"—electronics that make your life easier, safer, happier.



New RCA Weather Mapping Radar weighs under 125 pounds, takes little space in a plane.



RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA
ELECTRONICS FOR LIVING

THE GOOD SHEPHERD

zero eight seven. Take my place and cover the front of the convoy as quickly as you can."

"Aye aye, sir."

"You hear me, Harry?"

"I hear you, George."

"Cover the left flank."

It would be more than half an hour before *James* would be in her station; it would be nearly 15 minutes before *Viktor* would be in hers. Meanwhile the convoy would be unprotected save by *Dodge* on the starboard wing. The risk run was one of the score of factors that had been balanced in Krause's mind when the commodore's message came through.

Here was Lieutenant Watson, the navigator, reporting having taken over as officer of the deck from Carling. Krause returned his salute; it took only two sentences to inform him regarding the situation.

"Aye aye, sir."

"I have the conn, Mr. Watson."

"Aye aye, sir."

"Messenger, my helmet."

Krause put the thing on; it was for form's sake, but at the same time the sight of the thickly clad men about him reminded him that he was still only wearing his uniform coat and that he was already chilled through.

"Go to my cabin and bring me the sheepskin coat you'll find there."

"Aye aye, sir."

The executive officer was reporting by voice tube from the chartroom below. Lieut. Commander Cole was an old friend; Krause told him how matters stood.

"You're likely to get her on the radar screen any time now, Charlie."

"Yes, sir."

Keeling tore along under nearly full power. She shuddered as a green roller burst over her forecastle. Eighteen miles away or less was a surfaced U-boat. The men who had been roused to seize their equipment and go to their posts were ignorant of the reason for this sudden call. Krause walked to the loudspeaker. The bosun's mate stationed there saw him coming, put his hand to the switch and received an approving nod. The call sounded through the ship. "Now hear this. Now hear this."

"This is the captain," Krause said. "We're running down a U-boat. Every man must be ready for instant action."

In the crowded pilothouse as Krause turned back from the loudspeaker every eye was upon him. There was tenseness in the air, there was ferocity.

Something obtruded itself upon Krause's attention; it was the sheepskin coat he had sent for, offered him by the young messenger. Krause was about to take it.

"Captain!"

Krause was at the voice tube in a flash.

"Target bearing zero nine two. Range fifteen miles."

Charlie Cole's voice was genuinely calm.

"Right smartly to course zero nine two," said Krause.

He turned back to the voice tube. "What do you make of the target?"

"Dead ahead, sir. Not too clear," said Charlie.

We have made a covenant with death, and with hell are we at agreement.

"Bearing's changing a little," said Charlie. "Bearing zero nine three. No, zero nine three and a half. Range fourteen miles. She must be on a nearly reciprocal course."

The range had decreased by a mile in one minute and 16 seconds.

"Range thirteen miles," said Charlie. "Bearing zero nine four."

"Right smartly," said Krause, "to course zero nine eight."

The U-boat was apparently holding a steady course. This turn to starboard would intercept her.

"Range twelve miles," said Charlie. "Bearing zero nine four."

Krause turned to the telephone talker. "Captain to gunnery officer. Do not open fire without orders from me unless enemy is in sight."

"Range twenty thousand," said the talker. "Bearing zero nine four."

This marked an important moment, calling the range in yards instead of in miles. *Keeling* was on a collision course with the U-boat. The climax was approaching. At any moment the U-boat might come into sight over there, where the guns were pointing.

"Range one nine oh double oh. Bearing steady on zero nine four," said the talker.

In the crowded pilothouse the silence and the immobility showed the discipline was good. The silence was even more impressive because the pinging of the sonar had ceased for the first time in 36 hours. Sound ranging was quite ineffective with the ship making 22 knots.

"Range one eight oh double oh. Bearing steady on zero nine four."

He could open fire now. The five-inch guns were straining upwards, their muzzles pointing far above the gray horizon. A word and they would hurl their shells upwards and outwards; there was the chance that one of them might crash into the U-boat's hull. One shell would be enough. The opportunity was his. So was the responsibility for refusing to take advantage of it. The salvo might plunge into the sea half a mile from the U-boat. Before another salvo could be fired the U-boat would be gliding down below the surface, invisible, unattainable, deadly.

"Range one six five double oh. Bearing steady on zero nine four."

Any moment now. Any moment. Were the lookouts doing their duty?

"Target disappeared," said the talker.

Krause stared at him; for a couple of seconds he was uncomprehending. But the boy was clearly aware of what he had said, and showed no disposition to amend it. Krause sprang to the voice tube.

"What's this, Charlie?"

"Afraid he's dived, sir. It looked like it the way the pip faded out."

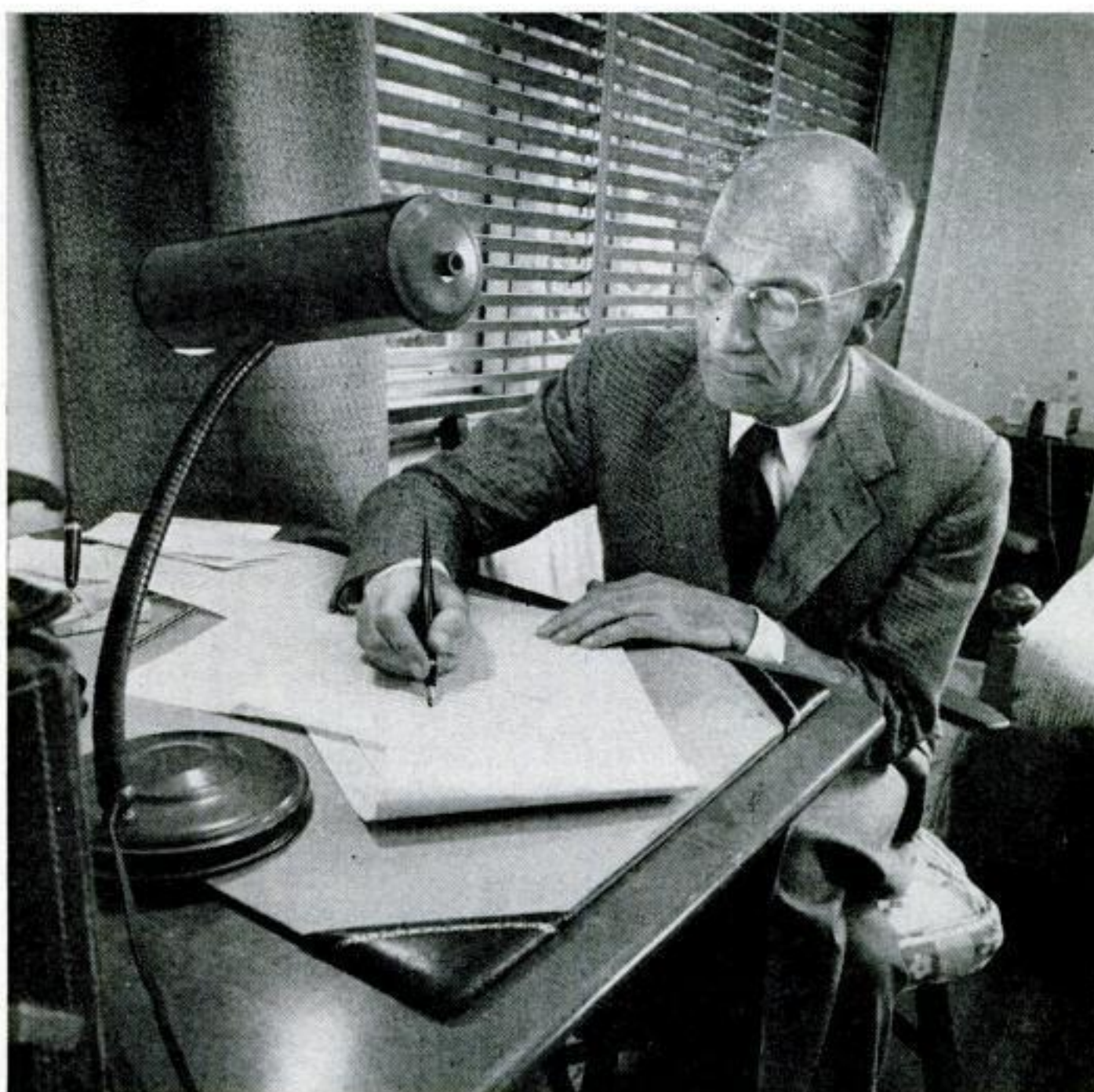
Krause turned back from the voice tube. The crowd in the pilothouse were looking at each other under their helmet brims. Their disappointment was clearly conveyed. They seemed to sag in their bundled clothing.

The point where the U-boat had dived was known: she could be proceeding outward from that point at two knots, four knots, eight knots. In the plot down below circles would be drawn spreading out from that point like ripples round the spot where a stone drops into a pond. The U-boat would be known to be within the largest circle. In 10 minutes she could travel a mile easily and a circle with a radius of a mile would be over three square miles in area. To search three square miles thoroughly would take an hour and in an hour the maximum circle would expand to enclose a hundred square miles.

Then was it worthwhile to make the attempt to regain contact? The alternative was to head straight back and, in the regular position in the screen, to hope that the U-boat would come into contact as she crept into ambush. Defense or offense? Move or countermove? It was the eternal military problem. The attack was worth trying; it was worth making a search; so Krause coldly decided, standing there in the crowded pilothouse with every eye on him. He that seeketh findeth.

"Give me a course to intercept if the target maintains course at six knots," he said into the voice tube.

"Aye aye, sir."



AUTHOR OF 'THE GOOD SHEPHERD'

C. S. Forester, shown here at work in his Berkeley, Calif. home, sailed in American as well as British naval vessels as an observer during World War II. Recalling how he came to write *The Good Shepherd*, he says, "The story lived with me for a dozen years before I wrote it. It was in my mind when I went to sea with the U.S. Navy in 1943. I wanted to tell a story of devotion and accomplishment, but before I had time to tell it illness struck me, and then other work demanded my attention, and the war was over, and momentarily it seemed as if the time was past. But the story persisted in my mind, clamoring to be written, and at last I could resist it no longer, and here it is."

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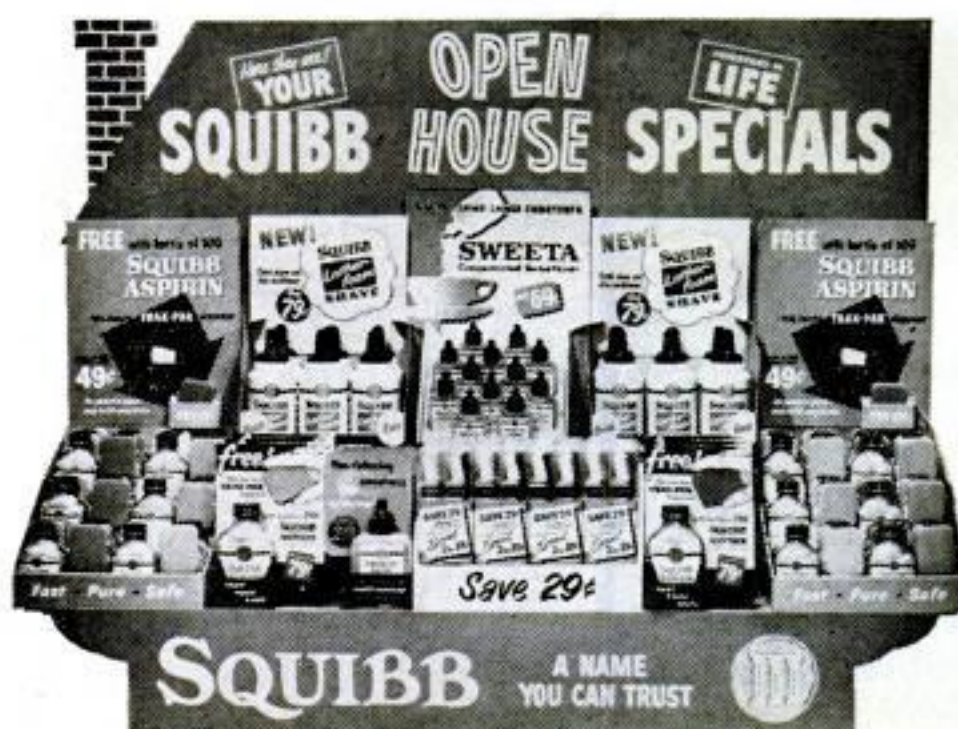
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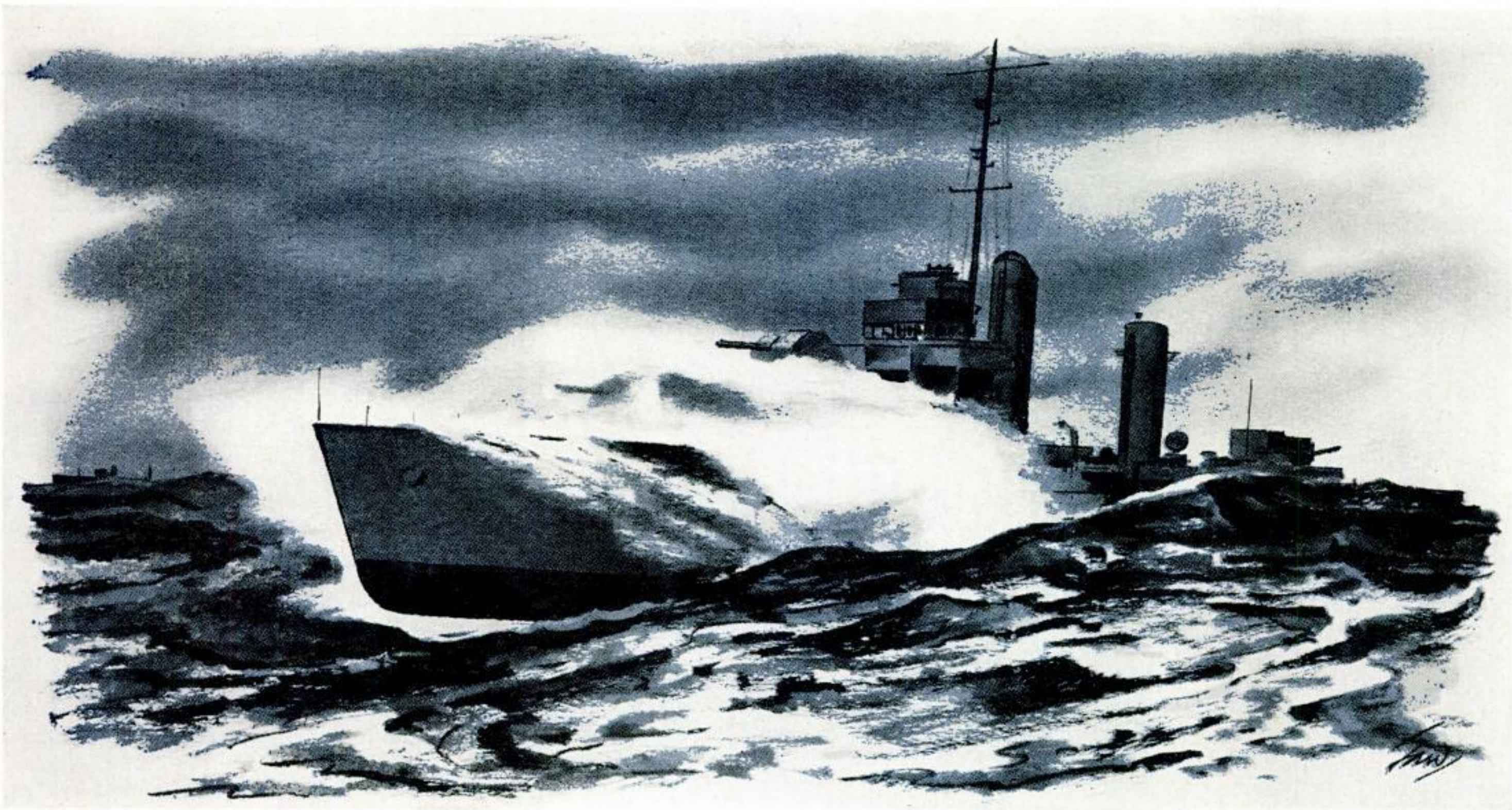
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THE GOOD SHEPHERD



She shuddered as a roller burst over her forecastle

The tube called him. "Course zero nine six," it said.

"Warn me when we are within two miles," he said.

Krause strode out onto the wing of the bridge. The wind there was tremendous. There was dense spray flying too, freezing cold. As he looked aft he could see the unfortunate men stationed at the depth charge racks cowering for shelter.

He came back into the pilothouse with his eyes on the clock. The messenger sprang forward, still holding out the sheepskin coat he had sent for long before. Long before? Not so long, measured in minutes. He put his arms into it and the weight of the coat pressed his clothes against his body. His body was cold but the clothes were colder still. He shuddered uncontrollably at the contact. Even now he was not properly clad; sweater, gloves and scarf were all missing.

He hugged the coat to him in the comparative warmth of the pilothouse. He would send for the rest of his clothes in a moment. The voice tube summoned him.

"Two miles, sir."

"Very well." He swung around. "Standard speed."

The churning vibration died away magically, to be replaced by a more measured beat that seemed almost gentle.

"Get the sonar going," ordered Krause and the words were hardly out of his mouth before the first ping made itself heard through the ship, succeeded before it had died away by another ping and by another after that and another, so that the ear, already long accustomed to the monotonous sound, would soon have omitted to record it, were it not that on this occasion everyone in the pilothouse was listening to it intently, wondering if it would reveal an enemy.

The seconds were creeping on as *Keeling* staggered her way forward over the waves; Krause stood balancing on the heaving deck in the silence of the pilothouse—silent despite the din of wind and water outside. It was a surprise when the talker spoke.

"Sonar reports contact, sir."

"Very well."

"Contact bearing zero nine one," said the talker.

"Very well."

This talker was good. Each word was uttered expressionless and distinct.

"Contact bearing dead ahead, sir," said the talker again. "Range two thousand."

Krause had his watch in his hand; it was an effort to read the sweeping second hand.

"Range nineteen hundred yards."

A hundred yards in 14 seconds? With *Keeling* going 12 knots? There was something quite impossible about that figure. That was just her time to go a hundred yards and the U-boat would hardly be lying still.

"Range eighteen hundred yards."

"Very well."

"No contact, sir. Contact lost."

It was to be guessed that the talker was repeating exactly what Radioman First Class Ellis, down below, was saying into his mouthpiece.

"Captain to sonar. Search on the starboard bow."

The sonar pinged on monotonously; precious minutes were passing.

"Sonar reports contact, sir. Port beam."

"Left full rudder," Krause ordered.

He wanted to hurl *Keeling* down along the bearing of the new contact, but that was inadvisable. Already at this snail's crawl he was going as fast as the sonar would tolerate.

"Report all bearings as relative," he ordered.

"Contact bearing three one zero, sir."

Keeling was still turning; she had not come round far enough, when the echo returned, to be pointing straight in the direction of the previous one.

"Contact zero zero five. Range twelve hundred yards."

Excellent. *Keeling's* speed might be a snail's crawl, but that of the submerged U-boat was slower still.

"Contact zero one zero. Range twelve hundred yards."

The U-boat was turning too. Her turning circle submerged would be considerably smaller than *Keeling's*.

"Right full rudder."

Green water crashed over *Keeling's* low waist as she heeled on the sharp turn.

"Contact zero one zero. Range steady at twelve hundred yards."

"Very well." Turning exactly together.

"Range eleven hundred yards."

"Very well."

BEARING constant, range growing less. *Keeling's* greater speed was prevailing over the U-boat's smaller turning circle. In time—in time—*Keeling* would cut across the U-boat's track, would pass over her, would destroy her.

"Contact bearing zero zero five. Range one thousand."

Closer!

"Contact bearing three five five. Range eleven hundred yards. Opening, sir."

"Left full rudder!" roared Krause.

The U-boat had fooled him. At the moment of the previous report she had been turning in the opposite direction. Now she was off on a different track entirely, with *Keeling* still swinging away from her.

"Contact bearing three five zero. Range twelve hundred."

The U-boat might be getting clear away. She had made the best use of her superior maneuverability.

"Contact bearing three four five."

Most assuredly had the U-boat fooled him. She had gained some considerable distance on him and widened her bearing. Three minutes ago he had been congratulating himself upon closing on her. Now he felt fear in case she should get clear away. But *Keeling* was swinging fast.



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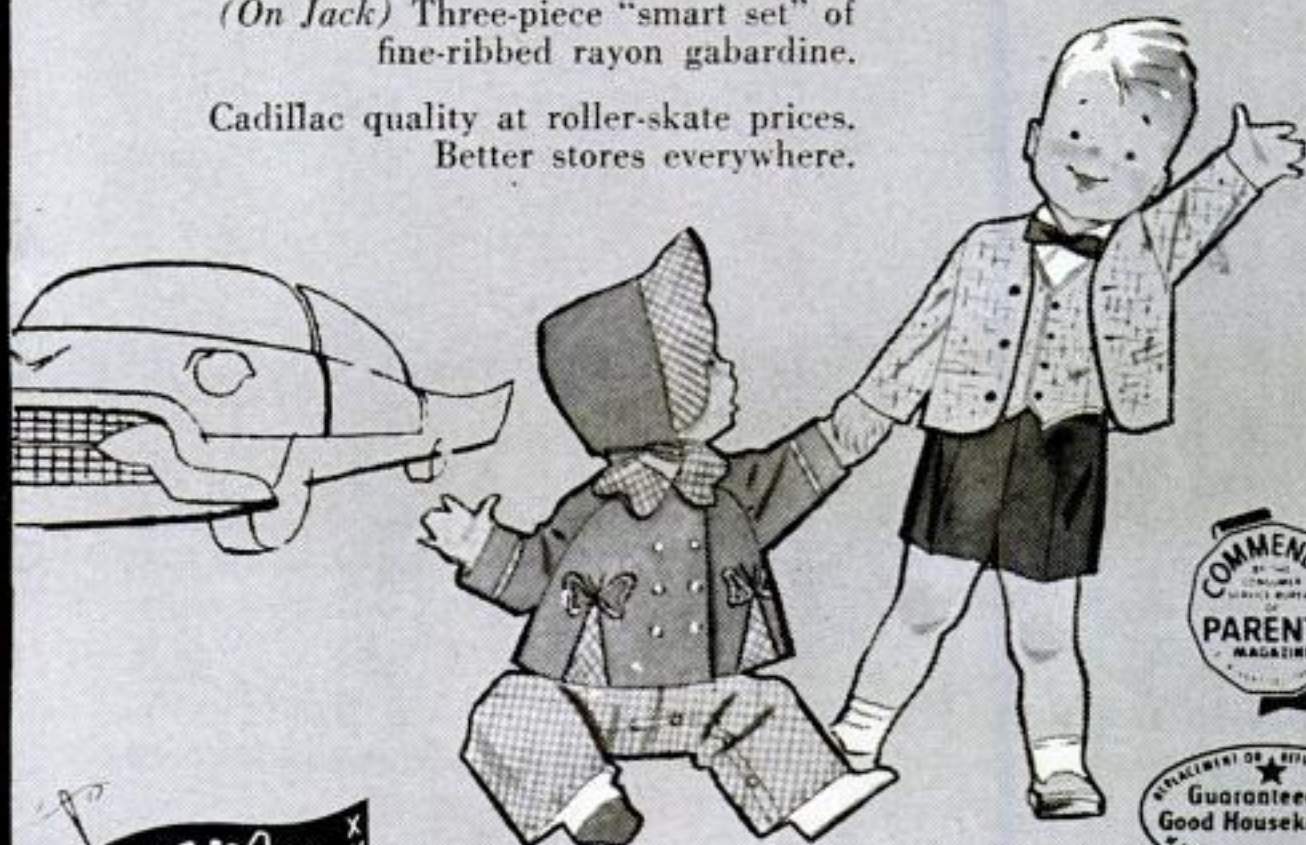
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"Contact bearing three four five."

With left full rudder *Keeling* was chasing her tail again in the opposite direction.

"Contact bearing three four five. Range twelve hundred yards."

So that was the measure of what he had lost.

The talker was sneezing, explosively, once and then twice. Now everyone was looking at him. The whole battle could hinge upon his mastering the convulsion. He straightened himself and pressed his telephone button.

"Repeat."

Everyone waited until he spoke again.

"Contact bearing three four seven. Range eleven hundred yards."

So *Keeling* was regaining the lost ground.

"You going to do that again?" demanded Krause.

"No, sir. Don't think so, sir."

"Contact bearing three four nine. Range one thousand."

The U-boat had met with a limitation too. Having gained in distance from *Keeling* she was out on a wider arc, so that *Keeling* could turn within her, closing up until equilibrium was again established for U-boat and destroyer to circle about each other again like planet and satellite. The equilibrium could only be broken by an extra piece of good fortune on the part of the U-boat enabling her to break off contact altogether—or an extra piece of good management on the part of *Keeling* enabling her to close with her antagonist.

"Contact bearing three four nine. Range steady at one thousand."

Krause took a sudden decision. "Right full rudder."

TWO children running round a table, one in pursuit of the other. It was the oldest stratagem in the world for the pursuer to reverse direction and run the other way round for the pursued to run straight into his arms; it was up to the pursued to anticipate that turn and turn himself at the same moment. In this pursuit of U-boat by destroyer it was not possible for the destroyer to attempt the same maneuver—the destroyer turned far too slowly and far too wide; reversing her turn would take her far out of sonar range. But that was not all the story. In this pursuit it was up to the U-boat to do something different, for if she maintained her circling course indefinitely she would certainly be caught in the end.

There was really only one change she could make, to turn suddenly and head in another direction. She had practiced that trick once already with considerable success. She turned faster than the destroyer in any case; and she had the advantage of gaining time. There were the seconds it took for Ellis to note the change in the bearing. There were the seconds it took for that change to be reported to the bridge. There were the seconds it took for new helm orders to be given, and then there were the long long seconds it took for *Keeling* to alter course.

But what if the destroyer anticipated the maneuver and turned a second or two before the U-boat did? Then for those seconds, or longer, until the U-boat realized what the destroyer was doing, the U-boat would be running straight into the destroyer's arms, like the child running round the table.

Keeling wallowed as she made her turn, shipping green water.

"Ease the rudder. Meet her," ordered Krause.

"Contact bearing three five eight. Range eight hundred yards," said the talker.

"Very well."

GLOSSARY OF SOME TECHNICAL

BEARINGS See page 128.

CONDITION TWO Ship is alerted for possible action. Half the guns are manned but the men stand regular watches, four hours on, four off.

GENERAL QUARTERS Order given to put ship in maximum readiness for combat, with every man at battle station in full battle dress. All routine ceases. Also called battle stations.

COURSE See page 128.

HARD OVER Order given for emergency turn.

HEAD Toilet aboard ship.

HFDF or HUFF-DUFF High-frequency direction finder which picks up wireless messages, whether of friend or foe.

K-GUN A projector, shaped like the letter K, which hurls depth charges up and away from the ship.

LEFT or RIGHT FULL RUDDER Order to turn ship's rudder to the maximum rudder angle (about 30°).

LEFT or RIGHT STANDARD RUDDER Order to put ship in her normal turning circle (usually 15°).

MEET HER and EASE THE RUDDER Orders given when ship is turning to reduce angle of turn.

PLOT Chartroom and navigation center of ship below decks.

THE GOOD SHEPHERD

The maneuver had met with success. *Keeling's* turn had anticipated the U-boat's. She had her enemy almost dead ahead of her now, and she had closed in by two hundred invaluable yards.

"Steady as you go," said Krause.

The U-boat might still be turning, probably was; if so it was better to let her continue across *Keeling's* bow, losing more distance.

"Contact bearing dead ahead," said the talker.

The U-boat had continued her turn, then, coming still closer into *Keeling's* power. She and *Keeling* were right in line, on the same course; in other words *Keeling* was on the U-boat's tail and overhauling her at their difference in speed, six knots or so, and less than half a mile behind. Four minutes of this and they would be right over her. There was the temptation to let loose all *Keeling's* forty thousand horsepower, so as to leap the intervening distance, but that temptation must be resisted because of the deafening effect any increase in speed would have on the sonar.

"Contact bearing zero zero one. Range seven hundred."

They were overhauling her rapidly. The U-boat captain down there must have been astonished to find his adversary's bows pointed straight at him when he steadied on the course he hoped would carry him to safety. Now he must maneuver again; three more minutes steady on this course and he was lost. He could turn to starboard or he could turn to port. Anticipate him once more and he would be close overside. His last turn had been to starboard; were his reactions such that he would instinctively turn to port this time, or would he be more cunning and repeat his previous turn? Krause had two seconds to think this all out.

"Right standard rudder."

The talker reported. "Contact bearing zero zero two. Range six hundred yards." Only 600 yards between them; not too wide a turn, then.

"Ease the rudder."

And this was the moment to catch the eye of Lieutenant Nourse, torpedo officer and assistant gunnery officer, standing in the starboard aftercorner of the pilothouse.

"Stand by for medium pattern."

"Aye aye, sir."

Nourse spoke into his mouthpiece. Krause gulped with excitement. The moment might be very close. It was always true of handling ships at sea that time seemed to move faster and faster as the crisis approached. Two minutes ago action seemed far off. Now *Keeling* might be dropping her depth charges at any second.

"Contact bearing three four nine. Range six hundred."

The next report would be the vital one. The crews of the K guns and of the depth charge racks would be crouching, ready to go. As Krause looked back from Nourse to the talker his gaze met momentarily that of a strange pair of eyes; he looked back again. It was Dawson, communications officer, clipboard in hand, come up to the bridge from his station below. That meant that some message—which must be radio—had come in too secret for anyone to see save Krause and Dawson. But it could not be as important for the next few seconds as the business in hand. Krause waved Dawson aside as the talker spoke again.

"Contact dead ahead. Range close!"

"Fire!" bellowed Krause, and he shot out his hand, index finger pointing at Nourse, and Nourse spoke the order into his mouthpiece. This was the second when Nourse and Krause were trying to kill 50 men.

AND NAUTICAL TERMS

RADAR Radio detection method for discovering distant objects above water. Ultra-high-frequency radio waves are sent out by transmitter aboard ship; when they strike an object they bounce back to receiver where they show as flashes of light called "pips" on radarscope, which shows distance and bearing of object.

RANGE Distance. "Range two four oh double oh" means 24,000 yards away.

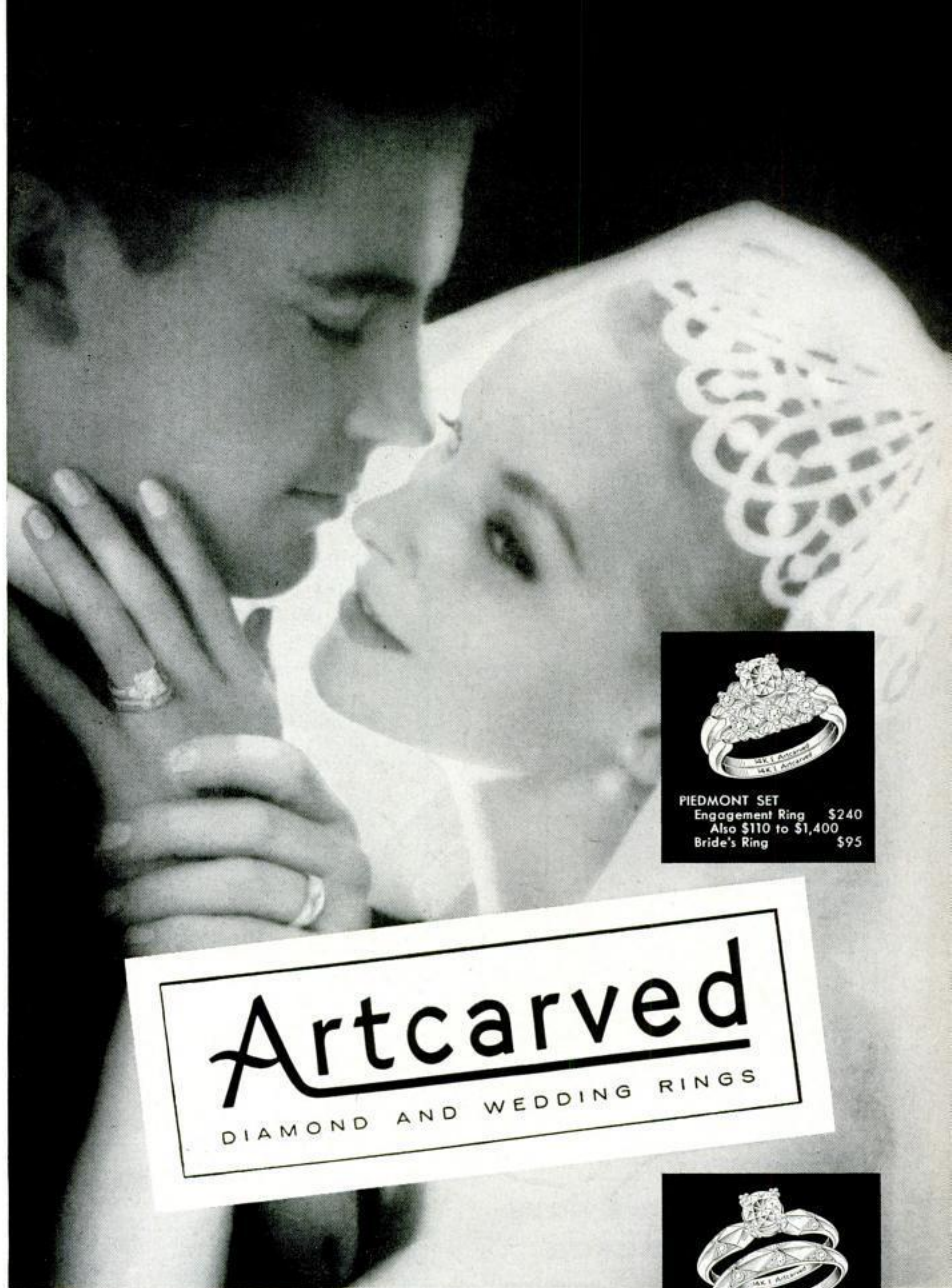
SECURE To withdraw from stations and duties previously ordered, as "secure from General Quarters."

SONAR Electronic system for detecting objects under water, using sound waves (called "pings") which are sent out ("pinging") by a searching ship. When waves encounter an object, the sound is bounced back to a receiver, indicating "contact," which shows both the bearing and distance of the object.

TAKING THE CONN Assuming control of the ship's course and speed, function of the O.O.D. (officer of the deck) of each watch except when superseded by the commanding officer.

T.B.S. "Talk between ships" by ship-to-ship radio telephone.

TELEPHONE TALKERS Sailors stationed throughout the ship to receive and transmit verbal messages and battle orders.



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THE GOOD SHEPHERD

"Fire one!" said Nourse. "Fire two! Fire three!"

Krause strode out onto the wing of the bridge. The sea far behind in *Keeling's* wake opened up into a vast creamy crater, from the center of which rose a tower of white foam; as it rose Krause heard the enormous but muffled boom of the underwater explosion. And the tower of foam was still hanging, about to drop, when another crater opened, and another tower rose up out of the sea, and another on one side, and another on the other. He maketh the deep to boil like a pot, as Job said. It looked as if nothing could possibly live in the long ellipse of tortured water, but nothing showed at all. No dripping hull emerged, no huge bubbles, no oil. The odds were ten to one at least against a single depth charge pattern scoring a hit. It would have been fortunate indeed if *Keeling's* first pattern—if Krause's first attempt to kill a man—had been successful.

Indeed, that was so; Krause felt a dreadful pang of conscience as he jumped into the pilothouse. He should not have been out here at all. It was five seconds since the last explosion, five seconds during which the U-boat could travel a full hundred yards toward safety. Buck fever again; and simple neglect of duty.

"Right full rudder," he ordered as he entered.

Keeling was coming round in a tight circle but not nearly fast enough. And Dawson was thrusting the clipboard at him again.

HUFF DUFF INDICATES ENEMY CONCENTRATION—here followed a latitude and a longitude—SUGGEST RADICAL CHANGE OF COURSE SOUTHWARD.

Those figures for latitude and longitude had a suspiciously familiar appearance, and it was the work of only a moment to confirm these suspicions. Within a mile or two either way, that was exactly where *Keeling* found herself at this moment. They were right in among the U-boat wolf pack. It was an admiralty message, addressed to him as Comescort, and it was two hours old.

WEDNESDAY. AFTERNOON WATCH: 1200—1600

The only thing to do was to fight a way through, to plod doggedly onward, smashing a path through the U-boat cordon for his lumbering convoy. And these few words from the outside world which seemed so impossibly far away from his narrow horizon? They must remain unanswered; there must be no violation of radio silence for a mere negative end. He must fight his battle while the staffs in London and Washington, in Bermuda and Reykjavik, remained in ignorance. Every man shall bear his own burden. All he had to do was his duty; no one needed an audience for that. God setteth the solitary in families.

Contact was lost, and they had searched for thirty degrees on either side of the course the U-boat had been following at the moment of the last contact.

NOW he started on a new sector, on a course that would carry *Keeling* back toward the convoy. *Viktor* was in plain sight on their starboard bow, patrolling ahead of the convoy, but *James* on the left flank was still invisible. Krause began to consider the matter of securing from General Quarters; he must not forget that he was using up the battle reserve of his men's energy and attention.

"Sonar reports distant contact, sir!" said the talker, his voice several tones higher with excitement. "Three four zero."

"Right standard rudder to course one nine two."

Keeling came round. A wild yell from a lookout.

"Periscope! Periscope! Dead ahead!"

Krause was on the wing of the bridge before the last word was uttered, glasses to his eyes.

"How far?"

"Gone now, sir. 'Bout a mile, I guess, sir."

"Gone? You sure you saw it?"

"Positive, sir. Dead ahead, sir."

Krause walked back to the radio telephone.

"George to Eagle. George to Eagle. Do you hear me?"

"Eagle to George," bleated the T.B.S. "I hear you."

"I have a contact dead ahead of me, bearing one nine zero."

"Bearing one nine zero, sir."

"Range about a mile. I sighted his periscope there a minute ago."

"Yes, sir."

"Leave your station and give us a hand."

"Sonar reports contact dead ahead, sir."

"Very well."

As long as the contact was right ahead he could be sure he was closing up on it as fast as he could. He went to the T.B.S. again.

"George to Harry. George to Dicky. I am seven miles from the convoy bearing zero eight five from it. I've called Eagle to join me in chasing a contact. You must screen the convoy."

"Wilco."

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CONTINUED ON PAGE 139



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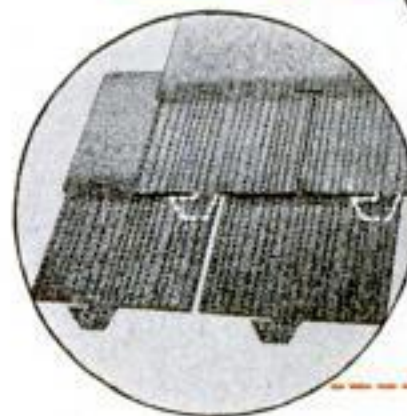
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While spareribs bake, sauté drained Pineapple Chunks, adding brown sugar; stir about 15 minutes to glaze. Add the Chunks toward end of baking



Chill and shake
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Taste the surprise you add with **Nature's most refreshing flavor** *tropic-fresh in Canned Pineapple*

It's fun to make your favorite dishes *extra inviting* with canned Pineapple.

Everyone enjoys the eating more... and you'll like the convenience. With salads as with meats—
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Reach *often* for the pleasure flavor stored
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TIDBITS

of canned Pineapple are favorites
for salads, fruit cups, to sprinkle
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canned Pineapple, good to eat "as is", also
helps you make delicious pies, cookies,
puddings, icings, sundaes and sauces



THE GOOD SHEPHERD

"Aye aye, sir."

The talker at Krause's elbow broke into the conversation. "Sonar reports no contact, sir."

"Very well."

Keeling must have advanced nearly a mile since the last contact. If the U-boat had made a radical change of course at that time the bearing would by now be changing very fast.

"Two zero five!" exclaimed the talker. Krause was about to speak on the T.B.S. when he realized what he had heard.

"That's not what you were taught," he snapped. "Repeat."

"Sonar reports contact two zero five, sir," said the talker, abashed.

"Very well."

Better to waste a second now than have confusion arising later.

"George to Eagle. Contact again on my starboard bow. I am turning towards it."

"Eagle to George. Aye aye, sir."

He fancied he could detect an alteration of course on *Viktor's* part. There was no need to issue orders to *Viktor*. That Polish captain knew his job. No need to tell a terrier at a rathole what to do.

"Sonar reports contact bearing two one zero, sir. Range one mile."

"Very well. George to Eagle. Contact is still crossing my bows from port to starboard, distance one mile."

NOW he could see *Viktor* surging right around, in an eight-point turn or more. The terrier was running to cut off the rat's retreat. The old situation was repeating itself, the U-boat circling and *Keeling* circling after her; but this time there was *Viktor* to intercept.

"Eagle to George." Just as he was about to speak. "Contact, sir. On my starboard bow."

"Very well. On my starboard bow too. Range one mile."



The rat was running into the terrier's jaws. The two ships were approaching fast, and between them was the U-boat.

"Sonar reports contact dead ahead, sir."

"Very well."

"Eagle to George. Eagle to George. Contact close on my port bow. Converging."

"George to Eagle. I hear you."

"Eagle to George. Submit I attack."

"George to Eagle. Carry on. Permission granted."

He must alter course to avoid collision. Which way? Which way would the hunted U-boat turn to avoid *Viktor's* attack?

"Come right fifteen degrees, Mr. Watson."

"Eagle to George. Depth charges away."

Keeling was turning. Fine on her port bow rose the first column of water; farther and farther around rose the others, in *Viktor's* wake.

"Sonar reports close contact bearing one eight two."

"Follow it up, Mr. Watson!"

Krause spoke into the T.B.S. "George to Eagle. George to Eagle. Keep clear. I am going to attack."

"Aye aye, sir."

"I am setting for medium pattern. Set yours for deep."

"Deep pattern. Aye aye, sir."

"Sonar reports close contact dead ahead, sir."

"Mr. Nourse!"

Three hundred yards at a combined speed of say 18 knots; 30 seconds. Deduct 15 for an ashcan to sink to medium depth. A 10-second spread before and after.

"Fire one," said Nourse.

The K guns were going off on either side. Wait 15 more seconds.

"Come right, Mr. Watson."

No delay this time, no wasting of valuable moments idly watching depth charge explosions before beginning to circle back again. Now with *Keeling* beginning her turn he could step out onto the wing of the bridge. *Viktor* was beginning her run; Krause saw the first of *Viktor's* depth charges drop.

"Meet her, Mr. Watson! Steady as you go!"

The sea exploded again. Krause was watching *Viktor* closely; with the dropping of her last depth charge she was turning to starboard too. Now was the time to continue the circle.

"Come right, Mr. Watson!"

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

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THE GOOD SHEPHERD

The two destroyers were circling about each other.

"There he is! Sub on the starboard beam!"

Krause saw it. A thousand yards away the long conical bow of a U-boat was rearing out of the tortured water. It leveled off as a wave burst round it in a smother of spray. It lowered and lengthened. A gun came into sight. A rounded bridge. The sub shook itself as though in torment—as indeed it was. *Keeling's* guns went off, like doors being slammed intolerably loudly. *Wang-o. Wang-o. Wang-o.* The lookout was screaming with excitement. It was hard to focus the glasses on the thing. A wave seemed to run along it, and it was gone.

Krause sprang back into the pilothouse. "Right rudder, Mr. Watson."

A talker was trying to make a report. At first he jumbled his words with excitement, but he managed to steady himself.

"Gunnery control reports sub sighted broad on starboard bow, range one thousand. Fifteen rounds fired. No hits observed."

"Did you get the bearing, Mr. Watson?"

"Only approximately, sir. We were turning at the time."

Speak ye every man the truth with his neighbor.

"Sonar reports contact bearing one eight zero. Range approximately four hundred yards."

"Very well. Come left ten degrees, Mr. Watson. Deep setting, Mr. Nourse."

"Fire one," said Nourse into his mouthpiece. "Fire two. K guns, fire."

The boom of the exploding charges was distinctly lower in pitch, distinctly more muffled at this greater depth. Krause heard the last one; he could stand still now during this interval.

"Eagle to George! Eagle to George!"

The Englishman in *Viktor* seemed unwontedly excited.

"George to Eagle. Go ahead."

"You've got him, sir! Got him!" There was a moment's pause again; when the Englishman spoke next he was calmer, almost languid, but with a crude hardness about his nonchalance. "You've got him, sir. We've just heard him crunch."

VIKTOR had heard the crunch; they had heard the breaking-up noises as the U-boat crumpled under the overwhelming pressure like a piece of paper crushed in the hand. Krause stood silent at the T.B.S. He was a hard man, but his silence was partly due to the thought that two minutes ago, far below the *Keeling*, 50 men had died a horrible death; quick, but horrible. But in most part his silence was due to the unworded realization that this was a peak in his career; he had achieved the thing for which he had been trained as a fighting man for more than 20 years.

"Do you hear me, George?" bleated the T.B.S.

Krause's brief numbness vanished. "I hear you, Eagle," he said. He was quite normal by the time he had uttered the words. He was searching in his mind for the most appropriate thing to say to the representative of an Allied power. "That's fine," he said; and as that did not seem adequate he added, "Magnificent." That was an outlandish word. He tried again, a little desperately; the careful wording of some of the British messages he had received welled up in his memory and came to his rescue.

"My heartiest congratulations to your captain," he said. "And please give him my best thanks for his wonderful cooperation."

"Aye aye, sir." A pause. "Any orders, sir?"

Orders. Decisions. There were no seconds to waste even in the moment of victory.

"Yes," he said. "Resume your position in the screen as quickly as possible."

"Aye aye, sir."

"Mr. Watson, take station in the screen, three miles ahead of the leading ship of the second column from the right."

"Aye aye, sir."

There was a faintly puzzled note in Watson's voice; everyone in the pilothouse was looking at Krause. They had heard something of what he had said on the T.B.S., and this new order seemed to confirm their suspicions—their hopes—but they could not be sure.

"Sonar reports no contact, sir," said the talker, and Krause realized he had heard that same report several times lately without attending to it.

"Very well," he said to the talker and then faced the crowd on the bridge. "We got him. We got him. The Pole heard him crunch after that last pattern."

The faces in the shadow of helmets broke into smiles. Nourse uttered a half-suppressed cheer. Delight was so obvious and spontaneous that even Krause relaxed into a grin.

"That's only number one," he said. "We want lots more."

The whole ship must be told of the victory. He went to the loudspeaker. "This is the captain. We got him. *Viktor* heard him crunch. He's had it. This was an all-hands job. Well done to you all. Now we're

heading back into screening position. There's still a long way to go."

He came back from the loudspeaker.

"Sonar reports no contact, sir," said the talker.

Ellis was still doing his duty.

He spoke on the circuit to the sonar.

"Ellis? This is the captain."

"Yes, sir."

"You heard we got him?"

"Yes, sir."

"You've been a big help. I'm glad I can depend on you."

Now all the lookouts were reporting at once. Krause hurried onto the starboard wing of the bridge.

"Oil, sir! Oil!" said the lookout, stabbing overside with a mittened hand. Krause looked over; dead fish, white bellies showing, and, as well, a long streak of oil.

"You sure got that sub, sir," said the starboard lookout.

"Oh yes, sure," said Krause. The man was not being impertinent. In this moment of victory Krause could let pass the lapse from strict etiquette, especially with so much more on his mind; but he had to think of the safety of the ship. "Keep your mind on your duty, there."

He returned to the pilothouse and spoke into the voice tube down to the executive officer.

"Secure from General Quarters, Charlie," he said. "Set Condition Two, and see if you can manage for some hot chow for the men off watch."

"Aye aye, sir," said Charlie.

Krause looked at the clock; it was past thirteen hundred; over four hours since he had been called from his cabin, and nearly three of General Quarters. He should not have brought the men to battle stations at all.

His fingers were stiff with cold, numb and completely without sensation. Although he had put on his sheepskin coat he still had not put on the sweater and scarf and gloves he should have worn.

"George to escort. Do you hear me?"

He waited for the acknowledgments.

"Take up normal daylight screening stations."

He was about to send for his extra clothing, but decided not to. He wanted to get down to the head in any case, and at the same time the thought of a cup of coffee came up into his mind. Instantly he was yearning for it, hot, stimulating, comforting. One cup? Two cups. He was moderately hungry too; the thought of a sandwich along with the cups of coffee made a sudden appeal to him. And a few minutes' warmth, and the leisure to dress himself properly. It all seemed like an astonishingly good idea to him.

Here was Watson with the noon position, unreported until now with the ship at battle stations. Ipsen, the chief engineer, was waiting with the fuel report for noon. Krause, while he talked, was aware out of the tail of his eye that *Dodge* was blinking a message to the ship. The message was at his elbow as he returned Ipsen's salute. It was *Dodge's* noon fuel report. *Dodge* was fortunate in having a considerable reserve. Here was *Viktor's* fuel report, and then *James's*. Krause pulled a long face as he studied the *James* report. A minimum of fast steaming for *James* in future.

A talker suddenly made his announcement.

"After lookout reports two white rockets from the convoy, sir."

It was a surprise. It was two full seconds before Krause reacted, even though his brain had been instantly aware that two white rockets meant a torpedoing. For those two seconds he stared at the talker, but then he ran out onto the wing of the bridge, glasses to his eyes. He hailed the after lookout.

"What do you see?"

"Two white rockets, sir."

Keeling rose high on a wave; now he could see that the third ship in the second column was out of position; the ship following her was swerving to avoid her. He went back into the pilothouse.

"Right full rudder. Steer course one eight zero."

Krause went to the T.B.S. "George to Eagle. George to Dicky. I am going to the rear of the convoy. Close up to protect the van."

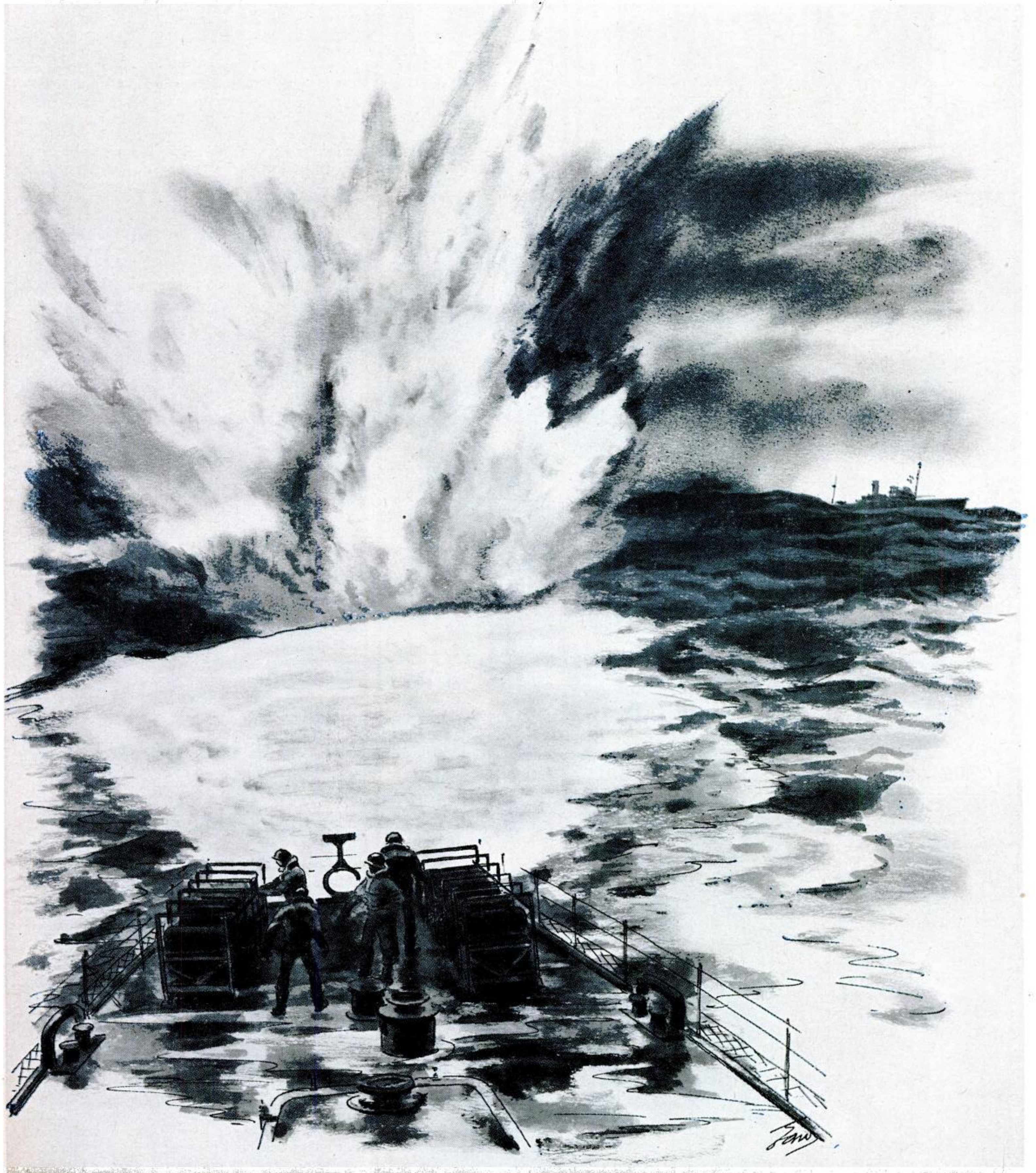
Keeling was on a collision course toward *Dodge*.

"Right standard rudder. Steer course two seven five. All engines ahead full speed."

Keeling leaped forward. She passed the leading ship of the starboard line at a hundred yards' distance. She was wallowing ponderously along, battered and dingy, with rust showing along her sides. Another ship succeeded her, and another after that, each one plodding steadily forward. Through the gap between the third and fourth Krause caught sight of the upper works of a ship already far astern of the convoy. The glimpse of the smokestack and foremast that he caught told him that she was *Cadena*, the designated rescue ship of the convoy; the fourth ship passed on and he could see again. Nothing

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

THE GOOD SHEPHERD



He maketh the deep to boil like a pot, as Job said

THE GOOD SHEPHERD



"Periscope! Periscope! Dead Ahead!"

"George to Eagle. Go ahead."

"We've got Harry's pips, sir, bearing oh eight five. But we've got another, bearing oh nine oh, range 13 miles."

That was not *Dodge's* pip. Four submarines ahead of the convoy. One at least close astern of it.

"Very well."

"Harry to George. Range is closing fast. Range nine miles for one pip. Bearing oh nine oh. Other pip bearing oh nine two. Range nine miles."

"Very well."

In the face of those numbers he could not send the escort forward to the attack. It would open too many gaps in a screen already far too weak.

He was converging now slightly on *Cadena*. The hands he laid upon the rail in front of him were numb, almost without sensation, but not quite too numb for something different to be called to his notice. The forward curve of the rail was slick and smooth with a thin coating of ice. That and the wind which blew around him decided him to send for his additional clothing. Until then he had literally not had a moment in which to do so. Now this was an interval of leisure; leisure with a U-boat within torpedo range of him.

"Messenger! Go down to my cabin. I want the fur gloves you'll see there. And I want the sweater and scarf. Wait. I want the hood, too. You'll have to look for it in the second drawer down. Gloves, sweater, scarf, hood."

The messenger from the signal bridge: "Comconvoy to Comesort. Numerous foreign language transmissions 10 to 15 miles ahead various bearings."

"Very well."

The U-boats out ahead were talking to each other, setting their plans. Or perhaps they were reporting to L'Orient, where—what was that name? Doenitz—where Doenitz would coordinate their efforts.

The messenger was standing by with his arms full of clothes.

"Fine!" said Krause. He began to unbutton the sheepskin coat. That was the moment for the voice tube from the chartroom below to call him.

"Pip bearing two zero seven. Range eleven thousand."

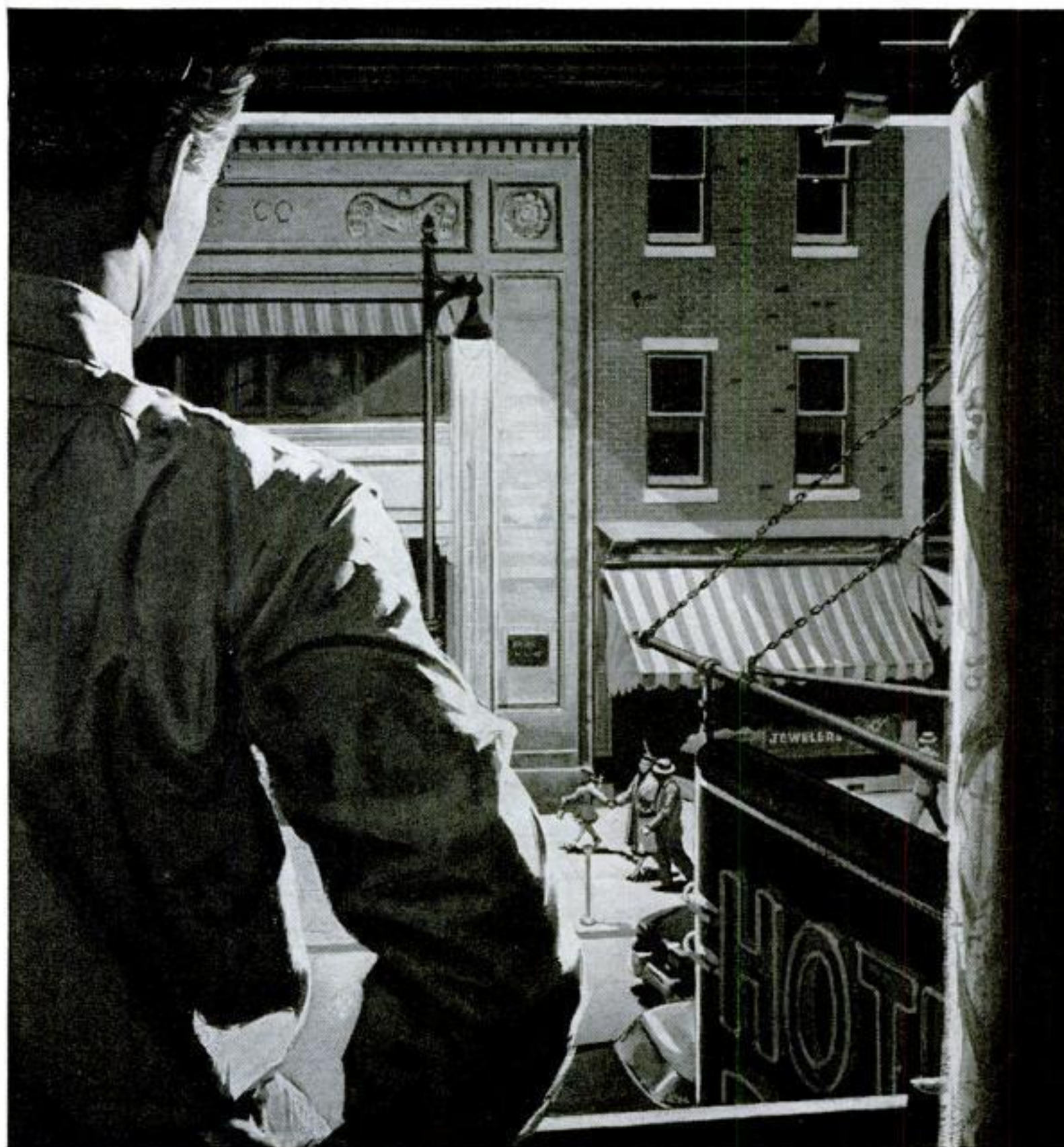
That must be the U-boat from which he had been screening *Cadena*. Finding herself being left behind, she had surfaced. A second or two more for thought in this new situation. Turn and attack? Yes.

"Right standard rudder. Steer course two zero seven."

"Bearing's changing, sir. Two zero nine. Two one zero, approximately, sir. And I think the range is closing now. Range one oh four double oh."

Krause's mind plotted out the present situation. The U-boat on the surface was hightailing it from *Cadena's* starboard quarter round to her port quarter. With this sea running she could not do more than

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



"Funny how lonesome you feel when you're away from home"

"Wonder how Jane and the kids are doing?"

"Didn't like the way Jimmy was coughing when I left.
Wonder if Jane had to call the doctor for him?"



"Hello, operator—I want to make a Long Distance call to Hometown."



"Hi, honey—I just knew you'd call. . . . Yes, Jimmy's cough is much better. . . . Mmmm—I miss you too!"



"Sure glad the family's okay. Funny thing . . . don't feel lonesome any more!"

When a business trip takes you away from home, remember that Long Distance brings near to you those who are dear to you. Just hearing their voices tells you all is well. So don't wonder. Don't worry. Call Long Distance and be sure.

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Here are some examples:

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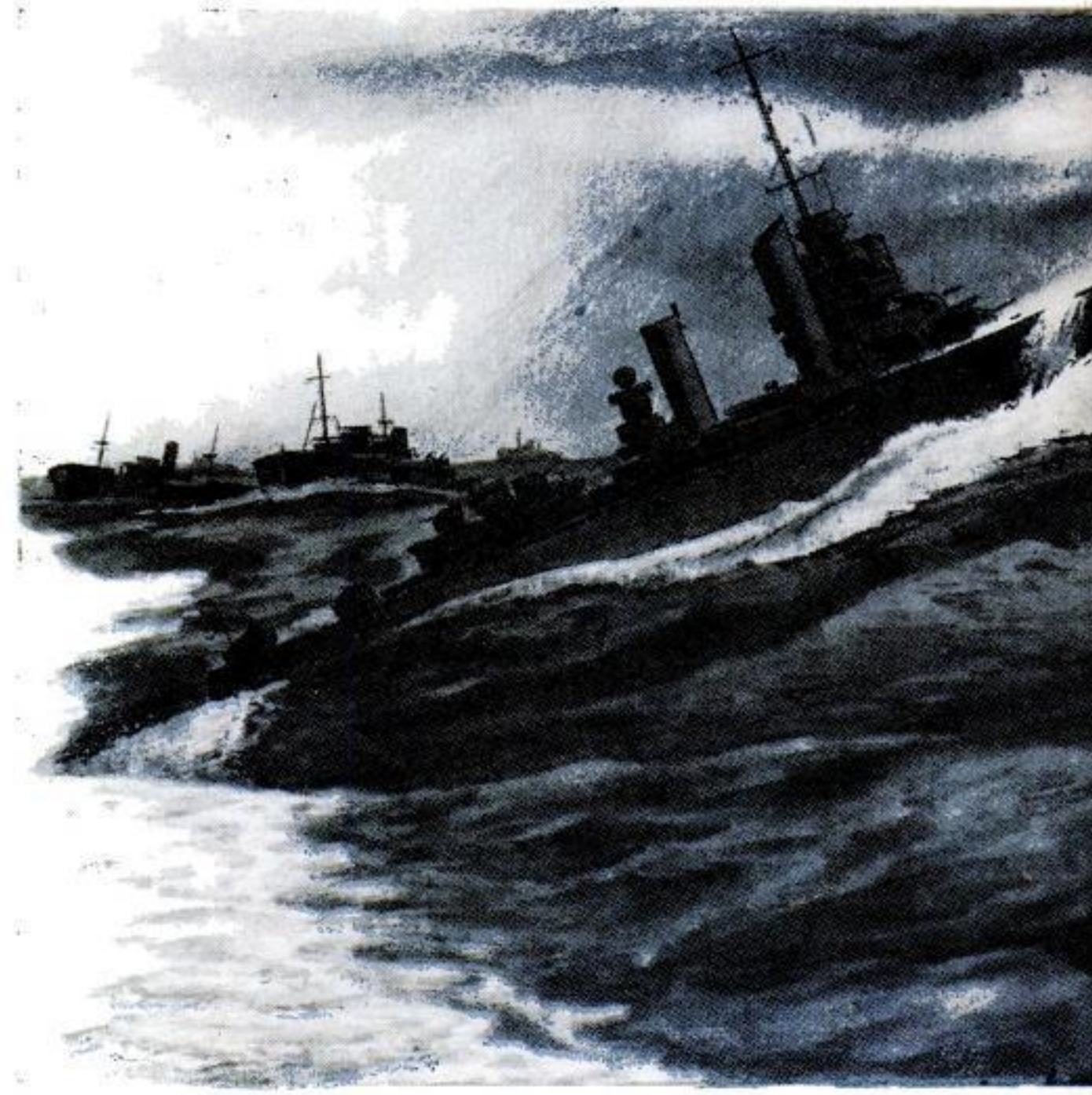


Open Up Your Nose—
Breathe Again—

Sleep Again!

Stop tossing and turning on those nights when a stuffed-up nose keeps you from falling asleep. Use Vicks Va-tro-nol Nose Drops! A few drops up each side of your nose, as directed in package, and . . . your nose opens in seconds! Use Vicks Va-tro-nol Nose Drops tonight! Breathe again! And so sleep again!

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NOSE DROPS



twelve knots, most likely. Fourteen, possibly. No, not very possibly. She was almost six miles astern of *Cadena*, who was going at eleven and a half. She was 10 miles astern of the convoy. She was out of harm's way, then, for two, three, perhaps four hours. He could make that interval longer still at small cost.

"Right 10 degrees rudder. Steer course two two zero," he ordered.

"Bearing approximately two one two. Range one oh three double oh."

The morning's problem was presenting itself again; the U-boat was within easy range of *Keeling's* five-inch. But was it worthwhile opening fire on an invisible foe?

"Bearing's staying constant, sir, and the range is closing."

Keeling and the U-boat were approaching each other on converging courses, a hundred yards nearer at every minute.

The messenger with his arms full of clothes was still standing by.

"Spread those on the radiator," said Krause with a gesture. He was so cold now that he could yearn to be warm even with a surfaced U-boat on a converging course.

"Bearing's changing, sir. Two zero five. Two zero three. Range nine three double oh. Nine two double oh."

The U-boat had altered course to starboard.

"Left standard rudder. Steer course one eight zero," said Krause. He was turning to meet her in full career.

Then it happened. A yell from a lookout. *Wang-o, wang-o, wang-o* went the guns. Then he saw it, the square gray silhouette of a U-boat's bridge, tiny in the distance, pillars of water a little to one side of it; the pillars moved in on it—*wang-o, wang-o, wang-o*. The pillars of water were all about it, hiding it; not for more than a second or two did he have it in sight. Then the ear-shattering din ended and there was nothing to be seen as the gray water rose into the field of his binoculars and sank again with the heave of the ship. All over. He had achieved his surprise. He had seen his shells beating all about his astonished enemy, but not once had he seen the flash that would mark a hit.

"Gunnery control to captain. Fire opened on target bearing one nine nine," said the talker. "Range eight thousand. Twenty-seven rounds fired. No hits observed."

No hits.

ANOTHER decision to be made, with every second valuable, whether it was a question of dealing with one enemy four miles away in one direction or half a dozen 20 miles away in the other.

"Left standard rudder," he ordered. "Steer course one zero zero."

He was turning away from the enemy. He could see a glance or two exchanged among those in the pilothouse who could realize the implication of the order. Ahead of the convoy his three other ships were about to go into battle against heavy odds. He must hasten to their aid without wasting a moment.

The need to go down to the head was overpowering, and this seemed a favorable opportunity, the first since he had been called from his cabin. No; there was one other thing to do first. He was



"What do you see?"
"Two white rockets, sir."

leaving *Cadena* to make her way back into the convoy by herself. She must not think she was being deserted.

"Messenger! Write this. 'Comescort to *Cadena*. Sub now seven miles astern. Goodby and good luck.' Take that to the signal bridge."

He dashed down below, even in his present need still revolving that message in his mind. It was a grim situation when a message to the effect that a hostile submarine was seven miles away was meant to be heartening.

"Signal bridge reports *Cadena* acknowledges message, sir," said the messenger in greeting to him as he emerged on the bridge again. "Very well."

There were his additional clothes, lying on the radiator. It was stimulating even to see them. He took off his sheepskin coat—it was so long ago since he had unbuttoned the first button with this in mind—and his uniform coat. The act of picking up his sweater called his attention to the fact that he was still wearing his helmet. All the other men in the ship had discarded theirs the moment he had secured from battle stations, several hours back. But he himself had not had one single second in which to do the same. He had been running around wearing it all this time, like a kid in his big brother's uniform.

"Hang this up," he snapped at the messenger, tearing the thing off and handing it over.

But it was instantly mollifying to put that sweater on over his shirt. The sweater was hot from the radiator, wonderful. So was the scarf that he wound round his neck. He put his uniform coat on over this miraculous warmth. The hood was warm too, embosoming his freezing head and ears. Then the sheepskin coat again. He pressed his icy hands on the radiator and then drew on the gloriously warm fur gloves. It was fantastic how two minutes could alter one's whole outlook for the better—or for the worse.

WEDNESDAY. DOG WATCHES: 1600-2000

Nystrom was standing beside him awaiting his attention.

"Report having been relieved, sir," he said, saluting.

So it was past 4, and the watch had been relieved. Harbutt was the officer of the deck, the youngest of all the watch-standing officers, fresh-faced and pink-complexioned. He hardly looked old enough to entrust with a rowboat on the lake in Central Park.

"Mr. Harbutt!"

"Sir!"

"Increase speed. Try her with 24 knots."

"Twenty-four knots. Aye aye, sir."

The increase in speed was obvious in the way *Keeling* was meeting the seas. Like the rushing of mighty waters. She was taking it well enough.

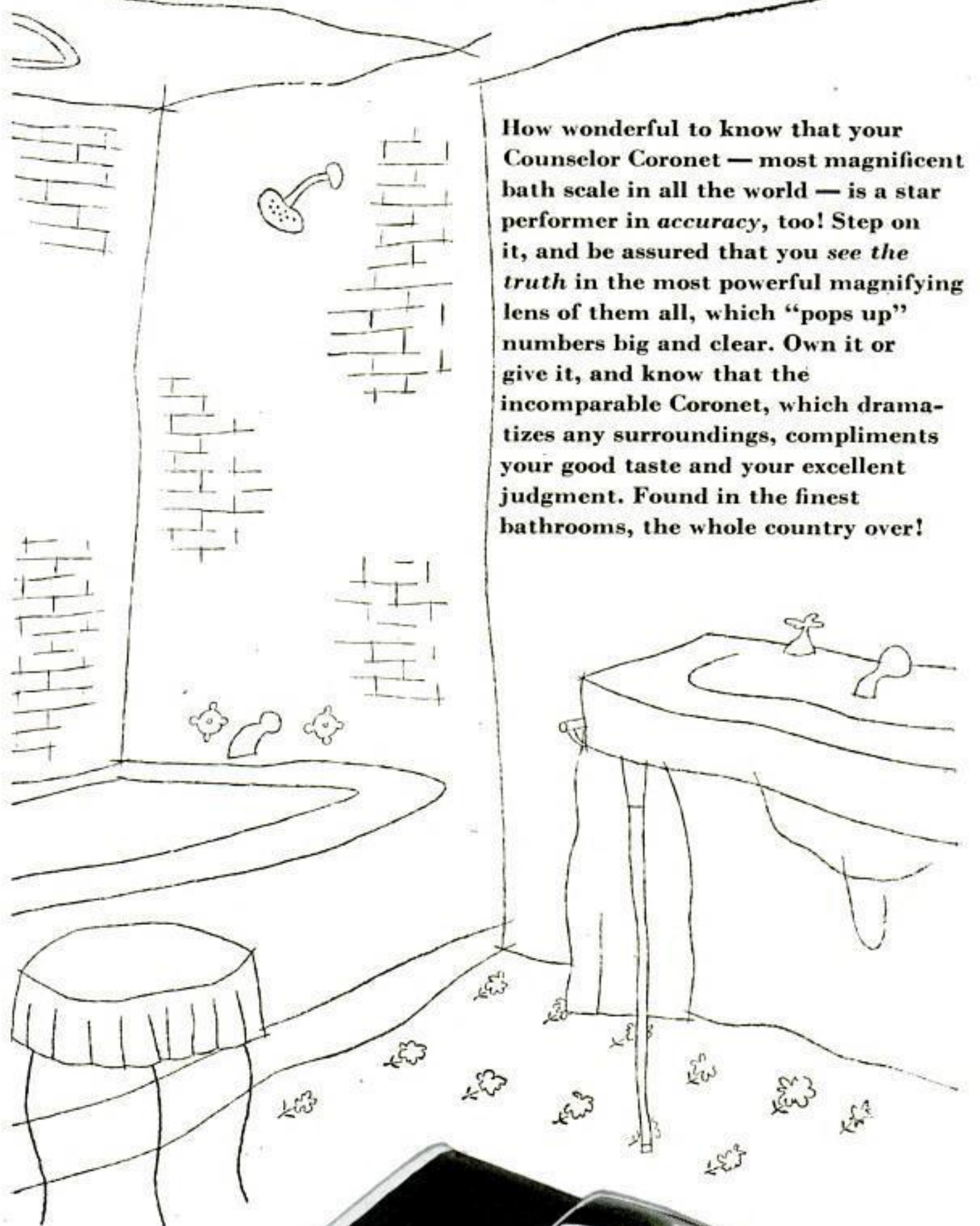
"Messenger! Bring me a cup of coffee. A pot of coffee. A big pot of coffee. And a sandwich. Tell the mess boy I want one of my specials."

"Aye aye, sir."

There was just light enough to see the rearmost ships of the convoy still plodding along. Now the T.B.S. calling him again.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

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Try on a pair at your Wolverine dealer...or write for his name.

A NEW PAIR
FREE
IF THEY DRY OUT
HARD OR STIFF!

(when dried at normal temperatures)

WOLVERINE SHOE & TANNING CORP.
Rockford, Michigan

THE GOOD SHEPHERD

"Dicky to George! Dicky to George!"

"George to Dicky. Go ahead."

"Contact, sir, on our port bow."

"Go after it then. I'm coming up behind you."

"Eagle to George. Shall I join in, sir?"

If only he was up ahead where he could bring the weight of *Keeling* to bear!

"Very well, Eagle. Carry on. Good luck to you."

He was in a fever of impatience.

"Mr. Harbutt, try her with another couple of knots. See if she can take it."

They were close under the quarter of the last ship of the starboard column now, and overtaking her fast. Krause stepped out onto the port wing of the bridge to look at the convoy. *Keeling* took a deep roll as he did so, and his feet shot from under him. He saved himself from a bad fall by grabbing the rail, tried to stand, and lost his footing again as *Keeling* rolled the other way. By the time Krause had recovered his balance and his breath they had passed the rearmost ship and were closing up on the next ahead. It was so dark now that the ship farther on still, a bare half mile from where he stood, was only visible as a thickening in the gloom. Krause half slid, half walked back into the pilothouse.

"Slow her a bit, Mr. Harbutt. She won't take it."

"Aye aye, sir."

THERE was just light enough to see the Filipino mess boy in his white coat. In his hands was a tray covered with a white napkin, as he had been taught to serve meals, and as he always would serve them, with U-boats on the horizon or not. The tray soared up and swooped down in the half darkness as *Keeling* rose over a wave. Krause suddenly felt he could not bear the thought of that precious load falling to the deck. He grabbed at pot and cup, balanced himself, and poured the cup half full. In that second there was nothing in the whole world that he wanted as much as that coffee. He sipped thirstily at the scalding stuff, sipped again, and drained the cup. He could feel the comforting fire of it all the way down his throat. He poured himself another half cup, and set the pot on the tray.

"Put that tray on the deck and don't take your eye off it," he said.

"Aye aye, sir."

He drank again. It was only 11 hours since he had breakfasted, but he did not think a man could possibly feel so thirsty or so hungry. The thought of pouring unlimited coffee into himself, and then of eating to ease his savage hunger, filled him with exultation.

"Lookout reports gunfire on the port bow, sir," said the talker.

Krause sprang to the T.B.S. He had been inattentive for three minutes. Eagle and Dicky were in rapid communication.

"Bearing two seven oh from me."

"I've got him on the screen."

"I'm firing star shell. Stand by."

That meant a surfaced U-boat. And bearing two seven oh.

That meant the U-boat was between the screen and the convoy, dashing in to charge. The star shell burst high in the sky, the brilliant white light dangling from its parachute. Close on the port beam the leading ship of the starboard column of the convoy was silhouetted against it. *Keeling* was back in the battle again.

"George to Dicky! George to Dicky! I'm turning across the convoy's bows. Look out for me."

"Wilco."

"I'll take her, Mr. Harbutt. Left full rudder. Meet her. Steady as you go."

Keeling was shaving as near as he dared across the shadowy bows of the advancing convoy. The star shell was extinguished.

"Sub bearing broad on starboard bow. Range three five double oh."

"Captain to gunnery control. Do not fire without orders."

He went to the T.B.S., and almost fell over the Filipino mess boy still standing guard over the tray. "Get below!"

Into the T.B.S. "George to Dicky. George to Dicky. Star shell again."

Out on the starboard wing of the bridge he braced himself against the treacherous ice that glazed everything.

"Sub bearing zero four two. Range three two double oh."

Somewhere in the darkness just ahead the U-boat was crossing *Keeling's* bows, heading for the convoy. Then it came, the streak of gold against the dark sky. And there, on *Keeling's* starboard bow, not two miles ahead, the slinking gray shape hurrying over the silvered water.

"Gunnery control. Open fire!"

The guns went off with a blinding flash and a shattering crash. Krause clapped one gauntleted hand across his eyes. The burst of firing ended, and Krause looked again. There was the gray shape; it

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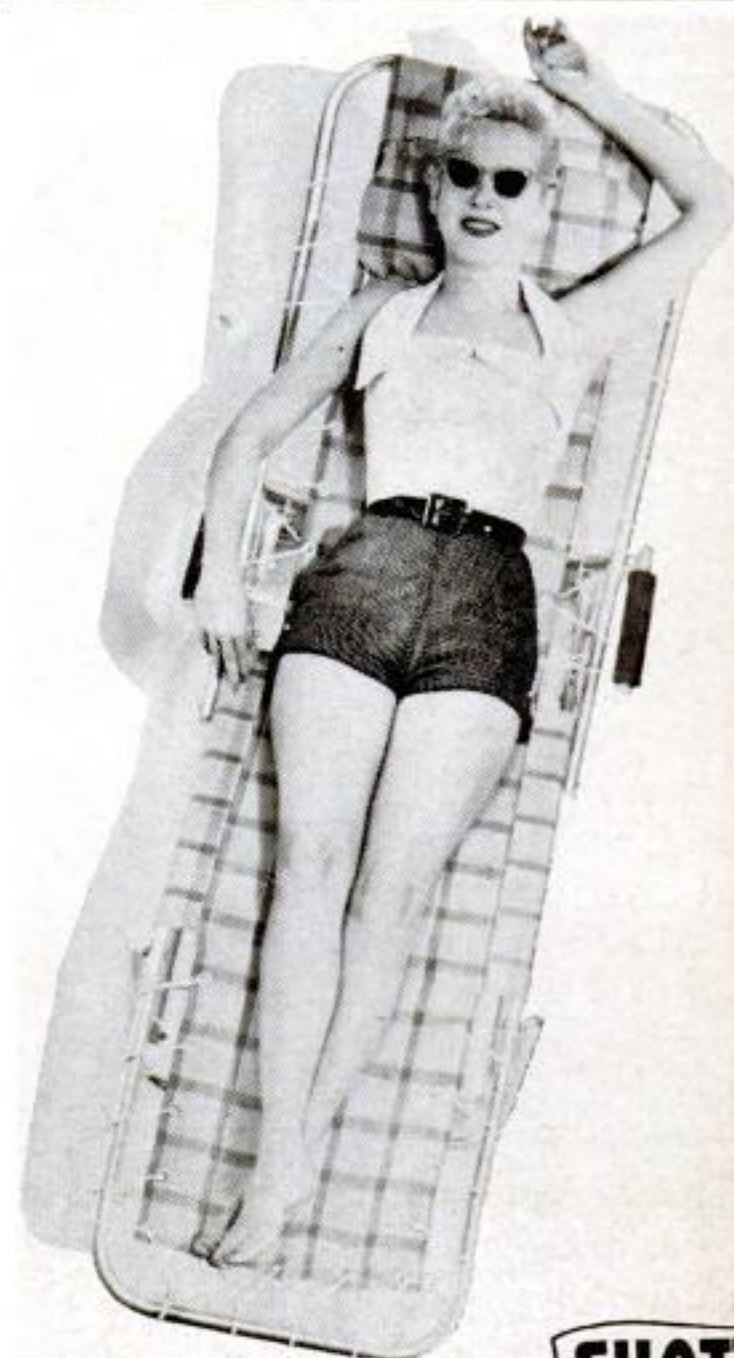
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CONTINUED ON PAGE 148

Here's Why Listerine Stops Bad Breath 4 Times Better Than Tooth Paste!



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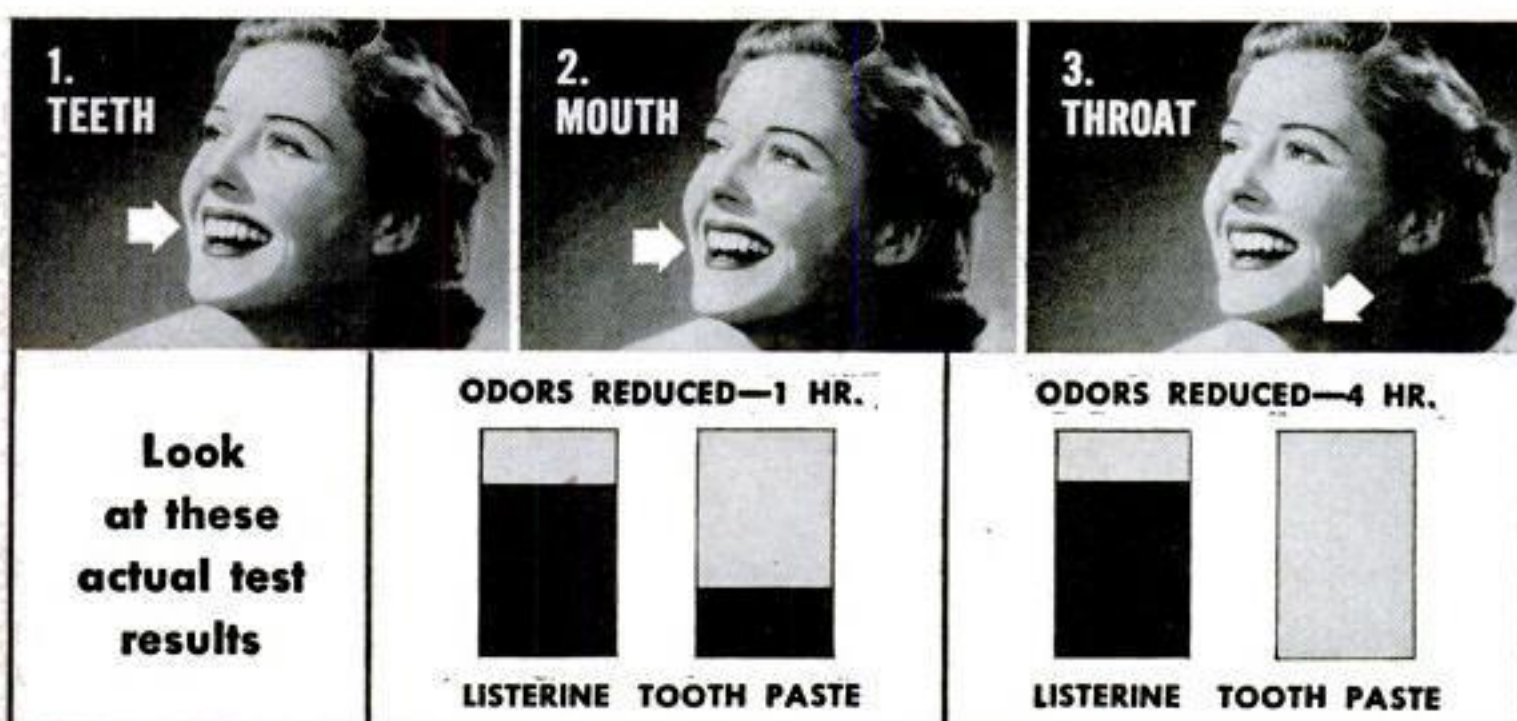
No Tooth Paste Kills Germs Like This . . . Instantly

There is nothing mysterious about Listerine's method of stopping bad breath! There's no magic to it! Listerine Antiseptic kills germs instantly . . . as a result, Listerine stops bad breath instantly, usually for hours on end.

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THE GOOD SHEPHERD

was far nearer both to *Keeling* and to the convoy, and it was different—there was a noticeable white bow wave in evidence. The U-boat had altered course directly for the convoy. The star shell was still burning in the sky with hardly diminished light. Flash and crash again, blinding and shattering. Krause left his hand over his eyes and groped into the pilothouse.

"Target altering course," said a talker through the din.

The guns ceased firing as the blinded gunners lost their target. Krause took his hand from his eyes and peered forward.

"Ship dead ahead! Ship dead ahead!"

It was a yell from down below.

"Left rudder! Hard over!" shouted Krause.

He had seen that frightful thing at the same moment. *Keeling* leaned far over as she turned. The dark shape ahead was coming nearer and nearer even though *Keeling* was swinging. *Keeling* slithered on a wave, but she was round, the merchant ship's looming upper works close beside the bridge. Somebody was shouting from there at the top of his lungs, clearly audible. There was still danger that *Keeling*'s starboard quarter might crash into her even though her bows had turned.

"Meet her! Right full rudder! Meet her!"

The ship receded abruptly out of their field of vision; *Keeling* was now flying down the lane between two columns of ships. There were the huge lumps of the dark vessels close on either side.

"All engines ahead standard speed."

A rocket soared and burst on their starboard side. There were machine guns firing. A great sheet of red flame suddenly shot to the sky, and the sound of a frightful explosion shook the pilothouse. The U-boat they had so nearly intercepted was in the next lane of the convoy to them, dealing out destruction. A sudden violent irregular clatter all about them, a harsh metallic twanging and a more musical sound of falling glass. Someone in the last ship of the column had sighted them and opened fire with a .50-caliber machine gun, unable in the darkness and excitement to distinguish between a destroyer and a U-boat. The burst had swept clean across the front of the pilothouse just above Krause's head, smashing in the glass. They could feel the cold air pouring in upon them.

"Anyone hurt?" asked Krause automatically, but he did not stay for an answer.

The dark shape of the ship had vanished; they were in the clear now—and what was that far out on the starboard beam, illuminated by the flames of the burning wreck?

"Right full rudder!"

A U-boat's superstructure, heaving up on a sea. She had come down the next lane in the convoy neck and neck with *Keeling*.

A wave heaved up and the U-boat was gone. She must have been in instant diving trim—or had he not seen her at all? He was sure he had; a thousand yards ahead.

"Prepare to fire medium pattern!" snapped Krause over his shoulder.

A voice behind him spoke orders into a mouthpiece—Pond, lieutenant j.g., the makee-learn assistant gunnery officer on duty.

"Commence sonar search."

The U-boat under water would head for the sheltering noises of the convoy.

"Right standard rudder. Ease the rudder. Steady."

"Sonar reports heavy interference, sir."

Naturally, with 30 ships' propellers all beating together.

"Mr. Pond!"

"Fire one!" said Pond. "Fire two!"

"Right standard rudder. We'll fire another pattern as we go back, Mr. Pond."

He would depth-charge the area between that beaten by the last charges and the receding convoy.

"Mr. Pond!"

"Fire one," said Pond. "Fire two."

They were heading directly towards the burning ship: she grew larger and brighter as he looked at her, while the depth charges thundered and flashed behind him. Flames were spouting from her, reaching far upward. Then a tremendous flash, an explosion-wave which he could feel where he stood. And then nothing; darkness; silence; eyes blinded and ears deafened to everything until sensation came slowly back.

THAT dark figure stooping over the chart table was Watson. Now he kicked something which returned a metallic jangling. Of course—that was the tray with his sandwich and coffee, lying forgotten on the deck! Krause knew instant, raging hunger and thirst again.

"That's my tray," said Krause. "Let's have it."

Watson picked it up and put it on the table.

"I bet it's cold, sir," said Watson. "Let me send for some more."

"Messenger. Bring me another pot of coffee. Bring it yourself, not the mess boy."



A great sheet of red flame suddenly shot to the sky, the

"Aye aye, sir."

But he could not wait for that, not now that he had been reminded of his hunger and thirst. His hands found the coffee pot, still half full. He put the pot to his lips, stone cold, and drank and drank. He felt coffee grounds in his mouth and swallowed them too. He was wildly hungry; his gauntleted hands felt something that must be the sandwich. He raised it with both hands and bit ravenously. It was as cold as if it had come out of a refrigerator; it was both stale and soggy, but he bit off a huge mouthful and chewed with gusto. Between the slices of bread lay a thick slab of corned beef liberally daubed with mayonnaise, and on the beef lay thick rings of raw onion. Only the onion had any life in it at all now; the mayonnaise had soaked into the bread, and the under slice was wet with slopped cream. The onion rings crunched between his teeth even though the doughy bread adhered in a sticky mass against his palate. He bit and chewed and swallowed in the darkness. At the fourth bite his lips came in contact—with a peculiarly unpleasant sensation—with the fur glove in which he held the sandwich, and the fifth bite recorded the additional flavor of the glove.

There was movement all about the ship now, shadowy figures entering the pilothouse. The watch was changing. A thousand years in thy sight are but as yesterday when it is past, and as a watch in the night.

WEDNESDAY. FIRST WATCH: 2000-2400

"Report having been relieved, sir. Course zero eight zero. Standard speed, twelve knots. Ship in Condition Two. No unexecuted orders."

"Who has the deck?"

"Carling, sir."

There was urgent need to get down to the head again. Now that the idea had occurred to him he could not wait for a moment.

"Mr. Carling, take the conn."

THE GOOD SHEPHERD



sound of a frightful explosion shook the pilothouse

"Aye aye, sir."

He put on the red spectacles and hurried down the ladder, and brushed through the spun glass curtain. With his eyes fully accustomed to the darkness he did not want to have to wait a long time to recover his vision when he returned. He groped his way in. He was no sooner there than he heard the bell, and the voice tube.

"Captain, sir! Radar pip, sir!"

It must have been a full minute before he was back in the pilothouse again. His first action was to call down to the chartroom.

"Captain here."

"Pip bearing two one nine. Range eight thousand."

"Very well, Mr. Carling, I'll take the conn. What's the course?"

"Zero eight zero, sir."

"Right full rudder. Steer course one seven zero. Turn towards the target another time, Mr. Carling."

"Aye aye, sir."

Carling had wasted all that time keeping *Keeling* on a course almost certainly divergent from the sub's.

"Pip bearing two one eight—two one seven. Range seven eight double oh."

Closing fast, but the bearing changing. The U-boat was crossing *Keeling's* bows, heading to overtake the convoy, as he had expected. She was four miles away.

"Pip bearing two one six. Range seven five double oh."

Krause shut his eyes to consider a problem in trigonometry. Even in the dark that was a help to concentration. He listened to the next bearing and range being called. With the next bearing and range his mind was made up. He was allowing her to get just a little too far ahead of the safety area. He opened his eyes and gave the order.

"Left smartly to course one six five."

"Target's course and speed?" he asked down the voice tube.

"Course zero eight five, speed eleven knots. That's only approximate, sir."

"Where do I cross her wake on this course?"

"A mile astern of her. More. Less than two miles, sir."

That was what he was aiming at.

"Torpedo officer on duty."

"Yes, sir." Young Sand, j.g.

"Stand by to fire a close pattern. We'll be going at high speed over the target, so make it real close. And a shallow setting."

In giving that last order he was taking a further chance. He was counting on the sub's not having time to dive far.

He spoke into the telephone. "Engineer officer on duty."

It was Ipsen who answered. So he was not resting.

"Captain. Stand by to give us twenty-four knots as soon as you get the signal, Chief."

"Twenty-four knots. Aye aye, sir. Sea's running pretty high, sir."

"Yes. It'll only be for two or three minutes."

Now for the lookouts. He turned to the talker.

"Captain to lookouts. I hope to sight a sub on the surface nearly dead ahead soon after our next turn. Keep on your toes."

The talker repeated the message.

"Sonar on standby."

There was always a chance that the U-boat might pick up *Keeling's* sonar impulses. For the next minute or two *Keeling* would be unguarded; that was a risk to be taken, but it would not be for long. Soon the increased speed would both protect her and render the sonar ineffective. The silence that fell as soon as the pinging stopped was uncanny.

"Target bearing zero eight seven. Range two four double oh."

"Left full rudder. Steer course zero eight five." That would allow for the advance during the turn.

"Target bearing zero eight five. Range two five double oh."

Dead ahead.

"All engines ahead flank speed. Make turns for twenty-four knots."

This was the moment. A vast increase in vibration as *Keeling* began to pick up speed. He went out onto the starboard wing of the bridge into the howling darkness.

Keeling was picking up speed. He heard the crash and felt the shudder as she hit a sea with her port bow. Spray flew at him viciously. She leaped frantically. He could hear the sea boiling over the main deck below.

"Sub ahead! Zero zero five! Zero zero five!"

He saw it on a wave top, something solid in the inky night.

"Right rudder! Meet her!"

He saw it again.

"Left rudder! Meet her! Steady as you go!"

The bow was pointing right at it as *Keeling* hurtled down a wave face and it rose on another ahead. He saw it again. Four hundred yards at four hundred yards a minute. Gone? He could not be sure at first. Sand was beside him; twice Sand slipped on the heaving deck but he was holding on with his arm locked round a stanchion.

"Fire one! Fire two! K guns, fire!"

"All engines ahead standard speed. Right standard rudder."

Astern the depth charges were exploding.

"Quartermaster, call out your heading."

"Passing one one zero. Passing one two zero. Passing one three zero."

Keeling, leaning over to the helm, was rolling confusedly with the changing course and the dwindling speed.

"Deep setting, Mr. Sand. Wide pattern."

Keeling was turning to complete the circle.

"Resume sonar search."

Was anything happening out there in the black night? A shattered U-boat breaking surface? Or "crunching" far below it? Despairing survivors struggling in the water? All perfectly possible but not likely.

"Sonar reports indications still confused, sir."

"Very well."

Krause was carrying in his mind the diagram of *Keeling's* turning circle; he planned to parallel his former course and bomb the strip next to it.

"Standing by for deep pattern, sir."

"Very well. Steady on course two six seven."

There was nothing whatever to be seen round about. Wait for it. They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength.

"Sonar reports indications confused."

"Very well."

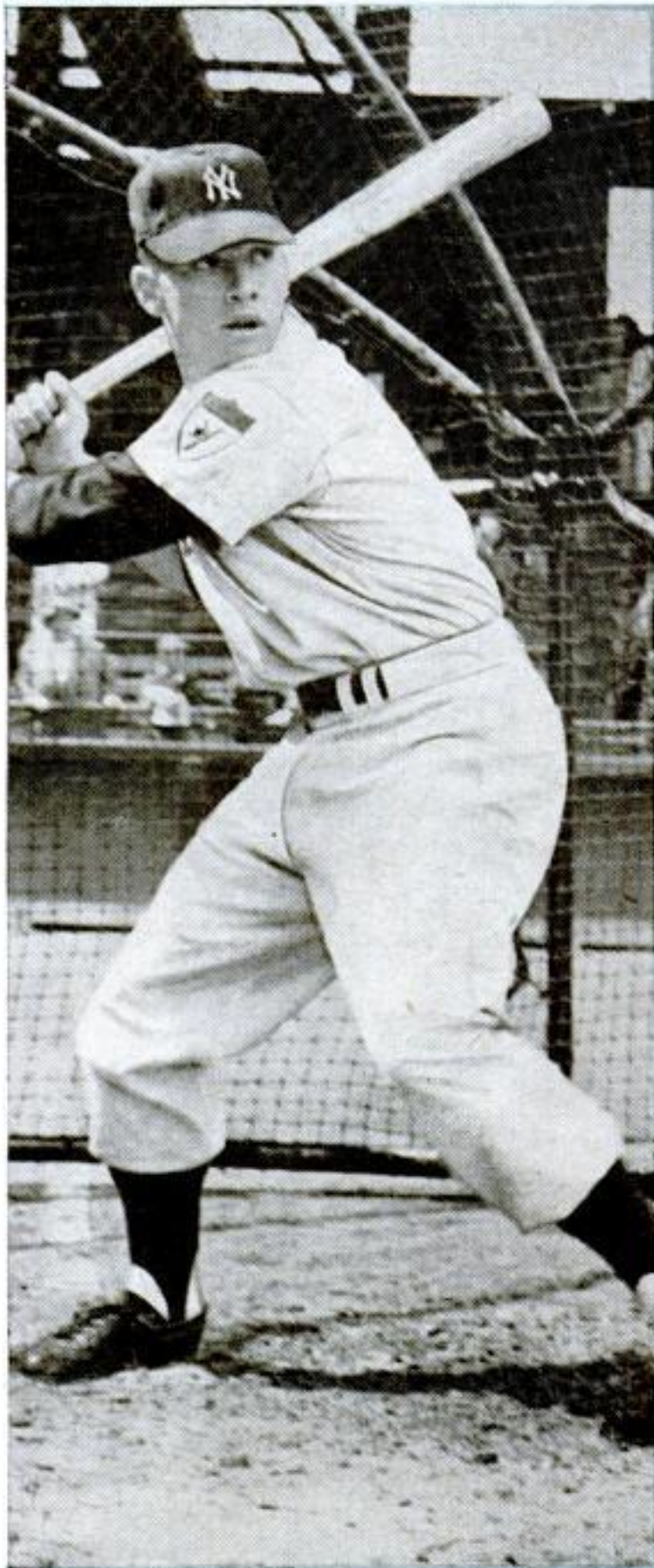
Hopeless perhaps to expect water and sonar to get back to normal as quickly as *Keeling* could complete the circle. Now must be the time.

"Now, Mr. Sand."

"Fire one!" said Sand. "Fire two!"

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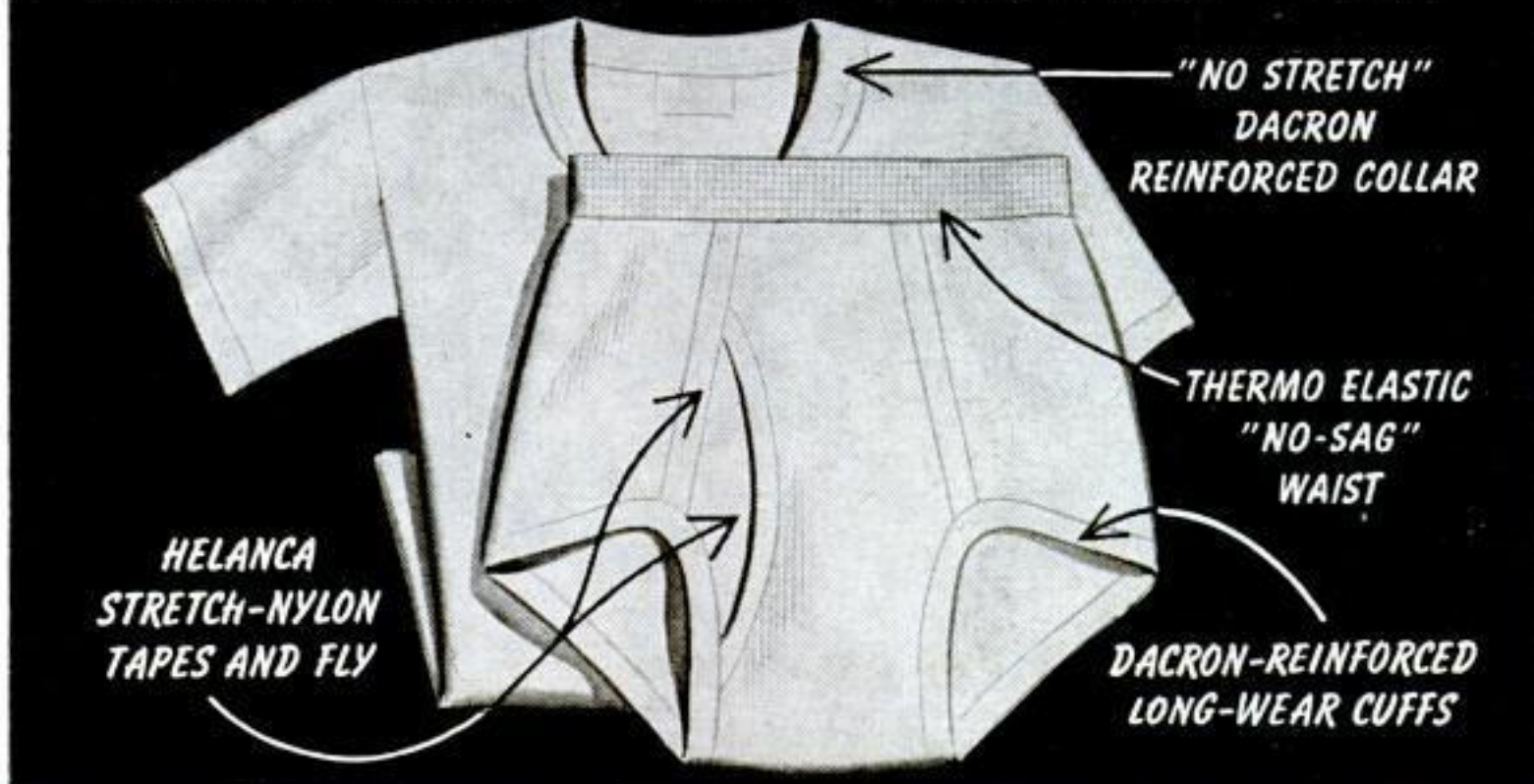
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Thunder and lightning again under water astern.
"Left standard rudder. Steer course zero eight seven."
Back again for another parallel sweep.
"Deep pattern again, Mr. Sand."
"Aye aye, sir."
"Steady on course zero eight seven, sir."
"Very well. Mr. Sand, let 'em have it."

Another ellipse of explosions, beside the previous ones. Krause had gone through the course at the antisubmarine school at Casco Bay; he had read, with painful concentration, innumerable classified pamphlets digesting all the British experience acquired in two and a half years of war against submarines. Mathematicians had devoted their talents and their ingenuity to working out the odds for and against scoring a hit on a submerged U-boat. The most sensitive instruments had been devised, and the most powerful weapons developed. But no one had thought of a way yet to reach a U-boat captain's mind.

"Right standard rudder. Steer course two six seven. One more deep pattern, Mr. Sand."

"Steady on course two six seven, sir."

"Very well. Mr. Sand!"

"Fire one," said Sand.

WITH the firing of this pattern it remained to conduct a final sweep. Helm orders to carry *Keeling* back diagonally over the bombed area, out to the northward, back to the eastward, round again to the southwestward, with the sonar's impulses seeking out through the depths in an effort to make contact again. And nothing to report—negative, negative, the ship wheeling hither and thither in the darkness.

"Sir!" Sand was on the wing of the bridge with him, looking out into the darkness, with the wind blowing lustily about them, piercing cold. "Sir—do you smell anything?"

Krause sniffed reflectively, sniffed again, pulling cold air into his nose from the hurtling wind. Not easy in those conditions to be sure of smelling anything, especially as, now that he was being really searching about it, he could not help being conscious of the raw onion he had eaten last watch.

"It's gone now, sir," said Sand. "No. There it is again. May I ask Mr. Carling, sir?"

"If you like."

"Mr. Carling, can you smell anything?"

Carling came out and sniffed beside them.

"Oil?" he said, tentatively.

"That's what I thought," said Sand. "Don't you smell it, sir?"

Oil! That would be an indication that the sub had at least been hard hit. And if there were much of it, it would be practically proof of destruction. Krause sniffed again.

"Can't say that I do," said Krause.

"Lookout, there!" hailed Sand. "D'you smell any oil?"

"Not now, sir. Thought I smelled some a while back."

"You see, sir?" said Sand.

It was quite impossible to tell in the darkness if there was oil on the surface.

"No," said Krause. "I don't think there was anything worth mentioning."

"Very well, sir," said Sand.

Literally (in Krause's opinion) it was not worth mentioning; it would find no place in his report when that came to be written. He was not the type to try and claim credit for himself on insufficient evidence. Prove all things; hold fast that which is good. Yet the possibility was a deciding factor.

"Let's go," said Krause. "Take the conn, Mr. Carling. I want to head round the left flank of the convoy at our best practicable speed."

"Aye aye, sir," said Carling.

"George to Harry. George to Dicky. George to Eagle," said Krause on the T.B.S. He waited for the replies. "I'm coming up round the left flank. Look out for me, Harry."

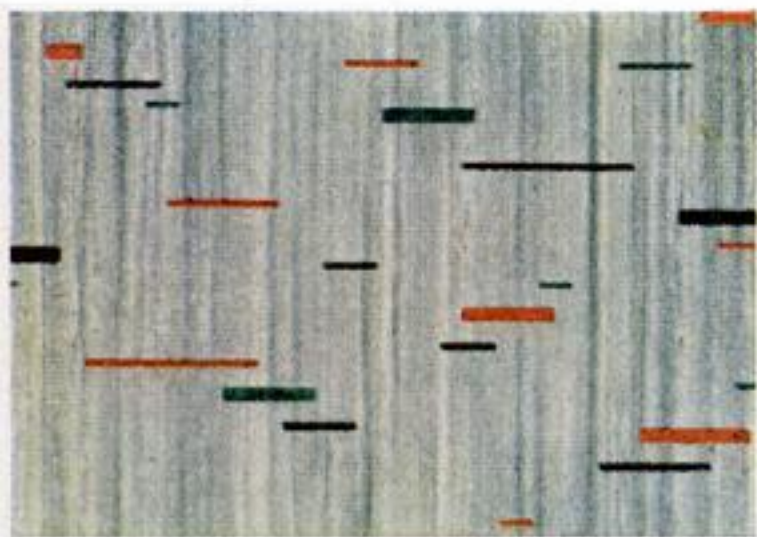
"Aye aye, sir."

"I don't think I got the sub I chased through the convoy," he went on. "Maybe I gave him a fright, though."

(The British officer who had lectured on antisubmarine warfare at Casco Bay had been fond of quoting an army story of the previous war in which two infantry privates put their clothes through a newly invented machine for delousing them. "Why," said one, bitterly, after inspecting results, "they're all alive still." "Yes," said the other, "but I expect they've had the hell of a fright.")

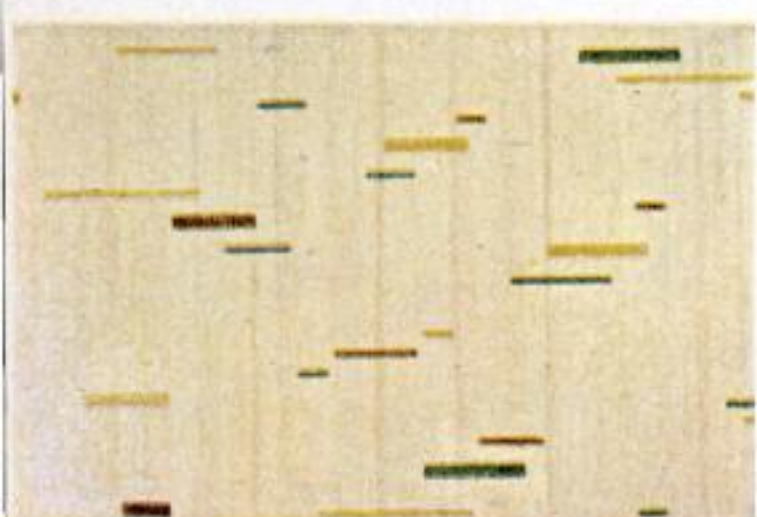
"It's us that's having frights up here, sir," squawked the T.B.S.

Was there reproach in that remark? Krause felt a pang as he heard it. No one was more sharply aware than he that the escort captains under this command had fought through two and a half years of war and probably resented bitterly the accident that had put



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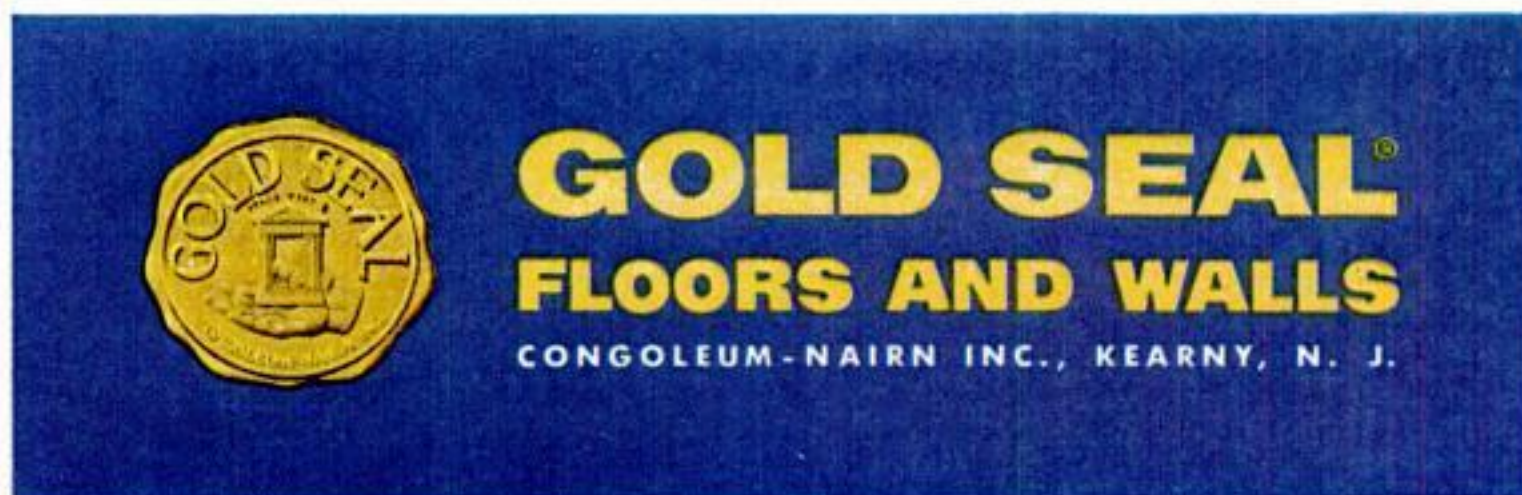
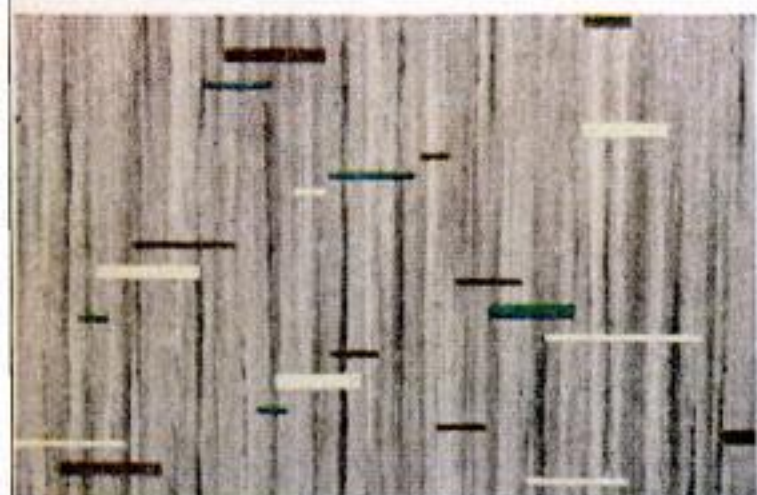
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THE GOOD SHEPHERD

them, two-and-a-half-strippers, under the command of a three-stripe American who had never fired a shot even though he was nearly 20 years older. The convoy had had to sail; the Allies had had to scrape together an escort for it; and he had happened to be the ranking officer. Luckily they could not be aware of the other circumstances which rankled as badly in Krause's heart, that he had been marked with the words—utterly damning although innocent enough in appearance—"fitted and retained," and that he had been twice passed over for promotion and had only made commander with the expansion of the Navy in 1941.

"I am six miles behind you," he said. "I'll be up to you in half an hour. Coming up on the left flank. Over."

He was hungry and thirsty, and this would be an ideal moment in which to eat and drink; he had no idea what had happened to the last pot of coffee for which he had sent the messenger—all he knew was that he had not tasted it.

"Messenger!"

"Yes sir."

"Go down to the wardroom. I want a pot of coffee and a sandwich. But no onion."

"Aye aye, sir."

No onion; if ever there was another chance of smelling oil he wanted to be sure of whether he smelled it or not.

Now there was bustle through the ship, voices, clatter on the ladders. Shadowy figures were crowding up into the pilothouse. Another watch was over.

THURSDAY. MIDWATCH: 0000-0400

"Cap'n, please sir, I got your coffee."

It was rather a plaintive voice. The messenger had carried that tray up four ladders, with *Keeling* leaping on the waves and the ladders crowded with the changing watch.

"On the table," said Krause. "Quartermaster, make room for it. Thank you, messenger."

Because he had chosen that particular moment to send for coffee the messenger had lost 10 full minutes of his watch below. The fortune of war for the messenger but Krause would have waited until the watch was changed if he had noticed the time. Krause pulled off his right-hand fur glove and wedged it in his left armpit; his hand was cold but he still had full use of it. He poured himself a cup of coffee, fumbling in the darkness, and sipped at it. Scalding hot, too hot to drink despite its long journey up from the wardroom. But the taste and the smell of it were sufficient to start his digestive processes working again. He longed for that coffee; he was accustomed to drinking eight big cups every day of his life and had always guiltily put aside the self-accusation that he was a coffee-hound dependent on a drug.

While the coffee cooled he bit into the sandwich. During the last 16 hours or so of ceaseless activity he had eaten half a sandwich. The present one vanished in a few bites, and Krause lingeringly licked the traces of mayonnaise from his fingers before addressing himself to the coffee.

As he moved away from the table he was very conscious of fatigue in his legs—the first time he had noticed it.

"Eagle to George! Eagle to George!"

Urgency in that English voice.

"George to Eagle. Go ahead."

"Contact bearing oh five oh from us. We're running it down."

"Dicky to George. We've got a contact too. Distant, bearing nine seven. And we've got a pip as well. Bearing one oh one, range twelve miles."

"George! George!" Another voice breaking into the circuit. "Harry here. Do you hear me?"

"George to Harry. I hear you."

"We've got a pip. Range twelve miles, bearing two four."

This was a fresh attack, perhaps the decisive one, timed for this moment, with vitality and alertness at their lowest in the blackest part of the night.

CONCLUDING INSTALMENT IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

In Part II of *The Good Shepherd* the already almost unbearable ordeal of Commander Krause reaches a climax as he escorts his battered convoy through a submarine wolf-pack ambush. The story ends with a moving passage that makes it a unique literary tribute to man's courage, faith and endurance.

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SHOULD!



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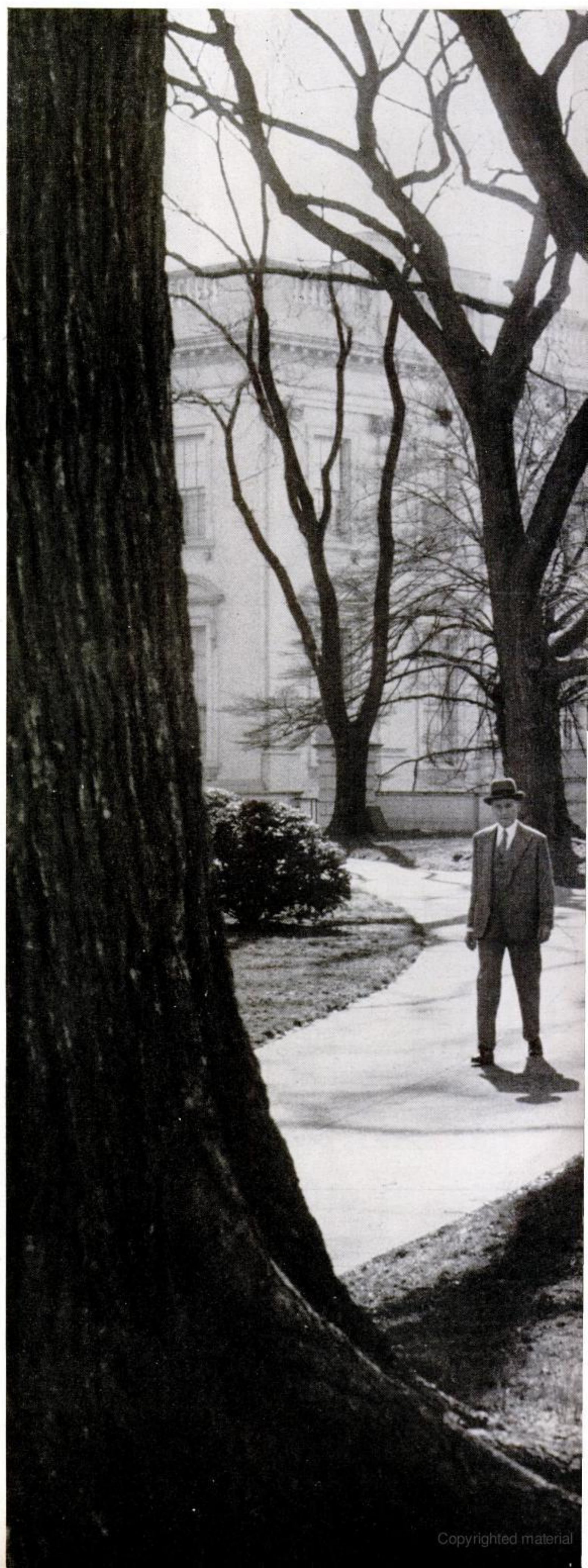
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A LOOK

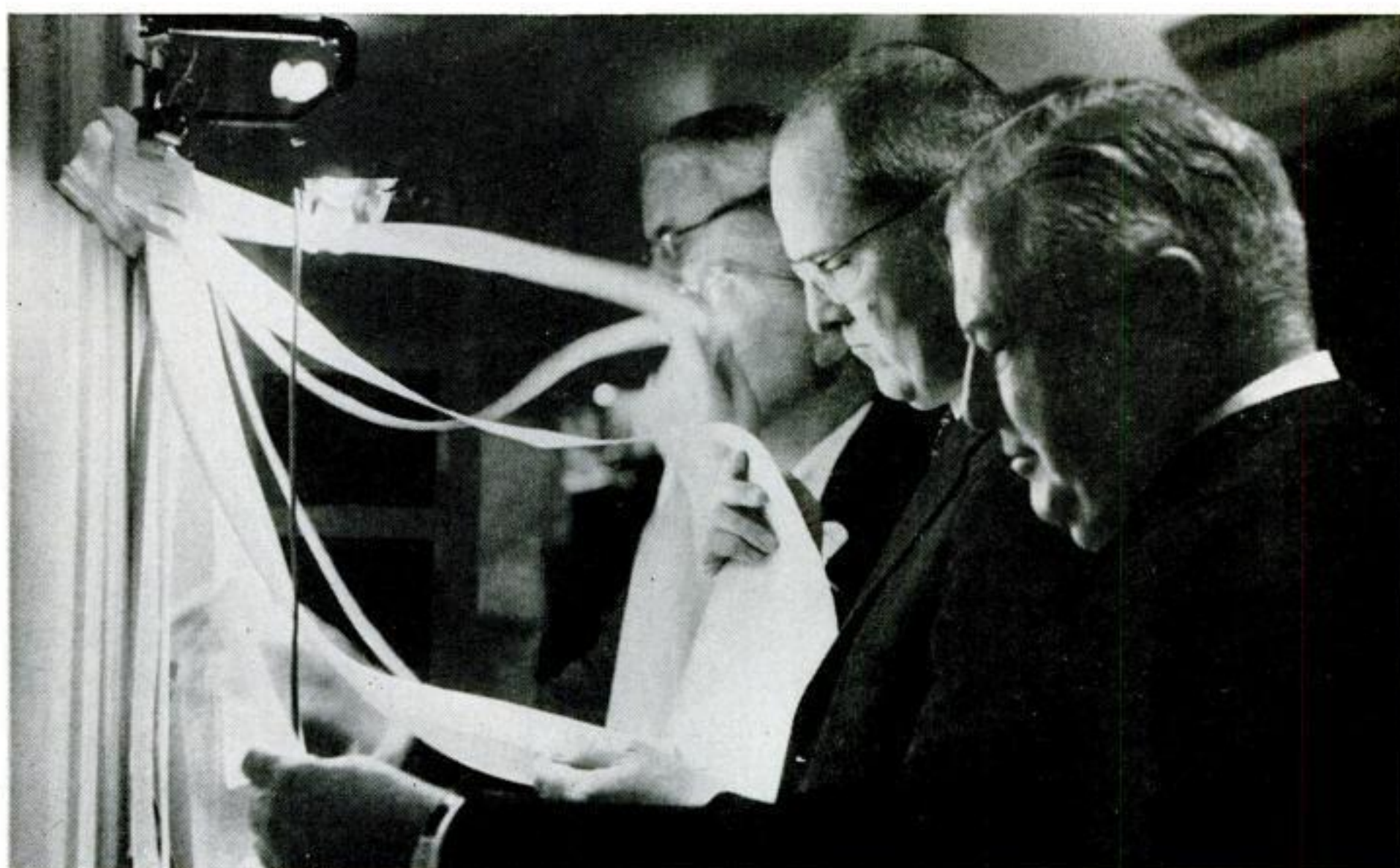
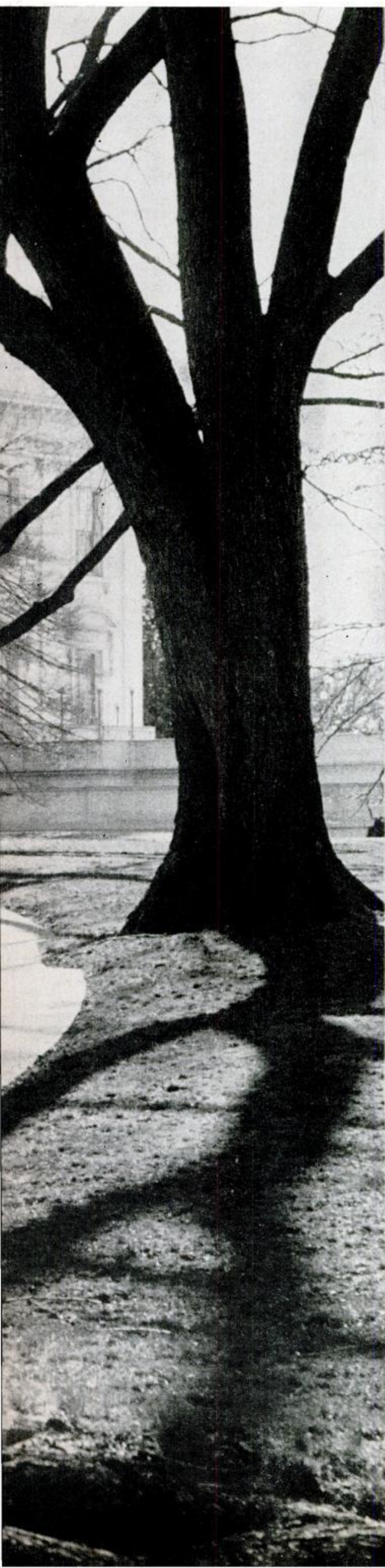


A DOVE IN THE WIND OVER TOKYO

Above Tokyo rooftops floated a dove-shaped balloon trailing the inscription, "Japan Democratic party stands for clean, honest politics." To those who saw it the balloon stood for Premier Ichiro Hatoyama, whose last name means "dove mountain." Campaigning in last week's elections, the conservative 72-year-old premier and his party, who favor Japan's rearmament, gained a plurality in the House of Representatives. There the Democrats will face the opposition of the socialists who, together with left-wing allies, can override the two-thirds vote required to rearm.



AT THE WORLD'S WEEK



A LUNCHTIME WATCH ON WALL STREET

All week brokers paused for a look at the Dow-Jones tape in the New York Stock Exchange Luncheon Club, which carried news of the first Senate stock market investigation in 20 years.

Concerned over the bull market, the Banking Committee heard witnesses testify it reflected growing confidence in the economy, then took up the question of losses due to market tips.

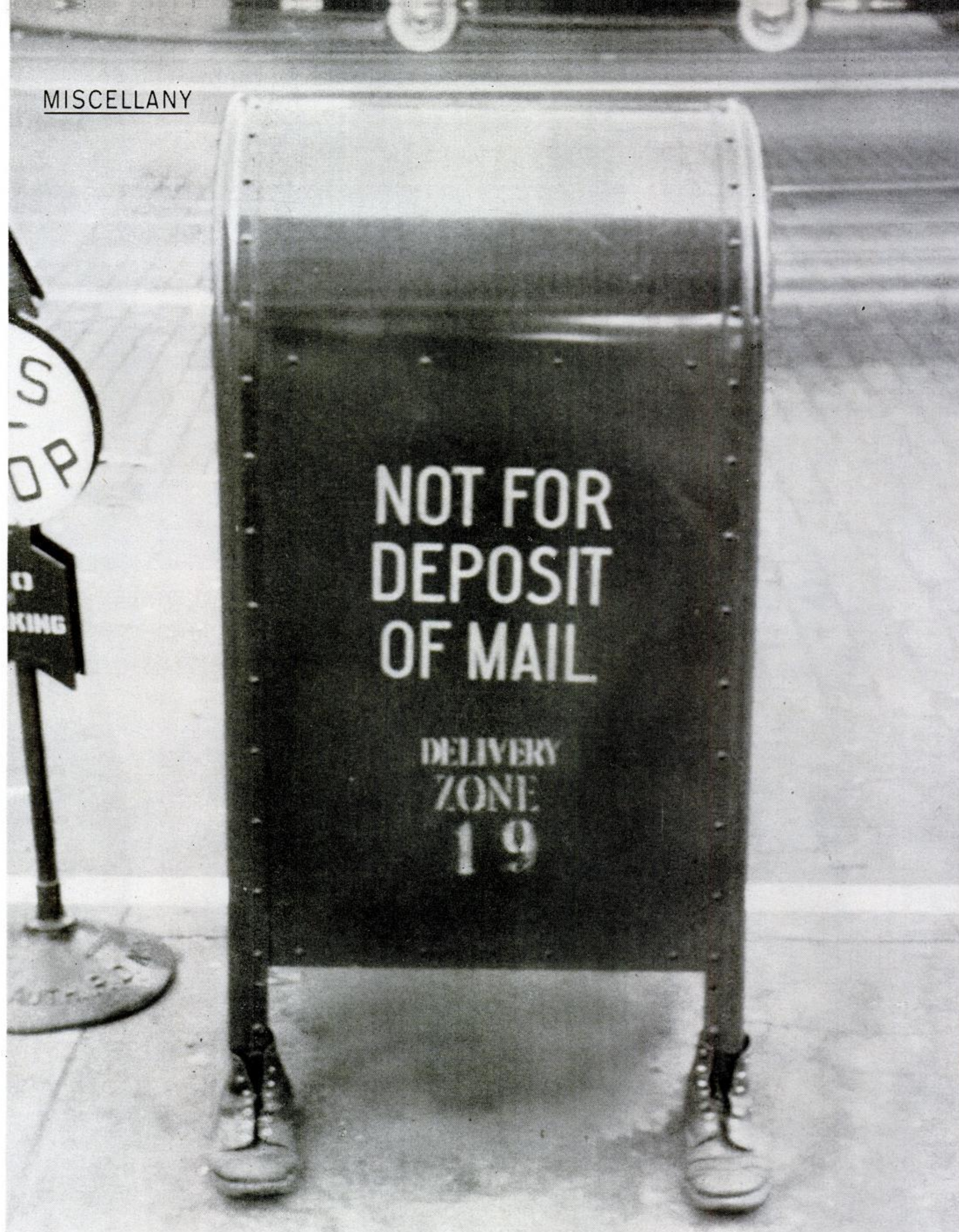


EXIT A DIPLOMAT

Down the walk from the White House, beneath the elderly trees which spread serenely over the wide lawn, an elder diplomat walked last week to close a distinguished career which included four key ambassadorships. At 68, Jefferson Caffery, who had served the U.S. for 44 years, was retiring. Said President Eisenhower, "He leaves us with a brilliant record."

ENTER DEBUTANTES

In London a dozen American debutantes from half a dozen states gathered at Winfield House, residence of Ambassador Winthrop Aldrich. From there they were escorted to Buckingham Palace where, in a memorable two minutes, each was presented to Queen Elizabeth II. All wore afternoon dresses, and low heels to keep them from stumbling during the deep curtsies.



THE MAIL'S ATTIRE

Meyer Marcus, who likes to photograph the amusing things that happen on the streets of New York, came across this mail storage box on West 54th Street. Pleased that anyone had had the humor and determination to lift it and add shoes, Marcus recorded

the event with this picture and then set out to find the man who did it. Although he asked everywhere, no one had seen the deed, and on returning the next day he found that someone, with as much determination but less humor, had walked off with the shoes.

My pride was at stake in this **PAKISTAN STAKE RACE**

1 "I'm no stranger to horses, but even years of polo-playing didn't prepare me for Pakistan's hard-riding tent-peggers," writes John McGarry, an American friend of Canadian Club. "Pathan guardsmen I met in Karachi introduced me to this furious pastime of the Bengal Lancers. Object is to charge full-tilt down a 100-yard course, pierce a well-planted stake with your lance and carry it across the finish line. Closest I came wasn't close at all."



2 "The faster you gallop the better your chances," Bashir Ahmad advised as he showed me how a stake is impaled on a lance-point. I followed his advice, but half a dozen futile passes at the stake made me wish I'd stuck to hobby horses.



3 "I sidelined myself for a good look at the Pakistani guardsmen's technique, and saw a display of horsemanship any polo player could envy. The men rode four abreast at stakes set only eight feet apart. One turbaned daredevil took his peg *narrow side on*; his Arab steed never slackened its breakneck pace.



4 "After the 110-degree heat of the parade ground, Karachi's Hotel Metropole was a welcome oasis. Especially when it turned out they had my favorite whisky, Canadian Club!

5 "Karachi is a booming port of call for Pan American World Airways Clippers. Here, as everywhere I go, Canadian Club has a devoted following."

Why this whisky's worldwide popularity? Canadian Club is *light* as scotch, *rich* as rye, *satisfying* as bourbon.

Yet it has a distinctive flavor and a character that is all its own. You can stay with Canadian Club all evening long . . . in cocktails before dinner and tall ones afterward. There is *one* and *only one* Canadian Club, and *no other* whisky tastes quite like it in all the world.

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